



Old Dutch

Fruit Jars and other Glassware
can easily be kept immaculate with
Old Dutch
And remember, this cleanser never harms your hands




JAEGER

For BOYS and GIRLS
YOUR CHILDREN

YOUR children's health is of the first importance. Start them right by clothing them with Jaeger Garments. We stock Jaeger Underwear and Night Wear, Dressing Gowns, Knitted Suits, Golfers' Coat Sweaters, Jerseys, Raglan Camel Hair Fleece Coats, Gloves, Stockings, etc.

A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application



DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883".

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The Western Home Monthly

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Vol. XVIII.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

No. 7

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Professor W. F. Osborne,
Professor J. B. Reynolds,

President C. P. R.
President McGill University.
Premier of Ontario.
Premier of Nova Scotia.
Premier of Alberta.
Premier of Manitoba.
Premier of British Columbia.
Manitoba University.
Principal Manitoba Agricultural College.

The Maple Leaf Forever

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain;
Here may it wave, our boast and pride,
And join in love together;
The Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose
entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Chorus:

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever;
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's
Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones
dear,
Firmly stood, and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they main-
tained,

We swear to yield them never;
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Our Fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever;
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver;
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

—Alexander Muir.

O Canada!

O Canada! Our home, and native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons com-
mand.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North, strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
Stand aye on guard for thee.

O Canada! O Canada! O Canada
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Where pines and maples
grow,

Great prairies spread and lordly rivers
flow.

How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western sea,
Thou land of hope for all who toil,
Thou true North, strong and free!
O Canada! O Canada! O Canada
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens
rise;

To keep thee steadfast through the
years

From East to Western sea,
Our Father land, our Mother land!
Our true North, strong and free!

O Canada! O Canada! O Canada
We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

Hon. R. Stanley Weir, D.C.L.

Rule Britannia

When Britain first at Heaven's com-
mand

Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sang the strain:

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules
the waves!

Britons never shall be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and
free—

The dread and envy of them all!

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign
stroke;

As the last blast which tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty
crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair:
—James Thomson.



Dentist.

The poison from bad teeth ruins good health. Therefore save hospital bills by having your necessary dental work completed. Besides, you will look younger and better, and feel that life is worth living.

Good Dentistry Lasts Long Looks Well

AND IS CHEAPEST IN THE LONG RUN

Dr. Glasgow's New Method Dental Parlors

has the equipment, and his opera-
tors the necessary experience and
high class ability, to make it worth
your while to come to Winnipeg.

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WINNIPEG

A Good Watch —AT A— Medium Price

Our \$25.00 Watch is not an experiment. It is a dead sure thing as far as all the requirements of a good time-piece is concerned. People who buy this watch are prompted by purely personal interests, because they buy a watch which, to their mind, gives them back the largest returns for the money invested.

Our \$25.00 Watch has 17 jewels, is adjusted to 3 positions, and heat and cold. The case is extra quality Gold Filled. It is not too thick and still not too thin to stand hard knocks. It is the nearest thing to a Railroad Watch at considerably less money. Everyone absolutely guaranteed and kept in order for 1 year free, barring accidents.

Other good Watches from \$5.00 up.

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Jewelers

Herald Bldg. - CALGARY

What the World is Saying

The Day of Reckoning

The Germans will like their war still less when the full bill for it comes in.—New York Sun.

The Boiling of the Chinese Pot

China seems to be unable to agree to a separate peace with herself.—Montreal Gazette.

The Hate-Chanting Hun

Haiti has severed relations with Berlin. Time for the Huns to strike up the Hymn of Haiti.—London Truth.

A Veritable Chasm Yawns Between

The break between the Germans and the rest of mankind is extraordinarily deep and complete.—Atlantic Monthly.

The German Idea

As we understand it, if the Allies resent any outrage Germany will be forced to indulge in "reprisals."—Glasgow Herald.

The Well-School-ed Germans

"Is the Kaiser crazy?" asks the London Free Press. He is. But the German people concede his Divine Right to be crazy or not, in accordance with his "Me und Gott" will, and bow before him.—Toronto Star.

A Jest From Ottawa

If this Knight-hood and Baronet business keeps up in Canada, the rest of us will just naturally become varlets.—Ottawa Citizen.

And the Germans Are Proud of It

German culture is superior to the Phoenician. Even the priests of Baal did not think of squirting liquid fire on their enemies.—British Weekly.

A Doctrine of Kultue

Germany murdered twenty-five Norwegians last month in sinking merchant vessels. The wages of neutrality seems to be death.—Philadelphia North American.

The Professor Said Something

"Potatoes are a real food," says a University professor. And here we had supposed all the time they were raised for their blossoms.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Dandelion Suggestion

As long as the brewers and distillers must have something to waste and make booze from, we suggest the entire dandelion crop be turned over to them.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Quite So

It seems a pity to rename all those German ships. It would be poetic justice to have a submarine try to sink one with the German name looking it right in the face.—New York Tribune.

A Would-Be Alexander the Great

Never since the days of Alexander the Great has there been such an audacious and colossal project for world conquest as that in which the German Kaiser is now engaged, with the help of his well-disciplined legions.—Capetown (S.A.) Cape Argus.

The Turks and the Holy City

It is reported from Berlin that the Turks have determined to raze Jerusalem to the ground and make the place a desert, rather than let the British take it. In A.D. 70 one, Titus, Emperor of Rome, thought he had destroyed that city forever.—Victoria Colonist.

The "Strategical Reasons"

Another "withdrawal for strategical reasons" of Hun troops. That is to say, several hundreds of tons of new British explosive and an avalanche of khaki-clad Tommies made the said reasons very urgent.—Chicago Herald.

Stuff to Make Men Fight

J. H. Heisser, the raw food champion of Minneapolis, says that raw spinach is the stuff to make men fight. Any housewife who doubts this can gratify

Was to be Expected

The German papers report that the Liberty Loan and the conscription law have both been given up as failures. These are the same papers that reported that England would not come into the war, and that Paris would fall in six weeks.—Kansas City Star.

Worse Than the Heathen

A German girl, disguised as a Red Cross worker, put poison in the wounds of a Canadian boy and he died. And to think of all those past years when we sent our heathen money to China, India and the South Seas.—Calgary Herald.

A Lesson Germany Must Learn

Reparation, Restoration and Security—these are France's watchwords until victory and after victory. All that she has lost must be restored. And all the other nations who have suffered at the hands of Germany must likewise be repaid.—Vancouver World.

They Deserve Iron Crosses

German war correspondents are to get Iron Crosses, and nobody will grudge his to the lad who has had the job of chronicling the Crown Prince's "victories" for home consumption.—Regina Leader.

Expectations Not Realized

Germany is now busy establishing a Zeppelin route from Hamburg to Constantinople. There seems to have been some sort of a slip-up in the regular sailings from Berlin to London.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

But He Will Learn in Time

Judging by his latest speech in the Reichstag, the German Chancellor has gained nothing in political morality since early in August, 1914, when he reviled the British Ambassador for his foolish loyalty to "a scrap of paper."—Providence Journal.

"Through Belgium"

One of Germany's most eminent murderers declares that the time will come when Germany will be "compensated through Belgium" for the war. He's right enough. Germany's compensation is going to come right through Belgium and across the Rhine.—Hamilton Herald.

German "Thoroughness"

The order to forest Belgium is only an instance of German thoroughness and harmony. It will take at least a generation to restore the works of nature and of man—such as can ever be restored.—Toronto World.

The Food Question

The situation is grave. Closest economy and the assistance of the whole Empire will be necessary to prevent the food shortage that Germany is trying to force upon the country. Every ounce of food that can be released for service overseas should be contributed by Canada. A nation on its honor means the Empire, and not the British Isles alone.—Halifax Herald.



Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour, British Foreign Minister and Head of the British War Mission, can be seen in the automobile in front, doffing his hat and gazing with admiration at the flag decorations on Fifth Avenue as they passed up to the residence of Vincent Astor where they will reside while in the city. The members of the Commission were received at the City Hall by Mayor Mitchell and then whirled to the Astor mansion along a line of cheering surging crowds.

her curiosity by serving a dish of it this evening.—Duluth Herald.

No Defence of Hard Liquor

Concerning booze itself there is little argument. What there is the distillers can make, and it goes in one ear and out the other without leaving an imprint on the intelligence. There is no defense of hard liquor.—Chicago Tribune.

One of the Hun Methods

The Germans have been training dogs to bite British prisoners. The only thing we can't understand is why they delegated to dogs a task which they would have so thoroughly enjoyed themselves.—Swift Current Herald.



The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

of the Tea Table, and, in thousands of homes, of the Dinner Table, too, is

BLUE RIBBON TEA

And Why? Because Blue Ribbon Tea is a delightful beverage—healthful—mildly stimulating—pure as the Western breezes—and almost as cheap.

Drink Blue Ribbon Tea for your health's sake. Buy it for your pocket's sake.

And note the new package—a perfect protection against the enemies of good tea—dust and moisture.
A Money-Back Guarantee Goes With Each Package. Ask Your Grocer.

BLANCHARD GAS POWER WASHER AND ENGINE OUTFIT THE DAWN OF FREEDOM

Freedom from the awful slavery or drudgery of wash day, gloom and despair fades away and happiness and contentment finds place—and mother's strength is saved for more noble and useful purposes. Reduces the washday problem to a simple, easy process, which requires no serious physical or mental efforts.

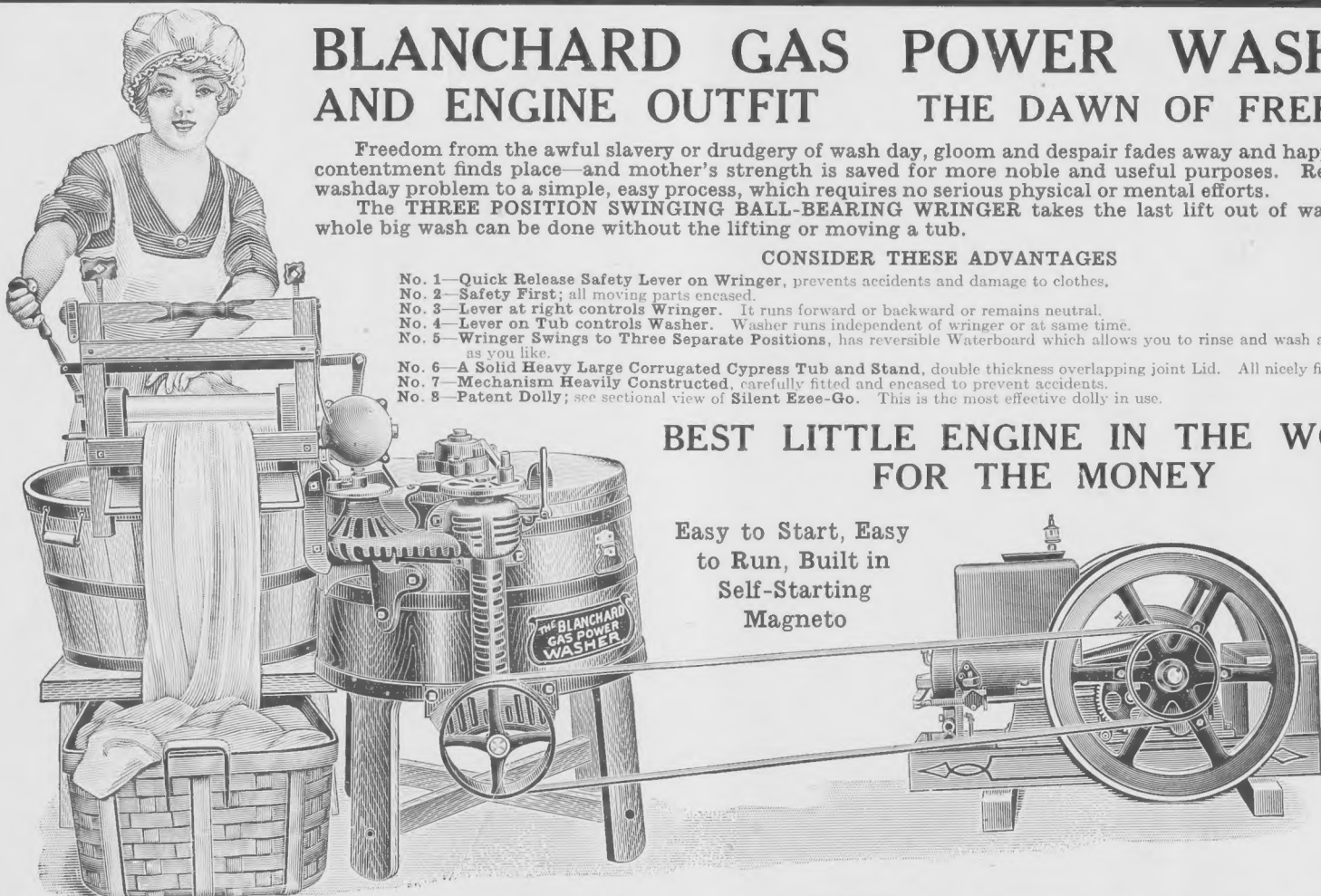
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CONSIDER THESE ADVANTAGES

- No. 1—Quick Release Safety Lever on Wringer, prevents accidents and damage to clothes.
- No. 2—Safety First; all moving parts encased.
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- No. 4—Lever on Tub controls Washer. Washer runs independent of wringer or at same time.
- No. 5—Wringer Swings to Three Separate Positions, has reversible Waterboard which allows you to rinse and wash as many times as you like.
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BEST LITTLE ENGINE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY

Easy to Start, Easy
to Run, Built in
Self-Starting
Magneto



There is no other power washed with quite as many convenient features, and we offer it at a price you can easily afford to pay.

- The Blanchard Gas Power Washer, complete with Five-Year Guarantee Ball Bearing Swinging Wringer. Weight 130 lbs. crated. Price.....**\$25.95**
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This Engine is built for economy of operation and enduring service. There is no other Engine which measures up to this one in high standard of quality. For Details of Specifications, SEE OUR CATALOG.

THE WINGOLD CO. LIMITED

ASK FOR CATALOG

181 Market St. East, WINNIPEG

Overland



The Smile That Won't Come Off

Light Fours

Touring—
106 inch wheelbase
Roadster—
104 inch wheelbase
Country Club—
104 inch wheelbase



Model 85-Fours

Touring—
112 inch wheelbase
Roadster—
112 inch wheelbase
Coupe—
112 inch wheelbase
Sedan—
112 inch wheelbase

What is *her* smile worth to you? Probably nothing you could do would bring quite so much gladness into *her* life as to drive home some afternoon and say: "How do you like your new car?"

It would mean her liberation—and a bigger, broader, healthier, happier life for the whole family.

Isn't that worth far more than it costs?

In the Willys-Overland line of motor cars is the car of her heart's desire which you

can buy for her and still keep on friendly terms with your pocketbook.

Huge production enables us to distribute costs over a larger number of cars and to produce every type of car with virtually the same proportionate saving as though our entire production was centered on the one model of your selection.

See the Willys-Overland dealer and make your selection now, so that *she* may begin without delay to wear "the smile that won't come off."

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Willys - Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons
HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS - WEST TORONTO, ONT.

Light Sixes

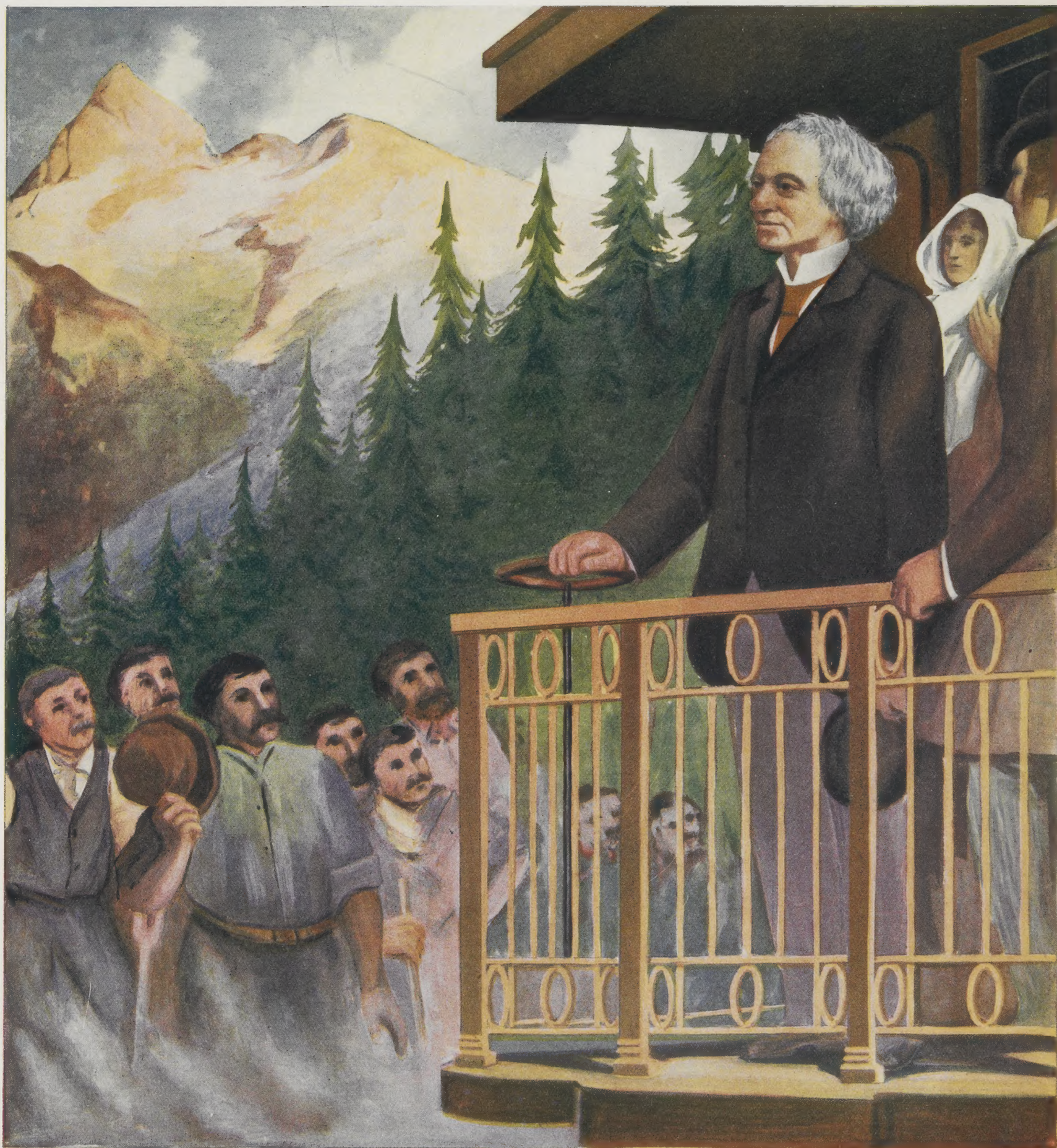
Coupe—
116 inch wheelbase
Sedan—
116 inch wheelbase



Willys - Knights

Four Touring—
121 inch wheelbase
Four Coupe—
114 inch wheelbase
Four Sedan—
121 inch wheelbase
Four Limousine—
121 inch wheelbase
Eight Touring—
125 inch wheelbase

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY *Winnipeg* July 1917



Sir John Macdonald Crossing the Rockies over the Newly Constructed Canadian Pacific Railway, 1886



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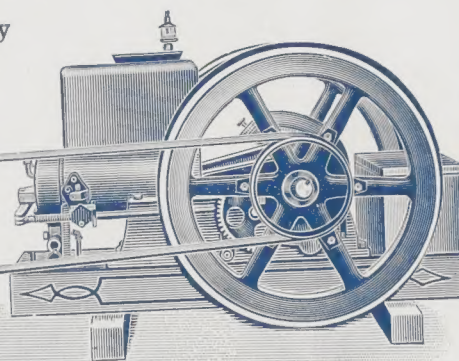
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President McGill University.
Premier of Ontario.
Premier of Nova Scotia.
Premier of Alberta.
Premier of Manitoba.
Premier of British Columbia.
Manitoba University.
Principal Manitoba Agricultural College.

The Maple Leaf Forever

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain;
Here may it wave, our boast and pride,
And join in love together;
The Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose
entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Chorus:

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever;
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood, and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,

We swear to yield them never;
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Our Fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever;
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver;
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

—Alexander Muir.

O Canada!

O Canada! Our home, and native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North, strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
Stand aye on guard for thee.

O Canada! O Canada! O Canada
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,

Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow.

How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western sea,
Thou land of hope for all who toil,
Thou true North, strong and free!
O Canada! O Canada! O Canada
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise;

To keep thee steadfast through the years

From East to Western sea,
Our Father land, our Mother land!
Our true North, strong and free!

O Canada! O Canada! O Canada
We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

Hon. R. Stanley Weir, D.C.L.

Rule Britannia

When Britain first at Heaven's command

Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sang the strain:

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free—

The dread and envy of them all!

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;

As the last blast which tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:

—James Thomson.



Dentist.

The poison from bad teeth ruins good health. Therefore save hospital bills by having your necessary dental work completed. Besides, you will look younger and better, and feel that life is worth living.

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Editorial

The New Confederation

IT is a strange coincidence, that, exactly fifty years after Confederation, the first real doubt should arise as to the wisdom or effectiveness of the step. This is probably because never before was the system on its trial. In introducing the bill before the Conference at Quebec, Sir John A. Macdonald frankly stated, and with all the force at his command, that Confederation was a compromise. Now, under unusual conditions, conditions that are testing the loyalty, the forbearance, and the integrity of each province, these questions are being asked by thoughtful men and women: Is legislation based on compromise ever effective? Have we given up too much? Have we really brought about a union? Have we trusted each other too much? Have we really kept the faith? When such questions are asked it is idle to pass them by. Every doubt must find its solution, in a positive assertion or an emphatic denial of the principle which was so dear to the men of fifty years ago.

There are two perpetual struggles going on in the life of every nation—the struggle for better material conditions and the struggle for greater spiritual freedom. Under ordinary conditions people appear to be occupied with the former. It is only in times of crisis that great social, religious and moral problems, which without doubt are the great problems of mankind, absorb the attention of the masses. We have reached a crisis at the present time, and even though the problem of earning a living wage is more pressing than ever before in the history of the country, it is second in importance to the greater problems of securing for each man economic and social freedom, and obtaining from each citizen loyal assumption of national responsibility.

Now, everyone knows this last is the great problem, and it is great because it does not stand alone. For there is disagreement as to the meaning of the term national, and an equal disagreement as to the field of responsibility. To be very specific, there are those who are willing to be what they call good Canadians, but who deny that they have any duty to the Empire, and there are those who are willing to agree that men should offer their lives for their country, but who deny the right of the state to touch capital, even the capital made because of the war. Never was there greater need of clear definition and complete understanding. There is reason for believing that both government and non-conscriptionists have been lacking in frankness and that the former has been woefully lacking in decision.

Non-conscriptionists are of two classes—typified by part of the labor element and by the dominant faction in Quebec. The labor element is protesting against a conscription of men without a conscription of wealth. Well, everyone believes that is right. The country is risking everything—it's very existence—and it must be willing to give everything. This includes men, property and labor. Yet the question arises: Would the labor element vote for conscription provided the conscription included everything? If they would make an out-and-out statement on this point, it

would clear the air. Frankly, one feels that there are many in the socialist party of the labor people who would not favor full conscription. They are side-stepping. They have not yet grasped the significance of the present war—its meaning to civilization and its meaning to the labor people themselves. If they had done so, their action would be positive rather than negative. In other words, they would be banded together urging the Government to proceed with general conscription. They would not be merely fighting conscription in its narrow sense—the conscription of men.

There are the non-conscriptionists of Quebec to whom there should be joined those in the other provinces who sympathize with them. Their plea is that Canada should not join the Empire in this war—that Canada is one thing and the Empire another. It would be a good thing for these people to turn back to the addresses on Confederation, delivered by their own countrymen. They at least did not sympathize with the doctrines proclaimed by some to-day. Canada is in this war because she is British and because the war of Germany is against free institutions. On both accounts Canada has taken up arms. And Canada, must mean all Canada. Neither in our Western cities nor in the towns of Quebec, nor in the fields of the maritime provinces must there be those who are waiting to profit from the sacrifices made by our loyal Canadian boys. Confederation meant a union for purposes of defence, or it meant nothing. We must all in every province, in every rank and station play the game. Just now our national existence must be more to us than our business, our blood-relationship and our religion. It must, indeed, be our religion.

Since Confederation there have come amongst us thousands who knew nothing of the compact of 1867, and they are not bound in the same way. Yet it is unthinkable that these, many of them apathetic in this struggle, and others perhaps somewhat antagonistic to us on racial grounds, should reap the fruits of victory, so dearly bought on the fields of France. We may depend upon it that in the final reckoning the men who pay the price will receive the goods.

It was inevitable in a struggle of this kind that there should be mistakes. One could even excuse blunders. But there are other things that can not be tolerated. The reorganization of government, therefore, must be welcomed as the first in a series of necessary changes, following it there will of necessity be some form of universal conscription, government control of the productions necessary to life, insistence upon restitution from those who have profited by the war, the elimination of figure-heads and political hacks from the army service, the due recognition of the private in the ranks, and proper provision for returned soldiers and their dependents. And when all is ended, there will emerge a new Canada, with new political alignment, with new aims and hopes, a Canada true to the Empire, in brotherly union with the United States, a world-power in friendly relation with all countries that are working towards peace and righteousness—a Canada

cursed and blighted by racial, religious and class hatreds, but blessed through the feeling of brotherhood that has been developed through willing sacrifice in a common cause. Confederation, as we have had it, may be severely tested, but our country will endure the test, and the new Confederation will be stronger, closer and more enduring, because the union is based on love and mutual appreciation of devotion and courage.

Gratitude

NONE is more dependent upon Providence than the farmer. He plants his fields in hope. He waits all summer long in fear and trembling, now yearning for rain, now hoping for wind and sun; at one time dreading the blight of rust, at another the danger of the early frost. The farmer this year is not alone in his anxiety. Every last person in the land; every man and woman in the warring world is dependent upon the harvest in the prairie provinces. Why then should not we all address the Bountiful Giver of all good things? And why not after the rain and the sunshine return thanks for blessings received? This suggestion of united prayer and united thanksgiving has been suggested by several of our best papers, and is both timely and necessary. The best way to keep religion alive is to connect it with real experience. Two vital elements in religion are prayer and thanksgiving. If there is any prayer that can reach God it will be that of souls in need; if there is any praise that will please Him, it is the uttered thanks of the truly grateful soul.

The Holidays

HERE'S hoping the children may have a happy and joyous vacation. Life was not meant to be given up wholly to book study. The best that education has to offer is not always given in school. During the long summer days the young boys and girls may grow in physical strength and grace, and they may learn from the field of Nature much that cannot be gained from books. You remember Longfellow's tribute to Agassiz:

And Nature the old nurse took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here's a story book
Thy Father hath written for thee.
"Come, let us wander away,
Into fields that are yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."
So he wandered away and away
And Nature, the dear old nurse
Who sang to him day by day
The songs of the Universe.
And whenever the day seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song
Or tell a more wonderful tale.

And so it is for the boys and girls to get out into the open, to grow strong and pure and kind. This is education.

Let Us Be Loyal

WHAT is needed in Canada just now, above everything else, is a little old fashioned loyalty—spontaneous and overwhelming—and not seeking expression in loud-mouthed oratory and labored argument.

What is standing in the way of loyalty? At least five things—greed, partizanship, class and race affiliation, lack of understanding.

Greed is in the way. There are men all over the Dominion whose thought is not on winning the war but on the making of a little fortune. It is a grand scramble in which all are engaged—farmers wanting two cents more for their eggs; grocers wanting ten per cent more profit on all commodities, manufacturers wanting fifty per cent addition to their usual profits, loan companies wanting fifteen per cent dividends instead of twelve, and laboring men wanting ten hours pay for eight hours work, why should the pot call the kettle black? Selfishness is common to all classes.

Political partizanship is in the way of loyalty. It was shown in army appointments, in the attempts to whitewash guilty ministers, in the policy of carrying on the government as party government during war time, and it is now in evidence on both sides in the debate that is going on at Ottawa. Thank heaven the war is going to do away with the evil of party government in Canada.

Let the cry be—every man, every dollar, every ounce of energy, for God and country.



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Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Be particular to rinse the skin thoroughly and dry it carefully.

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For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment together with a booklet giving all of the famous Woodbury skin treatments. For 10c we will send the treatment booklet, the week's-size cake and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write today.

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50th Anniversary of Confederation

Brings Messages on this and following pages from
Leading Canadians to The Western Home Monthly

From Sir William Peterson, K.C.M.G.

PRINCIPAL MCGILL UNIVERSITY

THE approach of the Fiftieth Birthday of Confederation finds Canada at a very grave crisis in her national destiny, and I am sure that the readers of "The Western Home Monthly" will join with me in the hope that she may be rightly guided on the path that lies before her. We want above everything else to win the war, or rather to help to win it. It does not seem to me that there is any need of a general election to prove that point. And we do not want any premature peace negotiations with such a faithless and immoral power as Germany has proved herself to be. If the Allies were to show any weakness now—which Heaven forbid!—they would have only themselves to thank for what might happen next. After an interval of rest and recuperation Germany is quite capable of starting another war, without even the form of a declaration, and with her fleet in a better position to do all-round mischief than it was—fortunately for the British Empire—in August, 1914.

There is still a small section of our people who have failed to realize that the moment when our Dominion became inevitably involved in the war was when the German Ambassador in London told Sir Edward Grey that while Germany did not wish to annex any part of the soil of France she would take the French colonies. If the French colonies at that time, why not some of the British possessions at the next turn of the wheel?

Against such aggression it is the strength of the British Navy that has been our shield and buckler, and our sure defence. And we should never cease to proclaim this fact, and to express our gratitude.

Now that the war has brought us closer together, we ought surely to embrace every method of keeping together. Union is strength. We need not fear, on the one hand, any serious impairment of our autonomy and independence. And when peace returns, we can show the world at large that the ideal which we mean to cherish of the "United States of the British Empire" is an ideal that implies, on the other hand, peace and progress for a large section of mankind, without prejudice to the rights of others. In the words which have just been used by Mr. H. G. Wells, "We want all our people to understand that our Empire is not a net about the world in which the progress of mankind is entangled, but a self-conscious political system, working side by side with the other democracies of the earth, preparing the way for and prepared to sacrifice and merge itself in a world confederation of free and equal peoples."

From Lord Shaughnessy

PRESIDENT C. P. R.



LORD SHAUGHNESSY

CONSTRUCTED as it was to serve a national purpose and form the necessary means of communication between the Eastern and Western Provinces of the new Dominion of Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway has grown with the ideals of the Canadian people and has become a vital link in that greater Empire to which we all are so proud to belong. The prosperity which made possible the extension of our activities on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans has been bound up with our faith in the West, a faith which encouraged us to bring armies of settlers to the fertile prairies and to build up trade to and from the Orient and Australasia and the populous centres of Great Britain and Europe. That faith has been justified, and after fifty years of Federation, no part of the world is a greater magnet for the homebuilder than that area which gives your magazine its circulation and its name.

Stocktaking after Fifty Years of Confederation

BY PROF. W. F. OSBORNE, CHAIRMAN OF THE FACULTY
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

IT is eminently proper that the Canadian people should take full and formal cognisance of the completion of the first half century of our national existence. Not to do so would be to bear evidence to our own apathy and lack of imagination. And in these momentous days lack of imagination is tantamount to lack of capacity. To-day, more than ever, rightly considered, the man of imagination and vision is king. It may fairly be said that the only man who is capable to-day of measuring up to the exigencies of the hour is the man who is marked by an imaginativeness which in other times might have been thought audacious or quixotic.

For one thing we should exalt, as we have not hitherto exalted, the memory of the Fathers of Confederation. How many of these do our children know even by name? How often does one hear them referred to on the public platform? How seldom emphasis is laid on the spiritual and heroic significance of the deliberations at Quebec, on the later meetings at Westminster, on the hushing of faction for the achievement of a great task, on the successful enactment of the statute that constitutes our fundamental law. The Americans

greatly surpass us here. They ring the changes constantly on the greatness of "the Fathers." The men who presided over their national origins were perhaps men of larger mental and spirited girth than those who presided over ours; though some might question that. But that does not excuse us from the duty of paying homage to our own. Ours were as big as the stage on which they moved fitted them to be. The work that fell to their hands they did, and that is all that could be expected of them. The Americans have two figures that dwarf all others in their history: Washington an English gentleman, and Lincoln (in the words of Lowell), the "first great American." But our group of founders was composed of very able men. Let us place them on the pedestal where they belong. One might say to Canadians, in the words of Viviani to the Americans: "Lift up your heads—higher—ever higher—lift them as high as your flag."

Those men showed themselves capable of a fine detachment. They triumphed over provincialism, over parochialism even. They rose superior to faction. Take an instance or set of circumstances to-day that shows by implication the spirit of these men. The Maritime Provinces would undoubtedly be stronger if they were not divided into three. Together they represent one section of the nation. And yet how great would be the difficulty of bringing these three together. Similar difficulties, and on sharper scale, faced the Fathers of Confederation; but they rose above them.

Analyze, even hurriedly, the ability that these men displayed. They evolved an instrument of government that has given us plain sailing to date. They carved out spheres of Dominion and Provincial activity that have stood the test of such time as has yet been vouchsafed to us. They provided a model that has recommended the Federal system to the favorable attention of the whole world. They pulled out a new stop in the organ of political development. They proved that at last there was something new under the sun. They blazed the path which in large essentials Australia and South Africa have followed. If there is any vitality whatever in the concept of Imperial Federation, it is due literally to the success of the Canadian experiment.

So, indubitably, we should exalt our past. We should not permit this milestone to be passed with a *Te Deum* for what was done in 1867.

In many respects the Canadian people have reason to be proud of what they have accomplished. They have faced, and, in a very large sense, mastered great difficulties. There is no manner of use denying it, we have a harsh climate. Think, just by way of one particular, what a tax that climate has represented during the last three years in the training of our soldiers. The United States can train its armies continuously in its southern portions. Our country is only a riband of territory—a great riband, but still, relatively only a riband. Great natural barriers divide our constituent sections. Maine and the Gaspé stretch between the Atlantic and the Central Provinces. The North Shore of Lake Superior between the Central and the Prairie Provinces. The giant bulk of the mountains between the Prairies and British Columbia. Again, from the outset a sharp line was set between the two dominant races. This line was accentuated by the fact of the Conquest. One of these races had been beaten, and yet the spirit of the Constitution is that neither is to be treated as a helot.

In parentheses it may be said that Western Canada has had little occasion to remember or be conscious of this great initial fact of our history. But one realizes it in its force when one stands on the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe fell; and when one stands in Quebec before the house where Montcalm died. One realizes when one finds oneself in the Chateau de Ramezay at Montreal. There is a house built in 1704 by the father, I think, of the man who signed the capitulation of Quebec. From 1704 to 1760 it is the residence of the French Governors. In 1760 into it steps an English Governor, representative of the triumphant race. It bears mutely in its frame the memory of racial humiliation and of a racial victory. In other words we started with a sword in our vitals. Western Canadians have comparatively little to remind them over what we have so far so well triumphed.

Further, we do not realize sufficiently the character of our national beginnings in other particulars beside those concerning the relations of the British and the French. It is a commonplace for Canadians to approve of the American Revolution. We conceive ourselves as exalting the British race when we complement the founders of the American Republic; because they achieved their purpose in the spirit of Britons. England was off its own track when it tried to coerce America. We adhere to that view. At the same time there is another side that we habitually overlook. Go to Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick. On the walls of the Legislature hang the portraits of George III. and his Queen. We do not propose ever to say much that is commendatory about George III. He broke the back of the Anglo-Saxon race. He tried to rule Anglo-Saxons on principles incompatible with freedom. He was bound to fail. The stars in their courses were fighting against him. But the United Empire Loyalists who founded New Brunswick put his picture on their wall. They arrive on the banks of the St. John in 1783. They get legislative powers in 1788. How little we talk of the nobility of these men. They applied for an academy, ultimately to ripen into a university, in 1785. On the walls of the Library of the University of New Brunswick the original memorandum hangs to-day. In simple, but moving terms the memorialists, addressing the Governor, refer to the suddenly interrupted education of their sons. This lifts the veil and shows the nature and the extent of the sacrifice they had made for the sake of loyalty to the British Crown. For the sake of this they saw their property confiscated. For the sake of this they made a hiatus in their whole life. How little attention we pay, the most of us, to the memory of these Loyalists. Many of them lie in nameless graves. They

bequeathed their fibre to us, but their names are wrapped in an unstirred oblivion. The Canadian founders of my own family, to whom I have to date given scarcely a thought, rest in totally unmarked graves at Green Point, on the shores of the Bay of Quinte. They hewed down the forests. They were cut off from supplies. They all but starved. They lived their lives, and passed out.

To resume what I have tried to say. The beginnings of our Colonial history are noble. Confederation was a great task worthily fulfilled. Since 1867 until now our system has worked smoothly. The success that we have so far achieved has been worked out in the face of the difficulty presented by the presence along our border of the enormously

into Canada at Niagara Falls and travelled to Windsor. I was chagrined with the character of the country in that old section of Ontario. There ran, or rather lay, the wretched old log fences. Even in what I had supposed was one of the gardens of Ontario the cultivation looked to me sloppy and down at heel. How sharp was its contrast with even Western States like Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Think of the hopeless undevelopment of a great stretch like that, say, from Kenora to Pembroke. Coming out of Montreal, the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, on the way to St. John, how soon one finds oneself running through territory that is neither more nor less than primitive. Then after the jungle of Maine, how primitive in the extreme is New Brunswick right up to the very edge of Fredericton.

I am not adducing these points in any particular order. I say now that our lack of national education is regrettable. France, by centralisation, places a stamp upon her people. The attitude of her people at large toward England—an attitude which happily now is changing with great rapidity—is itself proof of this. Her school histories did the trick. We regret this instance, but it illustrates the point under consideration. We have suffered from the fact that education is not under central or federal control. Take the matter of technical education. Large amounts are expended in the labors of a commission. Of the labors nothing has come to date. I presume that at bottom the big reason is that the central authorities dread to embark even in the technical domain on the adventure of nationally controlled education. We must, of course, acquiesce in the assignment of education to the provinces. That is a fact which cannot be disturbed. But we must labor at any rate to reform our education with a national afflatus with a national spirit, and with a consciousness of a national objective.

We have failed hitherto in large national organization. We might as well admit that we are not organized on a national scale for the effecting of national objects. It is only within the last three years that the Universities of Canada have so much as thought of getting their heads together in order to articulate educational tendencies, methods and purposes. The Union of Canadian Universities, so far as I have been able to gather, held its first successful meeting this year. They will, I think, make rapid progress in this direction from this time forward. Of course, better late than never, but it is fairly late. I contend that the twenty-three universities of Canada have done little collectively with regard to the war. We have raised men among our students and our faculties, but we have played small part as an organized national auxiliary in a supreme crisis. Leaving the universities, it may be said that as a nation we have so far exhibited little capacity for energized collective action. Our chance is not lost. We shall right the condition. We shall get under way, but the first essential is that we recognize our limitation hitherto. The United States has long since acquired the mental habit of organization. She abounds in nationwide organizations that can achieve great results with amazing rapidity. Of course her ability in this regard has its quota of weakness. Many Canadians think the Americans shout too much, that they organize too much, that they exalt machinery. But that sort of thing is necessary with a vast conglomerate proletariat. If it is true that yesterday

10,000,000 Americans, between the ages of 21 and 30 registered for the purposes of the Selective Draft, it is because America has acquired even at the cost of excess the habit of national response to a national demand. This one great result, even if there were nothing else, vindicates their national practice.

Canadians are too undemonstrative. America bursts into a flame of bunting for the French and British Commissions. Fifth Avenue, New York, was the sight of a lifetime when those Commissions made their progress along it. When Balfour entered our capital city of Ottawa the display of flags was ludicrous. I am quite aware that bunting is not an essential. The heart of Ottawa was all with Balfour; there is no doubt about that; but all the same the flag is the symbol of sovereignty, of nationality, of national consciousness. And you cannot build a composite nation on the tacit, non-committal basis.

I have suggested these limitations; but I am far from pessimistic about either the character, or the capacity, or the future of Canada. We have undeniable and great points of strength. I reckon here our large Scottish population, a pledge of thrift and caution. Our rigorous climate will build up a sturdy

(Continued on Page 17)

From Premier Sifton

EDMONTON, ALBERTA



AFTER fifty years of Confederation we are in a position to estimate the success of the great experiment. The last of the fathers has passed away and in this, the jubilee year of union, the people of Canada without division of race, creed, interest or political faith unite to revere the memory of the men who founded the Canadian nation and pay a just tribute to those who were called upon to guide its course through all the multifarious problems that followed in the train of the British North America Act. Real problems existed and still face us—amity between the races, diplomatic and trade relations with the United States; delimitation of federal and provincial rights, cheap and adequate facilities of transportation, the tariff, and our relations to the Motherland and the other overseas Dominions. All centre round the paramount idea of building up a durable and virile nationalism within the Empire that will secure the efficiency of the state without destroying the individuality of the citizen.

In the solution of these problems the present generation will do well to guide themselves in the broad principles that actuated the Fathers of Confederation. They stood for a workable system of government, not for a theoretical constitution; they desired the union of the Provinces on the only basis possible—compromise and fraternity. Above all, their hearts were set to maintain our British connection. In this it is hardly too much to say that they converted British statesmen to a new view of empire. When the delegates from Canada visited, England in 1865 on behalf of confederation, George Brown wrote back that there was a manifest desire on the part of British statesmen that ere long the British North America Colonies would shift for themselves. To-day there are gathered again in London other delegates from every Dominion deliberating on terms of a grander union that will include them all with the Motherland as equal partners in a galaxy of nations around the British Crown.

Time and the irrefutable logic of events has justified the constructive work of the Fathers of Confederation. Fifty years ago some of their actions were misconstrued and much petty criticism was directed against them. But they worked faithfully with the materials at hand and with sincere purpose. "They may sometimes have taken half a loaf where others would have gone hungry by proclaiming their right to the whole, but they welded the Dominion and kept it part of the Empire for which their grandsons were willing to die at Neuve Chapelle, St. Julien—Courcellette and Vimy Ridge.

prosperous American Republic. At almost every stage of our history people have felt the pull, from the material point of view, of that great success. It has been very hard for Canada to keep from being drained of her best blood by that strong attraction.

What I have said, so far, I have said by way of emphasizing our success. That being said, and said with conviction, I should be free now to go on and speak a little critically of our present condition. With a view to confirming our prospects let us analyze, however roughly, some of our limitations. What we have that is strong is ours. Let us drive from our system our weaknesses. Taking this attitude frankly and consciously, we stand to gain.

What is to be said in a critical way at this time, which should in all conscience be a time of stock-taking?

First, let us admit that our development has not been rapid. We have fewer people than we ought to have. It makes me squirm to think of our 8,000,000. And it may even be that we have quite a few less than that.

Nor is our general development what it should be. I was depressed a few weeks ago as I crossed

Canadian Shipbuilding Survives Through War

THERE was and still is in many Canadian and American homes, particularly farming ones, a game much in favor which is played in the following manner: The company, having assembled in the parlor, generally of a winter or late fall evening, each in turn propounds a riddle. The game is so familiar to the average reader that further citing of its method of playing is unnecessary. Generally the maiden aunt, who will some day die and leave money, leads off by propounding some such terrific brain puzzler as: "What is white and black and read all over?" And so the game goes on.

Now any time during the fall and winter of 1914 or upon any evening for many years previous, the following question would have been quite in order as an up-to-date riddle: "What class of human biped is rapidly becoming extinct upon the North American continent, so that it will soon rank with the wild pigeon, the great auk, or the dodo?" And the answer is—"the sailor."

But you will indignantly exclaim: "Why that's not right. I saw ever so many nice, neat, little men when I travelled on the steamer So-and-So across the Great Lakes last year," or you will make similar remark anent the number of similar people you saw abroad the Allen or White Star or other great steamship of ocean going variety.

Nevertheless the riddle above cited is quite true, for the men you saw were really not sailors at all. What we are here referring to is the real, old, died-in-the-wool before the mast hands, twenty times around "Cape Stiff," in short, the sailors that made up the crews of the famous windjammers of old the coffee clippers, the New Bedford and Gloucester schooners, and square rigged barques, and a hundred other types of fast sailors that made the merchant marine of North America famous half a century ago. Ships and men have almost disappeared. To-day the number of sailing ships that put out to sea with a full crew of men capable of singing together such a chanty as the following are very, very few:

"Then we'll blow the man up,
And we'll blow the man down,
Go way, way, blow the man down.
We'll blow him right over to Liverpool town,
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down,
Ho! stand by your braces,
And stand by your falls;
Hi! Ho! blow the man down."

gradually disappeared from the seas. Yet Canada, could point with pride to at least these few things: A Canadian had been commander-in-chief, the admiral of the Turkish Navy. The man who founded the famous Cunarder line hailed from the Dominion. The commander of the Shannon which won the historic battle off Halifax harbor and brought the Chesapeake to port, was born in that same town. A Canadian recently made a name for himself as commander of a transport

Year	Tonnage Built	Tonnage Registered
1875.....	188,098	204,002
1880.....	68,756	64,982
1890.....	39,434	53,853
1900.....	28,544	40,443
1910.....	24,059	33,383
1915.....	45,721	55,384
1916.....	13,947	102,339

Ships of Canadian registry in the last year numbered 9,757, of which the minority or 4,132, were steamers. The whole gave employment to 45,461 men. In this time new vessels registered to the number of 246. In the year 1915, 327 new vessels came under Canadian registry. Now with between \$30,000,000 and \$50,000,000 in orders for ships to be built placed with Canadian firms, \$20,000,000 of which amount alone comes from the little country of Norway, Canada is coming back into her own. And it now looks that the year 1917 may retrieve some of the lost glory and the figures of tonnage built reach a figure equal to or greater than 188,098, made so long ago as 1875.

And all of this was due to the war. As will be seen by the above figures, things had begun to pick up even in the earlier days of the conflict; to-day, ships and still more ships are in demand. Long dead shipyards are coming to life, the art of sail making bids fair to be revived, and perhaps under the incentive of war Canada may win back to the proud place held many years ago as a ship owning nation.

Before going into the details of the new shipbuilding operations now well underway in various parts of Canada, it is interesting to note the effect of the war upon vessels of ancient vintage that previous to 1914 had been placed in the discard. In some instances ships that had been abandoned as unfit for many years were brought back and put once more afloat. The well-known old wooden steamer, "Rufus P. Ranney," several of the Gilchrist fleet, and last, and most famous of all, the "Thomas Davidson" of Milwaukee, are but a few striking instances of this. This last named vessel sold first for \$12,000; rebuilt shortly after brought \$60,000, and is now rated at \$150,000, a neat little increase of about 1300 per cent. No writer of fiction, had he offered tales of fiction to the magazines around such subjects as rehabilitated ships, using figures to-day absolute facts, would have had a ghost of a chance of selling his tales three years ago, for the editor, rightly enough, would have contended they were not within the bounds of consistency, and no writer of story tales can be successful unless he keeps within such bounds. Yet here is one more tale of sudden made fortune that puts to shame the Arabian Nights. During the season of 1916 the firm of J. & J. T. Mathews, Toronto, Ontario, purchased the wrecked steamer, "L. C. Waldo," at Ashtabulo, O., for \$10,000, though the vessel had cost but two years before over \$200,000. The firm spent \$90,000 in making the vessel seaworthy. They were recently offered \$500,000, and competent marine authorities place her value at \$100,000 above this sum. A neat little return of 1000 per cent. One might go on ad infinitum quoting figures and facts of this marvellous new romance of business taking place upon the North American continent. To the average man with whom a thousand dollars is a tremendous bankroll, these stories are more fascinating than were the works of Grimm and Anderson to his childhood days.

But the chief interest lies in the fact that not only are old ships being made new and put back to travelling sea lanes of old, but thousands of tons of new built shipping is now being contracted for. Exact figures are not available, so rapidly are orders coming in, but it is well over the 175,000 mark.

Canada is once more coming into her own and ordinary words failing to fully express it, one turns to Longfellow's famous poem, "The Building of the Ship," for adequate lines which are true of the activity in the shipyards of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts to-day.

"Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind with might force,
Might aid and not impede her course."

From Premier Hearst

TORONTO, ONTARIO



ONTARIO'S early settlers were principally United Empire Loyalists who came to this country from sheer love of British institutions and ideals rather than from the prospect of material advantages. It was their lot to suffer many privations and hardships, but they have handed down to succeeding generations glorious traditions and inestimable advantages.

Fifty years ago this Province had a population of a million and a quarter inhabitants earning a somewhat precarious livelihood on the farm by primitive and laborious methods. At that time the outlook was obscure, and the thought of a great and Imperial destiny seemed merely a vision. On the faith of the leading men of Canada, irrespective of party, confederation was undertaken. By virtue of their statesmanship, we in Ontario to-day have become the very heart and centre of a great democracy, rich in every endowment of nature and richer still in a noble inspiration of national and Imperial greatness and usefulness.

Our population has doubled; our wealth has expanded enormously; our future as a people has become settled and assured. In agriculture this Province has so improved its methods that though its farming population has increased only slightly, its production has doubled and trebled. To-day the wealth of our farmers represents an invested capital of \$1,216,864,992. Great as has been the industrial growth of Ontario, and phenomenal as has been its mining development, we realize that the hope of this Province is in agriculture. No nation is truly great that does not live up to its opportunities in the production of food.

We have in Ontario as yet brought under cultivation some nine million acres of the land with which we are endowed. There are still many millions of acres of tillable soil awaiting the husbandman for this Province has a total area of 260,000,000 acres. With the improvements now made possible, so that one man will soon be doing the work that was formerly a burden to five, a new era is dawning for agriculture. Remembering that one ton of food produced in Canada to-day is the equal to the Mother Country, by the laws of transportation, to four tons produced in Australia, what an advantage we have in common with all Canada for food production.

When we add to this our unbounded forest resources, our great water powers capable of producing vast quantities of electrical energy, and our noble manhood and womanhood, which have not hesitated to sacrifice their highest and best on the altars of freedom what limit can we place on the possibilities of this country?

Truly Ontario is fitted to do its share, hand in hand with its sister provinces, in giving strength and vitality, to this Canadian nation. The manifold resources and activities of our country, its unrivalled climate, the richness of its soil, the militant patriotism of its people, their love of everything Canadian and British, their unflinching devotion to freedom; all these tell us that the Canadian Confederation is not a vision, but a glorious reality with a still more glorious future under the flag we love so well and which means so much for us and for humanity.

This and many another such chanty are typical of the A.B.s of a half and even a quarter of a century ago, but gradually both Canada and the United States have dropped out of the running both in owning and building of sailing and any other kind of ships, and with this condition was gradually passing the old time crews of the sailing ships. Canadian and American sailing ships, that had sailed to the farthest corners of the world, competed with and were even superior to the ships of European nations,

in the Dardanelles, and was honored by the king.

But despite all these pretty things with which Canadians may pat themselves on the back, metaphorically speaking the fact remains that the famous merchant marine of old is vanished, and from fourth place in the world's shipping she has dropped to about twelfth.

No more interesting example can be shown than to quote the tonnage and building figures for a period covering the last 41 years.

For Building Up Quickly

probably the very best food you can select is **Grape-Nuts.**

It contains the mineral salts and energy values—all the nutriment of whole wheat and barley—digests easily and quickly, and the flavor is delicious.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

For it is a fact that a large number of these new ships ordered are wooden sailing vessels of a type which dotted the Great Lakes years ago, but these last are built on a larger scale. They are in big demand, but owing to scarcity of labor, shipbuilders in the Maritime provinces have more orders than they can fill since the outbreak of the war. The high price of steel and its scarcity has been responsible for the return of the wooden sailing vessels which were rapidly becoming obsolete. Since the outbreak of the war the building of steel vessels for merchant trade on the Great Lakes does not warrant the outlay of a large amount of money. Consequently, several marine transportation interest which contemplated adding

has become an active shipbuilding centre, particularly for Norwegian firms.

The discovery by foreign shipping interests of several "mushroom" shipbuilding concerns in the United States which had been booking orders for ships with no yards or organization to carry out these contracts, has been responsible for the placing in Canada of many contracts for new boats. The fact that some of these mushroom firms had undertaken to build vessels, and in some cases received some of the money in advance for work falsely represented as done, caused a number of Norwegian business men to come recently to the United States on a trip of investigation. Shortly following this Canada received a rush of orders.

largest single contract placed with any shipbuilding firm in Canada in recent years.

Over two-thirds of the steel required for the two first boats has been delivered, a factor in itself which will materially assist in turning over the two vessels on contract time, if not ahead. The principal dimensions of these are length over all 261 feet, length between perpendiculars 251 feet, breadth moulded, 43 feet, 6 inches; depth 23 feet. Each vessel will carry a total dead weight of 3,500 tons on a draught of 19 feet 6 inches.

In all, Norwegian bankers have been authorized to place orders in Canada and United States for \$200,000,000 in new ships. Port Arthur is another inland

to keep the small army of men engaged for over two years.

In all there are twenty-five vessels either in course of construction or projected in the two ports of Vancouver and Victoria, and of these three are of steel. The wooden constructions are intended more particularly for lumber export purposes, and the steel vessels for general tonnage. Of the wooden ships, the Canada West Coast Company has contracted for eight, and although none of these is yet completed four of them have already been chartered. The first, it is expected will be ready by the middle of August, 1917, and from that month forward one each month will be delivered. Of the steel vessels at present under

From Premier Brewster

VICTORIA, B.C.



HE Fiftieth Anniversary of Confederation properly should justify a concise review of the progress of the Province during the half-century period, with more particular reference to such developments as have taken place because and on account of Confederation.

For fully twenty years after Confederation, British Columbia—that is to say, the Province at large—scarcely awakened to the fact that it had become a member of the family of sister Provinces. It is true, the Province had its representation in the Federal Parliament, and its legislative functions were within the authority of the British North America Act, its customs regulations brought under Federal control, but, commercially, it remained for almost every practical purpose, one of the Pacific Coast States, trading as it had done before the Union. With the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886 and the beginning of its successful operation of trans-continental passenger and general transportation service between the Eastern Provinces and this last West, the thinly populated strip of territory adjacent to the United States, constituting what was known then as a "British" terra incognita, began to be transformed into more distinctly "Canadian" country.

The further inauguration of the "All Red Route" a few years later further emphasized and impressed upon the now rapidly increasing populace a sense of their integral share in Canadian national life, ambition and destiny.

Since that time the hitherto undisclosed and indescribably abundant and varied wealth of natural resources have been the happy hunting-grounds of explorers and exploiters whose findings and "leavings" have furnished the material out of which a substantial and enduring commercial and industrial prosperity have begun to be evolved. The mineral wealth of the Province—though only fractionally known—is forcing the country forward rapidly into a prominent place among the metaliferous depositories of this Continent; the timber areas are known to be among the most valuable in possession of any country, both in quality and variety of their vast tracts; while the Fisheries give reasonable promise that an industry flourishing from time immemorial on the Atlantic seaboard is to have its duplication on the Pacific.

The peculiar climatic adaptation to horticulture and the millions of acres of unusually fertile valley and irrigable soils suitable for agriculture and stock-raising purposes are giving a 20th century promise of the persistency of the adage "Westward the march of Empire makes its way."

The threading of the mining and agricultural sections of Southern British Columbia, with branch lines of railways and tributary lake and river transportation facilities places the Province in a fair position to bid for the desirable immigrant, whether the bent of his inclinations is toward one or another of many vocations for which he may be adapted, and with the cessation of the War the Province will be ready to welcome, establish and assimilate a proportionately large number of men and women who will desire to establish themselves in new conditions when the inevitable readjustment takes place.

Particularly is this true in Northern British Columbia, traversed as it is by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and inestimably rich in mineral possibilities, with corresponding and well distributed river, valley and lake basins, rich in agricultural opportunity. In these respects alone the Province is about to justify its inclusion in the Dominion, and because of the extent and variety of its possibilities will become the most cosmopolitan of all Canadian Provinces.

Nor have her own people failed to demonstrate their appreciation of their place and the fact of their participation in the destinies of the Empire. Since the outbreak of the War British Columbia has recruited proportionately more men for the defence of the institutions and ideals cherished by Canadian people than any other Province. This has been done at no less sacrifice to the brave men themselves who have enlisted, but at a sacrifice to the material and industrial necessities of the Province far greater than generally is understood. Without the compensations that have been enjoyed by some of the other Provinces in the matter of industrial activities, founded on or stimulated by munitions production, the Province has given its bravest and its best in order that so vast and so valuable a heritage may be preserved to afford security of home and future for the sincerely democratic peoples with similar domestic, social and political ideals.

The social life of British Columbia is well ordered, and exceptionally free from scandal or immorality, without making excuse for the heterogeneous and composite character of the population. The commercial standards are equally creditable. In educational matters and in religious activities the Province holds a high place in the sisterhood, paying immortal tribute to the pioneers in both educational and religious organization.

Though fifty years of age British Columbia is but a debutante, yet comely and winsome, and with every promise that her children's children shall rise up to call her blessed. Without invidious distinction or comparison, it might have been far otherwise had this most Westerly Province not been incorporated in the Dominion at the time of Confederation.

to their fleets have not done so on that account. Comparing the prices paid for the construction of the sailing vessel of the above mentioned type with those of 15 years ago, the increase is about 75 per cent. For instance the canvas alone, the area of which will be of much larger dimensions than formerly, costs in the neighborhood of \$4,000, where only \$1,500 10 years ago.

At present there are between 35 and 40 wooden vessels under construction in the Maritime Provinces. There would probably be more with more labor available. The most of these vessels are intended for trans-Atlantic service.

Toronto, by reason of its splendid harbor and outlet to the sea over which large ocean going vessels can travel,

Also Messrs. Knut Bachke, Sophias E. Dahl and Gustave K. Hegg, of Christiana, with Trigde Barth, of Bergen, arrived recently in New York for the purpose of establishing a bank, with a capital of \$2,500,000 to facilitate payments for work upon the continent.

Already at Toronto the keels of two freighters for trans-Atlantic service between Norwegian and New York have been laid at the Polson Iron and Shipbuilding Yards. These will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,200,000. According to the terms of the contract the vessels must be delivered in July and August, 1917. Two more freighters of the same dimension will be placed by the same firm, likely immediately the other two are ready for launching. The building of the four will mean the outlay of \$2,500,000, the

port that is engaged in the shipping business, the first ocean going vessel to be completed being the Norwegian steamer, "Blaamyra," finished in November.

Similarly and to perhaps the greatest extent the Pacific coast cities of Vancouver and Victoria have been stirred to activity by war demands for vessels. At Vancouver local shipbuilding firms have contracted to place in the water within the next two years 97,800 tons of new shipping, with the prospect bright for further contracts when it is demonstrated that the work can be done to the satisfaction of the Norwegian syndicate whose orders they are now engaged upon. In the Wallace shipyards alone there is now no less than \$10,000,000 worth of orders in process of fulfillment, sufficient

construction, one is for the Japanese trade, and the other two for general freight purposes. When the wooden ships, all of which have a lumber capacity of 1,500,000, commence their sailings, it will help to develop largely the British Columbia industry, long held back by lack of sufficient ships.

The revival of the wooden shipbuilding industry on such a scale as that at the Pacific coast was not affected without considerable difficulties having to be met and conquered. The nucleus of the business was the presence there of a number of men who not only were possessed of large seafaring experience but had a knowledge of shipbuilding, particularly in reference to wooden ones. The vessels now under way are no mere copies of ancient style boats, but are

up-to-date in every respect, and will so be assured of highest class registration at Lloyds. In addition, the gathering together of men who had the shipbuilding instinct was another task. After some time and combing of the continent from the Atlantic coast to San Francisco a sufficient number of these were brought together.

One of the most interesting things in connection with the building of the new ships was the huge wooden angle brackets which are used to support the main decks. Steel would not do, but trees do not grow at right angles, in the usual sense of the word, and nothing but wooden angle bracket of great strength would do. But the shipbuilders were equal to this demand. Whole squads of expert timber cruisers were sent into the heart of British Columbia's great forests in search of great trees which had huge roots at right angles to the supporting trunk. Weeks of exhaustive research were required, but enough trees with such roots to furnish these angle brackets were found to make it possible to go on with the work.

It is evident that for considerable time after the war, perhaps two years, the present scarcity of shipping tonnage will continue, enhanced rather than diminished till matters thoroughly adjust themselves. Troops and refugees will have to be handled, building material for the rehabilitation of Europe will be transported in vast quantities. Immigration will have to be provided for, and food supplies taken to various points. These things and many other matters will keep shipping in demand.

To meet this Canada is becoming rapidly prepared. From the disaster of war perhaps the Dominion may in a large way be repaid by a renaissance shipbuilding industry and an increased merchant marine.

Inference

"Jimmy," said the fond mother to her smart nine-year-old, "what became of that fruit cake I made for you as a treat yesterday? Did you eat it?"

"No mamma," answered Jimmy, with a grin; "I gave it to the teacher instead."

"That was very nice and generous of you, Jimmy," complimented his mother. "And did your teacher eat it?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Jimmy.

"She wasn't at school to-day."



PARENTS

who love to gratify children's desire for the same articles of food and drink that grown-ups use find

INSTANT POSTUM

just the thing.

"There's a Reason"

The Confederation Family Not Yet Complete

By Aubrey Fullerton

THERE still remains a missing link in the chain of Canadian provinces. Great as was the piece of work the Confederation fathers did fifty years ago, and important as have been the subsequent additions to it, the task has not even yet been fully accomplished. The family is not complete, and will not be complete until Newfoundland comes into

Newfoundland had her chance, too. She was wooed, but refused to be won, and as a penalty for her wilfulness she is still outside the sisterhood. When Confederation was first mooted the union scheme included the island colony along with the maritime provinces and Upper Canada, and the original plan was to federate the whole eastern half of British America, the West at that time not



Government House, St. John's, Newfoundland

From Premier Murray

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

IT is with pleasure that I send a message to the Editor for the readers of The Western Home Monthly. This pleasure is heightened by reason of the fact that among them are many native sons and daughters of Nova Scotia who are assisting in the great work of peopling and developing the lands of the West. To you, sons of Nova Scotia, I would say: Throw your lot without reserve into the life of your new country. Maintain the tradition of your forefathers for higher education, for straight living and for an intelligent interest in public affairs. Help to keep Canada a country wherein the ideals of freedom and justice and breadth of vision may prevail. Quit you like men.

To all your readers I would say: This is the testing time for Canada. The terrific struggle in which our Empire is engaged brings a heavy strain upon our free democracy. Let us all stand together in defence—not only of our beloved country, not only of our magnificent Empire—but of our common civilization.

There are strenuous days yet ahead, but the issue of the war is certain although it may lie postponed. At the conclusion of the fearful struggle our Empire will have gained an added prestige in the eyes of the world. Let us all do our part so that Canada will rightfully share in the new lustre that will adorn the name of Britain.



Placentia, one of the coast towns of Newfoundland

the fold. It is in the logical destiny of Canada that eventually the great lone island in the Atlantic offing will be a sister to Ontario and Manitoba, and to all the others, but a full half-century of Canadian history has gone without the thing, so manifestly desirable and natural, having been really done.

having yet come to the point of bargaining. At the initial conferences in Charlottetown and Quebec in 1864, Newfoundland was represented by two able and distinguished politicians, Frederick B. T. Carter and Ambrose Shea, both of whom were afterwards knighted, and the island's interests as affected by the union

proposals were fully stated and capably championed. From the first, therefore, the ancient colony was familiar with the purposes and methods of Confederation.

The preliminary discussion of the provincial merger did not convince Newfoundland that she should be a party to it. The general idea was acceptable enough, and was favored by the island delegates to the conventions, but when it came to relinquishing a portion of the colony's self-governing powers to form a federal Dominion, the Newfoundlanders balked. Prince Edward Island remained out of the union of 1867 for much the same reason, but while the garden-island came in six years later Newfoundland has kept to its first idea, and is still in singleness of state. For fear of decentralizing its power fifty odd years ago, the Atlantic colony is to this day outside the Canadian family, having at one time and another in later years found it not so easy to negotiate marriage terms as it would have been when the union was first proposed.

That there has been considerable objection in Newfoundland, even in recent times, to a federation with Canada is admittedly true. It has been due in part to a lingering resentment against the opposition of Sir John A. Macdonald to the Bond-Blaine commercial treaty in 1890, by which Newfoundland was to have special trade relations with the United States. In behalf of Canada, Sir John opposed the treaty, and the Imperial Government subsequently disallowed it.

Notwithstanding this grievance, the people of Newfoundland came in due course to realize that it would be to their advantage to unite with Canada, and in 1894, a delegation went to Ottawa to seek new terms of confederation. This time it was Canada that hesitated. The Government, then headed by Sir Mackenzie Bowell, objected to the Dominion assuming the entire debt of Newfoundland, which amounted to \$16,000,000, and chiefly on that score the negotiations fell through. The effect on the islanders was to some extent dampening, and no more confederation talk was heard for several years. In due course, however, it revived, and even figured in political speeches, being more or less openly favored by some of the island's foremost men of affairs. The fishing interests and the storekeepers of St. John's, who are making money with things as they are, still are opposed to the idea, and would probably fight it as bitterly as ever. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that ultimate union with Canada is inevitable, and that every year is bringing it so much the nearer. The Dominion needs Newfoundland to fill out its family circle, and Newfoundland cannot afford to remain in its colonial isolation, however much some of the interests would prefer the present system to an open competition with the provinces.

Sir Robert Bond, who was premier of Newfoundland when Sir Mackenzie Bowell fought the treaty with the United States, afterwards told Sir Charles Tupper that a different attitude on the part of Canada in that regard would soon have resulted in the island being a part of the confederation. Sir Charles is quoted as replying: "I have no hesitation in saying that Canada to-day would be justified in immensely increasing the terms to provide for consolidation of all the British possession in North America, and we hope to see such an arrangement carried out." As to the Canadian statesmen of the present day, while none of them are bringing pressure to bear upon the island colony, or seeking to influence its people in the way of a decision for union, it is safe to say that when the island makes choice again they will give kindly consideration to its wishes and offers.

When the tenth province is finally added, and the family ranks are thus completed, Canada will have gained no little increase to her area and riches. There will be benefits to the new province itself by reason of closer relations with the other nine, and the development of a large tract of almost unsettled country will follow the introduction of a more progressive government; but there will be advantages on the other side, too. Newfoundland is an island of great natural resources and vast possibilities. Little known to the average Canadian though it is, and somewhat off the beaten road of travel, it is a part of British America well worth acquaintance, and the day will come when Canadians will ask why they did not make that acquaintance sooner.



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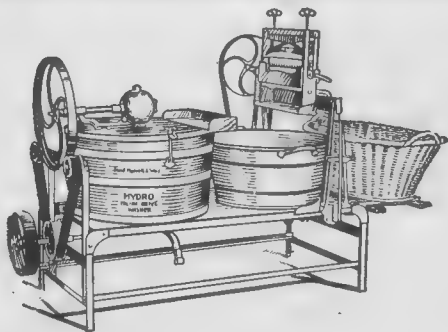
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THE Maxwell Power Bench Washer is a wonderful boon to your wife when washday comes round. It can be operated equally as well by gas engine or electric power. It is made in one, two or three tub machines. Easy to operate. Simple but strong in construction and the mechanism is as perfect as science can invent.

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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

In every respect, variety of country, beauty of scenery, wealth of resource, character of people and traditions of history, it is fitted to be a further ornament in what someone has called the "constellation of Canada."

The primary industry of Newfoundland is, of course, its fisheries, which yield a revenue of something over \$10,000,000 a year. Codfish and seals figure most largely in that output, and altogether the ancient colony has a fishing industry which in proportion to the size of the country is not equalled anywhere else in the world. The history of the industry is marked with disputes and treaties that were very important at the time, but are now uninteresting. What is of more present concern is that the Newfoundland fisherman should be awakened to a better understanding of his own interests and capacities.

Agriculture has not yet come to its own in Newfoundland. About 100,000 acres are under cultivation, but there are thousands of acres more that only await the farmer. An output of \$4,000,000 is taken off the land now being farmed. Large tracts are very suitable to dairying, and the climate of the interior would make such an industry quite practicable.

Minerals and forests are the other resources of the island. A million tons of iron ore are taken every year from one mining district alone. Copper deposits spread over 5,000 square miles of mineral

"Fight, Work, Pay"

**Keynotes of Country-wide Advertising
Campaign to Promote National
Service**

Ottawa, May—At the offices of the National Service Board of Canada it is announced that plans are complete for a systematic advertising campaign, beginning at once, to arouse in Canada something of the win-the-war earnestness now dominant in Great Britain and France.

Though the war has been going on nearly three years, and though our gallant Overseas contingents have won undying fame for Canada, it is beginning to be realized that most of us here at home have hardly yet waked up to the nature of the struggle in which we are engaged. Like Great Britain herself, we are slow to be aroused—slow to shake off the "Business as Usual" complacency. We are following the Motherland's progressive changes of attitude—but because we are in the path of no zeppelins, suffer no bombardments, and are weeks instead of hours from the firing line, we are months behind in evolving that grim, single-minded determination that is ready for any service—any sacrifice.

Our public men returning from overseas are deeply impressed by the detached attitude of the average Canadian toward the war, as compared with the Briton or Frenchman. It is just this detachment which has prevented Canada's whole weight from being felt behind our divisions



Curing fish, a typical industry of the Island

land, and nearly \$25,000,000 in copper has been shipped away in the last fifty-three years. There are also important areas of coal, slate, zinc, marble and asbestos.

Newfoundland's timber resources are estimated at 14,000 square miles of forest and a value of \$600,000,000. The wood is mixed spruce and hardwood. An important pulp and paper industry, in which the Harmsworth interests are largely concerned, has been built up in recent years.

In square mileage Newfoundland proper is a little less than Nova Scotia and New Brunswick combined, and with the Labrador coast, which is a dependency of the island government, it is not far short of half the size of British Columbia. The island is a rude triangle, finishing off the seaboard of British America with picturesque effect, and physiographically is a part of Canada. On this easternmost outpost of empire there is a population of not quite a quarter million people, who live a life distinctive in its way, and not without a rugged charm. That brave and hardy men are bred in Newfoundland is shown by the admirable part the colony has taken in the war and the way in which its native sons have fought and died. The government retains a measure of old-fashionedness, consisting of two houses, a legislative council and a house of assembly. Otherwise the system is much the same as that of our own Western provinces, and when Newfoundland joins the family one of these days the governmental changes that will be involved will not be a serious or disturbing matter from either a political or a legislative point of view.

in France—and it is from this attitude that the National Service Board plans to arouse us, using straight-from-the-shoulder appeals in newspapers as a potent means to this end.

Never has the power of national publicity been so convincingly demonstrated as in the British campaigns, first for recruits, then for supplementary supplies and equipment, and later for thrift and the purchase of War Savings Certificates.

It is along the latter lines—and the allied one of production which is so applicable to Canada—that the first series of National Service advertisements have been designed. To produce more—to waste less, particularly of food—to eliminate extravagance of every kind—to save intelligently and systematically—and to lend the savings to the nation—these are the key-notes of the calls to service which will be made to every Canadian. There is nothing academic about these national messages—nothing overdrawn or melodramatic. They are plain, straightforward, intensely practical, and in deadly earnest, telling why, and particularly how, everyone can help instead of perhaps unconsciously hindering.

Inference

A teacher in the factory district of a New Jersey town had been giving the children earnest lectures upon the poisonousness of dirt.

One morning a little girl raised her hand excitedly and pointed to a boy who seldom had clean hands.

"Teacher," she said, "look quick! Jimmy's committin' suicide! He's suckin' his thumb."

Pleasant Journeys and Adventures

Days of Stress and Days of Sunshine Among the Coast Indians in British Columbia

By Bonnycastle Dale

WE left the sheltered harbor in the curve of the Mittenatch just as The Boy brought from our wee dark room the prints of the egg robbers. Our two weeks ashore had passed swiftly—a hundred films of the bird colony was snug in the negative box. We had preserved the sea fowl colony, well almost, true all the utilizing nests had been daily robbed by wandering klootchmen and children, once we thought we were in for trouble, a big war canoe filled with Sliamens came swiftly ashore and, ignoring our protests, rapidly filled their basket with eggs of gulls and guillemots and rare sea parrots and oyster-catchers, then, advancing on us in a body—we drew ourselves up in as broad and proud a front as two, a man and a boy, could make—and told us, distinctly as the coast dialect would allow them:

"Iktah mika mamook, katah mika, me-si-kao-lo" (what do you want us to do, starve?) Then they went on to tell us, gathering closely about us, their flat round faces and brown Japanesque eyes all alight with rage, that their fathers had gathered the wild fowls' eggs for ages. We tried to stop their torrent of Chinook by telling them the government only wished to stop egg gathering so as to preserve the wild birds, then, seeing the boy pushing a young Indian a bit roughly I deemed discretion the better part of valor and elbowed my way swiftly through the circle and, ordering the excited lad to follow, paddled out to the "Mowitch." Once aboard our little gasoline cruiser I bade the lad remember that much interested though we were in natural history it was the biggest animal of all we came to study—the Indian.

Northward our little craft "Put, put, putted." We were now at the north end of the Gulf of Georgia.

"Look, there's a regular wall of water ahead," cried the lad, truly here was "the meeting of the waters" as the old song has it. Here the mighty tides that twice daily surge and rush about the great Island of Vancouver meet, in lean angry tiderips and roaring boiling currents. We toppled and bobbed our way through, our 35 footer taking a couple clean over the deckhouse. No sooner were we through and off Campbell river, than we lay to so that we might admire the skill of some Cortez natives, they were after the greatest salmon of them all, the Tye (or King, as it is in English). Each man was in a small cedar dugout (we have seen them make these by the aid of rude tools and white hot stones, until they were about an inch thick), they were using a copper spoon beaten out of old medals or great pennies, trolling these in clear water. The hooks were also baited with herrings. One very Oriental looking chap hooked a big fish close beside us. Did he play it as does the skillful English fishing tourist. Nay! nay! He just pulled that forty pounds of silver lightning, hand over hand, the man was now standing up in the light skittish craft, in—came the fish, turning and leaping and splashing, down dropped the Indian, up flashed the killing stick, instantly he reversed it and used the gaffed end and in a moment that magnificent fish lay inert on the bottom of the canoe, landed in about two minutes after hooking, a feat no white man can imitate, it takes us thirty minutes with rod and lines to land one of these great fish.

Ahead of us lay the Seymour Narrows. Here all the wide waters of the Gulf of Georgia are compressed into a tiny deep river-like pass that roars and boils its way through four times a day. We had never ventured into the pass, but, if we were going any further north this was the only safe passage. Out came the tidal register, part of our work on this wonderful coast when we are in semi-permanent quarters. At the exact minute of "slack" we adventured forth. Ahead the water ran in fierce currents, right off the bow we espied a fir tree pole that kept us watching it with breathless interest. This pole was, I should judge, fifty feet long, broken off some salmon trap. It was standing erect in the water, some ten feet protruding some forty feet submerged, and it was spinning about as if some giant hand below the water was twirling it, nevertheless, it

was keeping ahead of us, swiftly though we were dashing on. There is a reefrock! Well, we remember it, right in the centre of that fearsome pass, try hard as I could my wheel seemed powerless, and we bore right down upon it, then a deep open sluicelike current seized us and threw us, canting horribly, away from it. Often and instantly our starboard angle would be reversed and we would dip to port in most alarming fashion. How we ever got the Mowitch through that cauldron safely I cannot tell you, but thirty minutes later we were speeding along on safe but rapid waters.

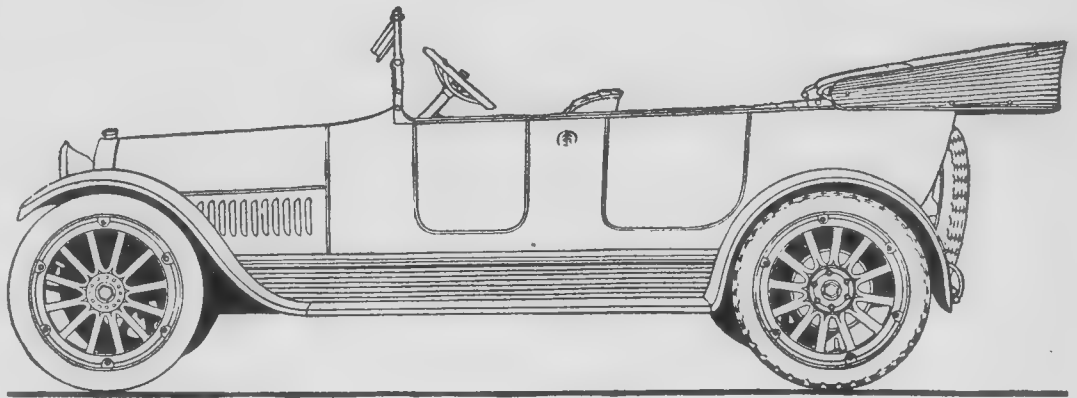
We made our "tie-up" at Alert Bay.

Now I want you to particularly notice the Totem poles, those family crests carved in wood these coast Indians erect before their houses. I am not going to lecture on our study, anthropology, but gaze on the change coming over these silent fishing Indians, see the Klootchman's clothes, bought at a departmental store, drying right below the wonderful carvings of the "true old folks." There is a world of skill displayed in turning a plain cedar tree, some fifty feet long, into an excellently carved totem pole.

We mailed our negatives from here, and it was well we did. We intended to cruise straight north to Queen Charlotte Island and look a bit into the habits of the Hiadas, the magnificently built, warlike race that evidently drifted north from New Zealand in ages long past, as they resemble them in many ways, as many as they differ from the Coast Indians, who, no doubt, in the centuries

long gone were swept across from the Orient, or walked over the then isthmus of Berhing—(to see a Coast child is to see a Japanese one). We ventured forth from Hope Island blessed name, I wish we had stayed on your firm shores, out into Queen Charlotte Sound—remember that the old British charts had this legend, "These waters are dangerous for small craft"—yes! they were quite right when they drafted that ancient chart, and these waters have not improved a bit since. All went well as long as we were in the influence of Hope, but the moment we got the sou'wester right off Triangle Is, yes, I guess right off the distant Japanese shore, we saw we could not stagger across the Sound so we put her in front of it and ran for Fitzhugh, 25 miles of stormy seas between us and that desired haven. Again, as so often before, we vowed that once in shelter we would never again venture across the more

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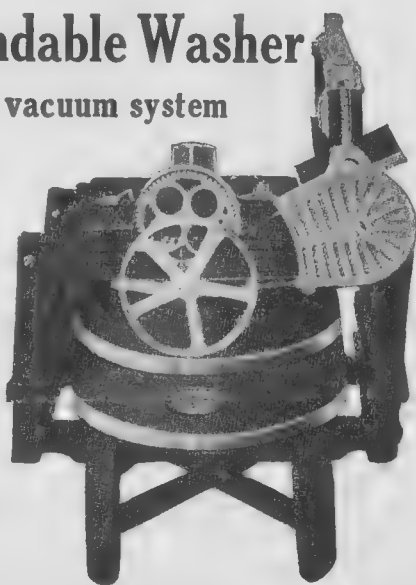
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dangerous places. From the tiny cockpit, as far as the eye could see, a stretch of mighty waves spread out to all horizons. Now we counselled if we dare put about and get back under Hope. One glance told us that was the way to the finish, so we set our teeth and kept her before it. The broken tops of the huge seas were so unstable that it was very difficult to keep a course, and the nerve straining plunge down those hissing depths was terrific. Before we had gone five miles we were baling, then the dingy was torn loose and it was absolutely impossible to creep forward and lash it so we soon saw it disappear in the huge crests aft. The boy baled with desperation. It was almost impossible to breathe, the scud was so thick.

"Oh! a sailor's li—" the brave lad tried to sing, he told me after it was to keep his heart from leaping right out, but a clean green sea filled his big—yes, I must say big!—open mouth and the brief attempt at cheerfulness ceased abruptly.

to the great railroad speeding along any or all navigable channels in B.C., and went along to Prince Rupert. Here we replenished and took a contractor's train up the valley of the Skeena, escaping another treacherous pass, the Kitsalas Canon, where they used to warp the river steam through last year with a cable. We made Hazelton, on the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Now came a delightful trip along the Bulkley River. If you want to take up land there is a million acres offered here by the B.C. Government at very low prices, \$5 to \$10 per acre. Packtrain and canoe took us to Fort George, that booming junction city where all railroads seem to meet and where property, bought at fairly low prices, will reap a rich return. We decided to do a bit of work among the Shuswaps so continued along these magnificent valleys to Tete Jaune Cache. What a name that is! What wonderful sights the Yellowheaded man saw here in the early days. Suffice it for us to see

First Manitoba Legislature—Leaders of the Opposition



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Finally we managed to get her off Cape Calvert, then I had to give a bit more northing and she promptly filled, why she did not instantly sink was the mercy of two almost empty tanks. The auxiliary mast snapped like a lath and the lad wriggled on to the stump, I got a grip of the cruiser cabin and unhooked two life preservers, thank goodness, these were real corks. (I have dissected ones on this coast that were filled with tullies, rushes, life destroyers, these). One I managed to sling to the boy, one I somehow got about myself; what was left of the Mowitch floated fairly high but how long would it—

"Coo-ee," called the boy. Our maori camp call in happier times, his fat fingers pointed towards Rivers Inlet, that busy salmon fishing station, and there, blessed sight, was a Fraser River fishing boat heading out about Hecate. We were now within 200 yards of the island, and were soon dragged into the big craft. They were just in time as the poor old Mowitch suddenly disappeared. These Japanese were both college men and they repulsed the first hint of a gratuity, but we have got even with the two Eastern gentlemen since.

We took the Princess Mary of the C.P.R. There is always a "Princess" belonging

if we could trace in these river Indians signs of Oriental original. Many pictures of trail and travel, packtrain and canoe portage rewarded us here, and two weeks later we were back on the coast undecided whether to take the Prince Rupert of the G.T.P. south or go to the Yukon on a C.P.R. passenger; finally, the "Mary," C.P.R., came along and solved the question, and we made the delightful inside passage. North, past wondrous cascades, mighty mountains, rushing torrents, cedar clad scenes, native crafts of all kinds, on past Ketchikan. Wrangle Juneau until the far-famed Lynn Canal lay before us. There, away above Skagway, glittered the fatal pass, Chilkoot, fatal then when the fearful rush after gold was on, safe enough now in these sane later days, but Cassiar and all that wonderful hunting country lies beyond, the Alaska boundry gives all the shore line, and some thirty miles behind the furthest penetrating arm of the sea to the United States, so Canada is walled off from the Pacific Ocean.

What an exquisite climate to summer in. This old city, old as gold cities go, raises the white spires of her churches in air as clear as crystal, her long tide wharves extend out into clear, brackish water; everything looks magically clean

and clear to-day, and we go ashore and pursue our ancient quest—for man has ever been studying man—with zeal born of good weather.

A week later we were fortunate enough, while in Southern B.C. waters in native craft with skillful paddlers, to attend a "potlatch"—a "giftfeast" it should be translated—what a frenzy seizes these people! Here was a huge cedar board hall built, great enough to hold a thousand people. All the roof shingles were split out of cedar by hand, all the boards likewise. Inside, in the dim hall, we saw a great platform surrounding all the earth floor centre; on this huge logs heaped up were ready for the ceremony. Invitations to all Indians within a hundred miles had been sent out to celebrate this birthday of the daughter of the chief of the Sookes. The old chief drew out of the bank in Victoria over four thousand dollars. He bought a medley of presents. See! the guests arrive. Along the blue inlet come the fleets of Fraser River fishing boats, all carrying huge sails, as these natives dress their craft for daily service as Lipton does for the American cup. At a signal down go all the sails with a rattle and a plunge, out come the oars and poles, and the strange procession slowly passes on up the river. Everything that will make noise is now working, little boys beat with fury on wooden tubs, old men pound mallets on board with resulting dull booming sounds, native drums go "tum, tum, tum."

Boom! went the little "Boston Suk-wa-lai," (English gun).

"Wake! wake! ip-ssoot," (ghost box), half whispered the Chief to the boy. He told the lad not to let the old folks see the camera. These ancient ones have between you and I, an opinion that I am "Ma-sah-chie," "cul-tus," bad-bad, a sort of cross between their "Thunder Bird" and our devil. I well remember showing a group of them a 4x5 print of Chief Luk-ut-chee (clams). They well knew the chief was miles off cutting up a none too fragrant whale, and here! I had him in my pocket. "Ghost box cul-tus," they all said.

Now the fleet is disgorging guests and, look at the provender! a tub of "Devil



Fish" tentacles (Octopus) is covered with a good red satin petticoat. A most up-to-date sewing machine supports a gramophone and also about twenty pounds of oily smoked salmon; all sorts of women's fine fixings are mixed up with blocks and pulleys and fishing lines and tubs of fish and bags of cockles and clams, for this fleet is just returning from the salmon canneries and a family may have readily earned a thousand dollars in the last four months between salmon and hops. Out they all crowd, no hand-shaking, a few grunts and glances are all the welcome and greeting bestowed. Soon the platforms are crowded, for the Potlatch House is ever a free lodging house for all natives.

It was after dark when we entered it again. In the centre huge fires burned. On each side of the leaping flames stood a row of men a row of women. Out flew all the big brown left hands, forward leaned all the dark bodies, a long gleaming line of coppery faces and flashing eyes.

"Wah-how! Wah-how! Wah-how!" they sang in monotonous chorus these weird figures half hidden in the swirling smoke. For fully an hour this interminable swaying, posturing, stretching line, for the feet rarely moved from off the earth, howled to high heaven. Right beside me a little brown-faced, bright-eyed brat suddenly split right open from ear to ear and "Wah-hooed" for all he was worth. I thought it well to frown at the boy, the cat-tail he was idly tearing apart was too near, much too near, that human cavern. Now all the hall is roaring out wildly, madly, the line is reeling and falling, there it is over, Nature interfered and the three hour "Tanse Potlatch Cly" is over.

Now began the real giving of gifts. First the Chief impoverished himself, he gave away heaps of calico, great piles of bags of flour, other higher piles—regular fences—of boxes of pilot biscuit, crockery, groceries, his gun, his old marine glass, his canoes, all, all, everything. In something less than two hours he had despoiled himself of that which had taken him many years to gather together—but see! he is truly a "Hyas Tvee," a big chief among his people. Now began an indiscriminate giving, or

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THIS PHOTO, taken June 1st, 1917, represents one-tenth of the students who attended the Success Business College, Winnipeg, during the past year. If you can imagine a group of students ten times as large as this, you will have some idea of our annual enrollment.

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so it seemed to us, a regular orgie of generosity, but it was really repaying back an hundredfold of the gifts of other days. We saw a little boy, about 14 years old, go to the centre of the throng and, with head held down and left arm over his eyes, take from his pocket a mass of bills and silver and pour it into the hat held by an old man, this was handed out to all comers, the reason? The lad was an orphan and these people had brought him up, had taken him over to the canneries, and he gave them all that he had earned.

"Itka Mit-ka Mamook"—"What—can I do?" howled an old hag, bedridden on the wall platform. Silence fell on all that leaping throng. "Chaco Yah-wah"—"come here," she called, and, forming in line, the older men passed before her. From a roll that would have done credit to the stage villian she stripped off ten dollar bills and handed them out to each, no, not eager hands, all these gifts were taken with bowed heads and downcast eyes. Soon, so soon, the work of six of her family for four months was scattered Why? Years ago the sealing schooner turned "callipie" and drowned her man and all her big boys, and this tribe had fed and nourished her and her young until they were able to work and—she gives Potlatch. Oh! what a noble return. Alas, that the infusion of white blood has cast a selfish strain into this good native custom.

The Success Business College

A representative of The Western Home Monthly recently had the pleasure of being shown over the Success Business College and of learning first hand of the remarkable system which is responsible for so thoroughly equipping its students for the battle of life. A constant increase in the number of pupils has caused the Success College to be continually increasing their floor space until now accommodation is provided for about 400 students. In this year's classes they have students enrolled from British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, New York State, Maine, Rhode Island, Maryland, Missouri, Michigan, Iowa, North Dakota, Minnesota, Texas, Colorado, Montana and Washington. The scholars are given individual and painstaking attention by a staff of 28 expert teachers and it is not surprising that Success graduates are in great demand by big industrial corporations all over the West. The Success Business College have received as many as thirty-seven calls for help in three days, and were able to fill only five of these. In 1916, they had more than 350 calls that they were unable to fill. They seem to take more pleasure in placing students than in enrolling them. We can certainly very heartily



The advancing Italian army is to-day less than eleven miles from the great Austrian naval base at Trieste. The important port of Duine is directly menaced and its fall is expected.

Planning a general retreat into Trieste itself which they hope to hold during a siege, the Austrians are withdrawing their heavy guns from their advanced lines and entrenching much closer to the important naval base.

The photograph shows a panorama of Trieste and was taken from Miramare, the home of the Archduke Maximilian afterward Emperor of Mexico.

On the left is the hill of Epcina, which is a noted summer resort, the air here being much cooler than in the city. It is reached in twenty minutes by cable car.

In the foreground running along the shore is the important railroad connecting Trieste with Venice, the Isonzo, and Vienna. At the foot of the hill is one of the fortifications. In the middle distance is shown the breakwater harbor and main part of the city. In the background fronting on the bay is Servola, the site of Austria's great naval ship-building yard.

It is midnight now, the weird dance is on again, the present bearers are passing out; truly it is a huge hall. See, there go two cows and a calf behind that old hag as she is borne out on two whale spears, somebody must have been nourished by her during all the lean years. It reminded me of the chorus in grand opera, all this passing of the women bearing gifts. As we left the hall the very walls trembled with the volume of the singers' refrain, "Wah-hoo-Wah-hoo," sounded out as we traversed the luminous waters, the phosphorescence was wondrous in the darkness of the night. "Wah-hoo Wah-hoo" sounded faintly as we entered the neighboring fiord and, when about daylight we awakened, the "tum, tum tum" of the drums and the "wah-hoo" of the old folks still sounded out over Sooke Harbor.

I recommend the Success Business College to young men and women who really want to get on in the world. The Success system is excellent—the spirit of thoroughness being everywhere in evidence.

Harmony

At home stations the private soldier's washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and do little repairs, for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay.

Private McGinnis had a great deal of trouble with his laundress. Saturday after Saturday had his shirt come back with the neck-button off, or else hanging by a single thread. He had spoken to her on the subject, and she had promised to see after it; but still the button was not on properly.

He got out of patience one Sunday, when the missing button had made him late for parade, and exclaimed, "Bad 'cess to the woman, I'll give her a hint this time, anyhow." He took the lid of his tin black-box—about 3 in. in diameter—punched two holes in it with his fork, and then tied it on the neck of the shirt that was next to be washed.

Next Saturday, when his washing came back, the whole room gathered round him to see if she had taken the hint; she had—she made a button-hole to fit it!

The Note Within

By John Kendrick Bangs

I have a song within my heart
That I shall never sing.
I know 'tis there, for I can feel
Its joyous fluttering.
Just how it goes I do not know;
And what it is about.
Though I have tried and tried again,
I cannot quite make out.
But this I know: when days are dark,
And sullen is the air,
It does not vex my soul at all,
Because that song is there.

Third Choice

By E. G. Bayne

JAbez Smith, tombstone maker for the village of Beechfield, sat in his dusty workshop, chisel and mallet in hand one autumn day, running a race against the fast-approaching twilight. He was seated before a tall granite slab upon which was carved part of the epitaph of the late Cyrus Featherstonhaugh, richest man but one in the district. Jabez was just about to begin carving out of the final line: "Gone but not forgotten," when the sound of heavy footsteps on the narrow plank walk outside arrested him. "Come in!" he called, turning and peering over the top of his steel-rimmed spectacles at the approaching figure.

Seeing who it was, thus honoring his humble place of business, Jabez dropped his tools and leather apron and drew forward a chair.

"Why if it ain't Willy Joe Benton! Set down. Ain't seen you 'round for a month or more, Willy."

The caller seemed to fill the small doorway and darken the little workshop until it appeared as though there had been a sudden eclipse of the sun.

"No, Jabez, you ain't seen me 'round—that's very true," he puffed, dropping into a seat, "because I been away. I been up to the city, Jabez."

Now that Willy Joe's towering bulk had subsided into a chair, it became light enough for the tombstone maker to see

"An' I'm figgerin' on bein' married agin. So I kinder thought as how 'twouldn't look jest right unless I had a stone on Elviry's grave first. Could you rush it right through, Jabez?"

"Why—I reckon I could. Willy Joe, seein' you're in such a turrible big hurry."

"Do so, then, Jabez. That's all, I reckon."

Benton arose and pulling a large silk handkerchief out of his hat, he dusted the lower edges of his trousers. Then he replaced the handkerchief and put on his hat. After a few brief instructions relative to the deceased lady's age, and the date of her demise, Willy Joe took leave of the little tombstone maker.

Jabez watched him as he swung pompously down the walk. Though they had gone to school together as barefoot boys, the succeeding years had separated them, for Willy Joe Benton had made money—used the most indifferent grammar—he and Jabez Smith hadn't! Willy Joe still used the most indifferent grammar—he had ever been the school blockhead—but he was known far and wide as a very close driver of a bargain (in cattle, grain, and, latterly, real estate) and he was rated the richest man in the district now.

As Jabez continued to stare blinkingly after his late visitor and to meditate upon the marvels that being in love will accomplish with an individual who, here-



Here is one of the latest British Official photographs to arrive in this country. It is just chock full of "human interest." Seated at the table is a French peasant who is eagerly scanning the lines of a French newspaper, the first he has seen in two years. During the reign of the German invaders no French papers were permitted to be published or read. The advancing and victorious British put an end to this domination and rule, creating new confidence and life in the beaten, heavy-hearted folk. To the right is the peasant's wife, who has already set before her guests a steaming hot savoury meal. On the left are British Tommies in the advance guard of the victorious force who cleared the section of the oppressors; they were made welcome in the house and when one offered the paper to the Frenchman he made the house theirs.

his caller plainly. He was wearing city clothes, a Panama hat and new yellow boots, with grey silk hose, and a grey silk necktie.

"Why, you're all sported up, Willy Joe!" he exclaimed. "I guess you ain't come round to order your slab yet, eh?" Jabez chuckled at his own joke.

"No," responded the other, gravely, as he cast a somewhat anxious glance about him, for the numerous stones and especially those that glimmered from the shadowy corners had an eerie and disconcerting look. "No, Jabez, I come to see about a stone for Elviry."

"Ah! Granite?"

"Well—er—no. I reckon a plainer one had oughter do, a white one, with no great fixin's. Y' see—"

"Plain marble? You mean the ordinary white stone?" queried Jabez in accents of amazement.

He had been expecting this order of Benton's with varying degrees of hope and despair, for five years, and now that it had come it was to be a "plain" stone. And Willy Joe worth two hundred thousand.

The caller nodded.

"I'm agoin' to—er—er—that is—well, y' see, Jabez, 'tain't good for man to live alone, as Shakespeare I think it 'twas, said—"

"Scripter," interposed Jabez, curtly. He was inwardly seething, but Willy Joe did not hear him.

tofore had dressed in the most slovenly fashion, the object of his thoughts stopped, turned and began to retrace his steps.

"I forgot somethin', Jabez," he said. "come here."

Jabez hurried to meet him, hoping he was to receive payment in advance.

"About that there stone," began Benton. "I think—"

"Yes?" prompted the other as he paused.

"I think 'twould look better if you was to put a little verse—or—somethin' on it, Jabez."

"Yes, I think 'twould," agreed Jabez. "But it'll cost more."

"Much?"

"Five dollars a line."

"Ah!"

"I'll carve a verse of her fav'rute hymn, if you tell me what it was."

Willy Joe pondered a moment.

"I d'no what it was Jabez. Oh well—I reckon a single line 'll do. You might say in nice, neat letters: 'She done what she could.'"

"Where does that come from?"

"Durned if I know, Jabez. But it's a nice sort o' sentiment, I think."

"It don't sound right, Willy Joe. Elviry was a mighty good wife to you! If this new lady you're marryin' turns out half as good, you'll be a lucky man."

It was seldom Jabez Smith spoke his mind in this straight-from-the-shoulder



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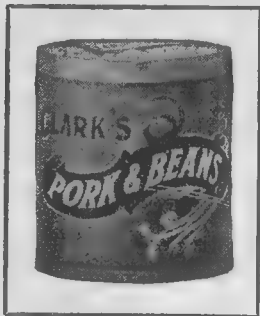
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style. Willy Joe gaped at him in astonishment.

"The lady I'm agoin' for to marry," he said with an access of dignity that was calculated to completely squash poor Jabez, "is above criticism. Good day."

Beechfield was all agog the following week, to catch the first glimpse of the new Mrs. Benton. It had been rumored that she was a city girl, a walking criterion of fashion and though "not much on looks"—having red hair and a considerable quantity of freckles—yet she was a regular Jehu with horses, and could drive her own car. In addition to these accomplishments she could "talk the arm off you," as Bijah Steele put it. (Bijah was the postmaster). "In fact," said Mrs. Bijah, "she's everything that poor Elviry wasn't, I presoom."

"You've hit it, Mary," agreed Bijah, "But all them virtues are all very well in their place, which is in company with the more important an' nec'ssary ones! Alone—well I wouldn't give shucks for a woman that couldn't rustle a good square meal!"

Mary smiled with self-conscious pride. Cooking was her forte.

"How come you to find out what a talker she is?" pursued Mary, after a moment.

"Why she rang Willy Joe up on long



The war has enacted a heavy toll from the readers of the Western Home Monthly. Claude Cavanagh, Manitou, Man., is one of the unselfish heroes who have been called upon to make the supreme sacrifice for King and Country.

distance twice an'—well—I listened in on the line. There's somethin' the matter with the receiver an' I wanted to find out the cause of a burring noise."

"I reckon she made the burring sound like a gentle spring zephyr."

"She put it right out 'o bizness! When that woman started to talk I pitied Willy Joe's ear-drums. She's got a voice like a rip-saw that needs sharpening."

"What was she tellin' him?" demanded Mrs. Bijah, with true feminine curiosity.

"She wanted to know if the cook an' the two maids, an' the chauffeur an' the gardener had put in an appearance yet, an' Willy Joe, when he could git a word in edgeways kep' a-tellin' of her not to worry, that he'd attended to everything."

"Huh!" remarked Mrs. Bijah. "Funny how some folks can git help right off the bat an' others have to spend a fortune advertisin' an' then not get anythin' worth keepin'."

"My dear, you can git anythin' in this here world—if you have the price," observed Bijah.

After which truism, there was, of course, nothing to be said.

The new Mrs. Benton burst upon Beechfield like a typhoon, leaving the quiet village in a state of upheaval that indeed resembled the after-effects of one of Nature's phenomena. Willy Joe's handsome new brick house was situated at the west end of the maple-bordered Main street and it was a great sight of a morning to see the second Mrs. B. come "rip-roarin'" down the sleepy old thoroughfare in her big seven-passenger car,—with Willy Joe in the tonneau

hanging on for dear life to the hand rail and swaying from side to side. Oh how Beechfield envied Mrs. Benton! The women began at once to copy her walk, her air, her slang, and insofar as they could, her style of dress.

"This here town," complained Bijah Steele "used to be a kinder half-decent burg to live in, but I swow it's gone clean off its head,—the feminine portion of it anyway, sence that Jezebel moved in."

Gay city folks were now to be seen any day of the week playing tennis on Willy Joe's lawn or motoring madly through the streets and out into the green country lanes where the farmers' bashful horses that had grazed contentedly in the rich clover until now, would rear on their hind feet and paw the air in terror at the honk-honking and the odor of petrol.

Then Mrs. Willy Joe would give lawn-fetes (feats, Beechfield called them) at which a dollar a head was charged for the privilege of entering at the big stone gates. These affairs were to aid the Belgians and few there were who even suspected that the expenses more than outran the gate receipts.

"Poor Elviry," some one would sigh occasionally. "She was that savin' an' keeful an' here this—this creechur runnin' through it all!"

Who ever saw Elviry "dressed up like a Christmas tree" in the morning? Who ever saw Elviry flourishing a tennis racket or a golf brassie instead of a broom or a mop? Who ever heard of Elviry dancing the hesitation waltz 'till two in the morning? Who ever knew Elviry to give week-end parties and to lie abed till ten o'clock? Who ever saw Elviry in a fluffy boudoir-cap and frivolous negligee, sipping cocoa and reading letters in bed?

Elviry's sphere of action had been bounded by the four walls of the old farmhouse—seven miles out in the country, and she was always up with the birds, milkin' and 'chorin' 'round before breakfast. She wouldn't have known a golf stick from a lip stick, and as for lawn 'feats'—the chances were the poor soul had never heard of the like. The highest form of social dissipation for Elviry Benton had been a barn-raisin' or a quiltn'-bee or a corn-huskin'.

"With all these goin's-on," Bijah Steele was wont to remark, now and then: "Willy Joe Benton 'll have to git the money-makin' hump on worse'n ever! With a runnin' mate like that one, a man's gotta have the American hustle I tell yuh! She didn't bring him a cent—all she had was a car an' a whole lot of nerve, an' it don't take long at her rate to plow a wide swath through two hundred thousand."

In November Mrs. Benton's car was wrecked in a smash-up with a milk-wagon, so Willy Joe bought her a brand new one. At Christmas five trunks full of French clothes and millinery arrived for Mrs. Benton and straightway she must needs go to the city, attended by her faithful (but fast-greying) husband, to display them. In February Willy Joe was inveigled into a trip to Bermuda and only for the submarine menace they would probably have gone to Europe afterward. He bought a private yacht however and some shares in a western oil company, and in April they returned to Beechfield for a few days' rest. After this they proceeded once more to the city and then took a short trip to New York, to purchase more clothes for milady.

It was while they were absent upon this latter jaunt that a stranger arrived in Beechfield. Now Beechfield could "spot" a stranger as quickly as an old hen will recognize an intruding gosling amongst her own little brood. The newcomer was tall and had a parchment colored skin, deep set inscrutable eyes, and long, white nervous fingers, "like a card shark," as Bijah Steele said.

"Or mebbe he's a private detective," suggested Mrs. Bijah. "Although what a private detective would be hangin' round here for, gets me!"

"I tell you what, woman!" said her husband. "He's layin' for Willy Joe. That wife o' Willy's has been an' gone an' got him into some sordid o' scrape, or I'll eat my shoe-strings!"

"Then why don't he go after them at once?"

"He did. Two days ago he began askin' quiet sort o' questions about the Bentons. Josh Day told him they were residin' in the city until the spring

season opened in New York, an' so this feller up an' packed his grip, an' took himself off. He ain't back yet, but we'll see him agin never fear. There more in this than appears on the surface."

"He's a right slick-lookin' chap," said Mrs. Bijah. "But I hear tell that he wears cheap store clothes an' goes round needin' a shave. He spent a week at the hotel an' beat his board bill, then went to the boardin'-house across the road. Somethin' tells me this detective's purty nigh broke."

The stranger did indeed return in the course of a day or so, and Bijah, who never lacked nerve, seeing him in the post-office hailed him thus, through the wicket:

"Well, mister, did you find Willy Joe Benton an' his wife?"

The other bent a crafty look upon the postmaster.

"No, I didn't," he said shortly. "They had left. So I came back here to wait for them. You might just say nothing about the matter, please."

More mystified than ever, Bijah went home and informed his wife of this latest occurrence, binding her to secrecy. She at once slipped out and told her dearest friend, Mrs. Smith, who, of course, agreed to let it go no further. Inside of half an hour Mrs. Smith was recounting the tale to her dearest friend, the baker's wife, who in her turn, with finger on lips, was whispering it some little time later to Mrs. Day, the wife of the town "cop," and Day heard it at supper-time. Presently the story got around to little Mrs. Reed, a widow, who earned a meagre living by dressmaking, and who it was well known "always had a soft spot in her heart for Willy Joe."

"I don't believe it!" she said. "Willy's not in financial trouble of any kind. He's too good a business man."

"Then how do you account for the odd behavior of this sharp from the city?" she was asked.

"I'm not accountin' for anyone's behavior," she replied tartly. "It takes me all my time to mind my own business!" (It must here be remarked, in parenthesis that there are very few Mrs. Reeds in this merry old world.)

Jabez Smith was carving the figure of an angel with folded wings bending over an urn. A spluttering oil lamp in a bracket overhead shed a dim, religious light over the little shop's interior, but Jabez could have worked with his eyes shut, it was said, so unerring was his touch. He was entirely engrossed in his work and so did not hear the door open behind him.

It was a mild April night, and, as is the invariable custom in small country towns, the greater number of the inhabitants had retired at nine o'clock. It was now on the stroke of ten and this being considered late in Beechfield, Jabez was just thinking about quitting work for the night.

The sound of a chair scraping along the floor made him turn his head.

"Why, if it ain't Willy Joe Benton!" he exclaimed. "That's right Willy,—set right down. I'm jest through."

Benton, an inert heap of shabbily garbed humanity filled the rickety old armchair near the door. He looked as though he wanted to say something but didn't know how to begin. Jabez assumed his most pleasant business air.

"What kin I do for you, Willy?" he inquired, as he hurriedly put aside his tools.

"Jabez, you—you've heard all about what's happened?" queried Benton in toneless voice.

The little tombstone maker nodded. The news was a week old now.

"I know most o' the facts. I reckon. She—er—already had—"

"Already had a husband," finished Willy Joe, as Jabez broke off diffidently. "Yep, I cert'nly got stung all right! That feller has been doin' time down to Sing Sing an' course as soon as he got out he started to hunt her up so's she could keep him, for he's the kind that don't take kindly to work. He follered us to the city, but we had gone to New York for a week—an'—well, you know the rest how we came back here to find him layin' for us."

Jabez nodded. In his heart he was thinking that it served Benton right for being so blind.

"An' she cleaned me out o' a cool hundred thousand," continued Benton.

"They'll live on the rest o' that for a while and then they'll go back to gambling. But I didn't come here to gossip with you, Jabez. I come to kinder apologize for—actin' so high-handed like, that day last fall."

"That's all right," said Jabez.

"An' I want to ask you also, Jabez, to pick me out your largest an' finest granite tombstone—"

Jabez pricked up his ears. An apology was all right in its place but an order was an order.

"Yes? Granite? Gold lettering?"

"Gold lettering you bet! All the tony fixin's, Jabez! Send in your bill, for as large an amount as it will cost. I want to do Elviry justice, an' the best is none too good. Carve on it a whole hymn if there's room an'—an'—well—I reckon that's all."

Willy Joe rose, and picked up his hat. He had taken to his old mode of careless dressing, Jabez noticed. There was dust on his shoes, his tie was a positive shout of affliction, his linen was not the freshest and he was wearing one of his old suits.

"Yes, I have been stung," he continued, as he opened the door and prepared to depart. "There's no fool like an old one, an' I couldn't see for ever so long that it was my money an' not me she married. But—never again!"

"I gather you ain't goin' to take the plunge agin in a hurry," observed Jabez, with a half smile.

Willy Joe turned. A dull red had mounted to his cheek.

"Man is a queer animal," he said, pausing with his hand still on the door-latch. "He'll go far afield in search of a wife when right at home there's a faithful heart beatin'."

Jabez looked slightly disconcerted. This was verging too close on the sentimental. What did it foreshadow?

"It's the gal from your own home town, Jabez, that a man had oughter select when he's arrived at the selectin' stage. Elviry come from these parts an' so does—"

"So does who?"

"Millicent Reed."

"Ah, the little widder?"

Willy Joe nodded.

"I popped the question to her to-night, jest afore I come here, an' she said, 'yes.' We was always good friends an' we understand each other, fine. We useter swap apples at school an' later on—before I met Elviry—she and me swapped a kiss or two one evenin' out sleigh-drivin'. You must come to the weddin' Jabez. It's to be next Thursday at eight o'clock—an' don't bring no tombstone look on that there face o' yours."

Stocktaking after Fifty Years of Confederation

(Continued from Page 6)

race. We are heirs and sharers in the superb genius of the British political system. We have a better political system than the United States. Their system really makes for absolutism in many particulars. Their separation of the Executive and Legislative authority is a real flaw. They will have to approximate more and more to British practice in this respect. We enjoy citizenship in a world-empire, pledged in the very midst of colossal war to the purposes and the spirit of peace. Our education, lacking hitherto in organization, probably surpasses the American in the quality of its spiritual intention, though, of course, this is not a judgment to be passed flippantly. They have mechanised their education much more than we; at any rate, altogether too much.

Our great desideratum, it seems to me, is that we should proceed to think nationally. Everything should be ancillary and auxiliary to the idea of a unified and energised and competent national entity. A unified national life, moving freely in the British orbit, should be our grand ideal.

The day was hot, and the sleepy class found it difficult to concentrate its attention on its tasks, though the history mistress did her best to make the lesson interesting.

"Now, girls," said she at last, "can you tell me why the great man was buried in Westminster Abbey?"

There was a long silence.

At last a girl put up her hand.

"Because," she answered, solemnly and impressively, "he was dead!"—Tit-Bits.



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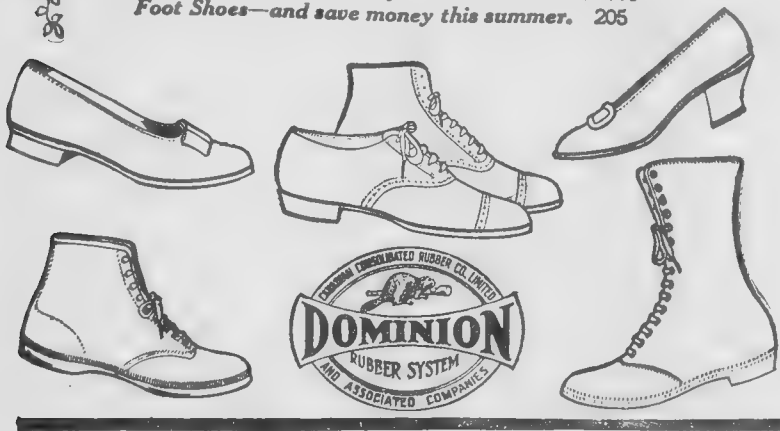
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Canada's Northland

By Philip S. Camsell

LONG before Napoleon and Wellington fought to decide the destiny of Europe on the field of Waterloo, the vast region extending roughly from the Saskatchewan river to the Arctic ocean had been invaded by the fur traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, starting from the shores of Hudson's Bay, had pushed ever westward and northward until confronted with the frozen waters of the Arctic.

Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, five hundred miles north of Edmonton, was a thriving fur trading centre when the site of present day Chicago was virgin forest. The Chicago of to-day boasts a population well over three million, while Chipewyan is still a trading post, having

Portage there was, with the exception of sixteen miles of rapids, ending at Fort Smith, a navigable waterway clear through to the ocean.

With the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Edmonton and the Canadian Northern Railway to Athabasca Landing, the ancient route was abandoned for the more accessible route by way of Athabasca Landing, thence down the Athabasca, Slave and McKenzie rivers, crossing on the way Athabasca and Great Slave lakes.

Still more recently, in fact only three years ago, Mr. J. D. McArthur completed his line to Peace River Crossing, again changing the gateway to the North. Now we are promised another even more convenient route when the Alberta Great



The McKenzie River fast mail

dozed sleepily through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. From here Sir Alexander McKenzie made his famous exploratory trip down the McKenzie river to its delta, afterwards crossing the Rockies through the Peace River Pass, and reaching the Pacific. Accounts of these journeys are published in book form and make very interesting reading.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen finds "The North" still a sleeping giant, its vast resources of timber and minerals untouched, awaiting a more enterprising generation to uncover its untold riches.

In recent years the Peace river country has emerged from the wilderness, and is fast developing into one of our most promising agricultural districts, being rapidly settled up, principally by our vigorous cousins south of the forty-ninth parallel. Railway construction has reached Peace River Crossing and the Grand Prairie district, while a telegraph line has

Waterways Railway is completed to Fort McMurray. This line, it is reported, will be finished in the summer of 1917.

In the old days the method of transportation was by York boat, using man power. Now-a-days the Hudson's Bay Company have modern steamers plying on all the principal rivers, so that the traveller can take steamer at Fort McMurray or Peace River Crossing and travel through in comparative comfort to the land of the midnight sun and the Eskimo. Fort McPherson, well within the Arctic Circle, is the most northern port of call.

Notwithstanding these modern methods of transportation, this part of the continent has attracted no portion of the tourist travel which annually spreads itself over the continent. The fur trader and trapper hold full sway as of yore, living a life of quiet content, undisturbed by the rush and turmoil of civilization.



In winter quarters on the Liard River

been laid as far away as Fort Dunvegan, on the upper reaches of the Peace.

In writing of "The North" one instinctively visualizes the country embraced by the watersheds of the Athabasca and McKenzie rivers, and the country stretching for hundreds of miles east to the shores of Hudson's Bay and the eastern Arctic.

Before the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, access to the North was gained by way of Lake Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan river to Cumberland House, near The Pas, thence through a chain of lakes and rivers to Portage la Loche, the height of land dividing the waters flowing north into the Arctic from those flowing east into Hudson's Bay. From the

With the prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta offering an inviting field for the agriculturist, the heavily timbered country of the North has no attraction for the settler, while the absence of railway transportation facilities makes it impossible for the capitalist to attempt the development of the undoubted riches of mineral and timber wealth, to say nothing of the tremendous possibilities of the fishing industry in the waters of Athabasca and Great Slave lakes.

The Hudson's Bay Company have maintained fur trading posts along the principal waterways for well over a century. These posts are about two hundred miles apart, and each contains a white population of from two to ten

souls. In later years the field was invaded by a French company, Revillon Bros., and other smaller concerns. Most of the latter, however, were forced out of business by the vigorous competition of the ancient company.

Looking at a map of Northern Canada, one wonders what there is in the country lying east of the Athabasca and McKenzie rivers and north of a line drawn through Athabasca Landing and Prince Albert to the north end of Lake Winnipeg. The answer is, nothing but an unknown wilderness of forest and stream, and the barren lands, the latter extending from Chesterfield Inlet to Great Bear lake and the Arctic ocean.

Occasionally geologists and other adventurous spirits have attempted to explore this region, but have simply followed the course of the rivers. The well known Canadian geologist, J. B. Tyrell, led an expedition from the east end of Lake Athabasca to Chesterfield Inlet, coming out by way of Fort Churchill barely escaping death by starvation.

J. M. Bell, another member of the staff of the Canadian Geological Survey, made the trip from the east end of Great Bear lake to the north arm of Great Slave lake, losing one of his party in the barren lands, who was afterwards found in a state of starvation by a party of wandering Indians, and eventually reached civilization the following year. David Hanbury, of London, England, made a trip in 1896 from Chesterfield Inlet along the east coast of the Arctic, coming out by way of the Coppermine, Great Bear and

faith in the righteousness of their cause, brought the message of the cross to the uttermost parts of Canada. No obstacle too great, no field too remote to daunt these courageous men, and with the unlimited resources of their church behind them, they have contributed in no small degree to the uplift of the aborigine. Convent schools have been established at Forts Chipewyan and Providence, where the Indian children are given instruction in the ethics of the church, while a certain amount of agricultural training is also imparted. In after life many an Indian has had to thank the knowledge gained at the convent for a supply of vegetables to help him through a hard winter.

The majesty of the law is represented by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, one policeman to about five hundred miles of river. The word "mounted" is a misnomer, however, when applied to a member of the force on duty in the North, as he never sees a horse from one year's end to the other, although he never fails to wear his spurs. For winter travel he wears a pair of snowshoes and walks behind a dog team. In summer, if not fortunate enough to travel on the route of a steamer, he "paddles his own canoe." His beat of five hundred miles is patrolled to the entire satisfaction of everyone, except the very occasional transgressor of the law, who has a wholesome respect for the red coat of the famous corps.

And last, but by no means least, we come to the real native of the North, the "Slavi" and "Chipewyan" Indian. With the exception of the Eskimo (in local parlance "Husky"), who is a distinct



McKenzie River (Slavi) Indian children playing "buttons"

McKenzie rivers. A few other men, including patrol parties of the Northwest Mounted Police, have gone into the country, but none have been able to give anything like a detailed account of the vast interior of this section of Canada.

Speaking now of recent explorers, a century ago, during the time of the search for the Northwest Passage, Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition came to a sad end in this inhospitable land, and search party after search party was sent in from all directions in an effort to decide the ultimate fate of the expedition.

In writing of the North, the self sacrificing work of the Anglican and Roman Catholic missionaries should not be forgotten. Both denominations have maintained missions for many years. For some reason or other the non-conformist churches have never invaded the field. Perhaps the best known of the Anglican missionaries was Bishop Bompas, known as "The Apostle of the North." He well deserved the title. Coming out as a young man from England, he left the assurance of a comfortable living at home to brave the dangers and hardships of a then almost unknown land. Practically his whole life, and he outlived the Biblical limit of three score years and ten, was spent in ministering to the spiritual, and very often temporal needs, of the Indian who repaid him with a whole-hearted devotion. He died a few years ago in the Yukon, in service to the last. Other men such as Bishops Stringer and Reeve, and Archdean McDonald, have devoted their lives to the northern missionary service.

On the Roman Catholic side, the Oblate Fathers are deserving of our unbounded admiration. Striking out fearlessly into unknown perils and hardships, they have with characteristic zeal and an undying

type, the character and habits of our Canadian Indian is much the same all over Canada, so that any attempt at a detailed description would be an "oft told tale."

His is a life of ups and downs, mostly downs, although at times he fares sumptuously on the fat of the land. In his normal state he hasn't any more to eat than just sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. Either he is a veritable slave or a gentleman of leisure. As an illustration of this I recollect an instance on the McKenzie river in 1898. In travelling up the river we met a small family party in their birch bark canoe, floating down stream, and taking life very easy. In the bow was the head of the household, with his gun by his side and pipe in mouth. My lady in the stern was also enjoying a smoke. The centre of the small craft served as a nursery and kennel, providing a resting place for the heir to the family silver, neatly done up in a "mossbag," and the family dog, who employed his time licking mosquitoes off the baby's face. The whole family in perfect harmony, enjoying life to the utmost.

In the autumn on our homeward trip, we met the same party, this time going up-stream. The scene, however, was changed. Father is now on shore, tugging away on the end of a tow line attached to the canoe, arduously struggling to make headway against the swift current. Mother is still in the stern of the canoe, but paddling hard to help out, while Rover limps along shore with his tail between legs, looking a picture of misery.

The only member of the family whose joy has not been turned to sorrow is the "papoose," who is still snugly ensconced in the nursery, sucking his thumb, after the manner of his kind the world over.

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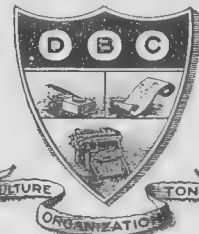
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HEAD OFFICE

WINNIPEG

The Wind Vane

By H. Mortimer Batten

THE fact that, after ten years of prosperous partnership Sam Fairfeather and Jim Bundleton, having worked out their claim, decided to build a spacious cabin on the breeze-swept slope above the clearing, and there spend the remainder of their partnership in peaceful retirement, was not in itself a matter of unusual interest. It was the leader in the small smudged print of the "Merrywater Chronicle" the following Saturday that created all the stir, for here it was stated, in diffused black and white, that Jim and Sam had decided to erect something in the way of a country residence, having a covered verandah and a cellar, and surrounded by gravel walks and rose bushes.

In this region, where multi-millionaires dwelt in cabins and millionaires in tents, the news naturally created an impression, but Tom Fickleton, proprietor of the Fickleton Hotel, and Jay Bird Charlie, who kept the blind pig joint by the South Landing, having no particular faith in the "Chronicle," decided to go and see. Sauntering over to the claim they found the two old men loading dirt into their donkey cart.

"It's a very hot day!" observed Mr. Fickleton, mopping his red face with a handkerchief that was very little redder. "Very," replied Sam, waving the mosquitoes from the donkey's ears.

"Very hot," agreed Jim, squashing a deer fly on the donkey's flank.

"Perhaps you haven't seen the 'Chronicle?'" hesitated Mr. Fickleton. "Jay Bird Charlie thought it would interest you."

"Yes," added Jay Bird. "It's all about your new residence." And he handed Sam the paper.

Sam borrowed Jim's spectacles and read aloud, then across the donkey cart the two old men looked at each other with an air of freshly acquired importance. Sam winked.

"It's quite true," observed Jim loftily, though as a matter of fact they had so far aspired to nothing so ambitious as the newspaper report projected. A roomy and comfortable cabin, with a fenced paddock around to keep the donkey, a cow, and the few hens, was all they really intended.

The news that the "Chronicle" had for once published the plain, unvarnished truth spread with natural speed, and during that day and the next one after another of Sam's and Jim's acquaintances "just happened along," and the partners found themselves the centre of an admiring crowd. The "Chronicle" devoted yards of space to the possibilities of Merrywater—that straggling line of unpainted cabins—as a garden city; it urged its readers to follow Jim's and Sam's excellent example, to buy creepers and rose bushes, but no one seemed to cotton on to the idea with any real enthusiasm. Fickleton and others were ready to give abundant advice to Jim and Sam, and to offer their manual assistance (though they took care to bring no tools) till at length old Sam became irritable, and told the onlookers that—"Me and Jim is playing this hand together, and we don't want no help from none of you."

The stone foundations completed, the timber work went ahead swimmingly, and in due course the "Chronicle" reported that the roof was on. Three days later the roof actually was on, then the two old men looked at one another through the quivering, sweltering atmosphere.

"Reckon we'll leave the verandah for a week or two," ventured Jim. "Jenny'll do with a rest, and maybe the heat will subside."

"Just as you think best, Jim," replied Sam. "It's been a heavy job—getting on the roof."

But the following day the "Chronicle" reported that the verandah was now almost completed, and that it gave a very artistic and complete finish to the residence, and Sam, having borrowed Jim's spectacles to read the report, looked pathetically at his partner.

"We made a big mistake in taking any notice of the blamed paper to begin with," sighed Jim.

"We've done it now!" groaned Sam. "He's got us by the wind pipe, and next

Sunday we shall have all the women in the country round—to look at the verandah!"

There was nothing for it but to go ahead. It was understood that Sam did the roof work, while Jim did the carting and handed up the planks, but somehow the planks had recently acquired a habit of being too wide for their intended places, the nails of bending in the middle, and the hammer of gliding off its mark and hitting the user's thumb, Sam becoming more and more irritable, blamed Jim's spectacles, at which Jim mildly replied, in the lingo of Merrywater City—"Why in thunder don't you use your own?"

"Because you've always got em!" was Sam's terse reply, but as a matter of fact he was strongly of the opinion that his spectacles suited Jim, and that Jim's spectacles suited him, far better than their own suited either of them.

By Saturday evening the bulk of the heavy work was done, and Jim stated that he would go to the city and buy the stores. He pointed out that Sam was feeling the heat. "So you'd best sit under the verandah and smoke."

"Just as you say," replied Sam. "But don't forget the 'Chronicle.'"

As a matter of fact the "Chronicle" was Jim's main objective. Sam was knocking himself up—thanks to the blooming "Chronicle." He would be best without it for a week or two.

Arriving at the city Jim bought his paper, and he groaned aloud on seeing that the partners of the Fairfeather claim having worked with real enthusiasm during the appalling heat wave, had completed their artistic residence, and were now laying out the paths and carting soil for the rose beds. "By next week end," added the Editor, "the establishment in its finished state, will be fully worth a visit."

Old Jim, with murder at his soul, went to see the Editor—a young man, who smoked a huge cigar, wore abnormally baggy trousers, and greeted all visitors at his office as bosom friends.

"Very hot!" observed Jim mildly, mopping his forehead.

"Yes," said the Editor. "Permit me to congratulate you on the excellent work you are doing. I quite feel as though I had a personal interest in the place, and I think a row of rose—"

Jim slammed the table with his fist. "Hold on, young man!" he cried rudely, pointing a trembling forefinger. "You're in too much of a hurry, and I've just come along to tell you that you want to give Sam and me a kind of a holiday. If this is retired life, all I can say is that it's the toughest streak of work Sam and me has struck in ten years of partnership. And Sam ain't so young as he used to be."

The Editor smiled. "We're doing a good work," he observed contentedly. "When Merrywater becomes a garden city, they'll have us to thank for it."

When Jim landed back Sam was waiting for him on the verandah. "Got the 'Chronicle?'" was Sam's first question.

"No," lied Jim, "the boys told me there was nothing in it about us, so I didn't bother with a copy."

Sam smuggled something behind his back. It was the clumsiest attempt at secrecy you ever saw.

"What's that you're hiding?" demanded Jim.

"This? O, just a 'Chronicle.' You were so long in landing that I thought I'd slip along for a copy. There's nothing in it."

The partners looked into each other's eyes, and neither of them being accustomed to hiding his secrets from the other, both grinned humorously.

"What about the rose trees and the gravel path?" enquired Jim.

Sam flew into a temper. He trampled the paper under foot, then kicked it off the verandah. Both old men were a shade overwrought, and that night the heat wave reached its very zenith. There was no sleep for anyone, and next morning the two were so played up that they decided to resort to some simple diversion for the day.

"What about the wind vane?" suggested Jim.

"The very thing," Sam agreed. "I've

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been thinking about that wind vane all night."

"So have I," Jim stated. "I've had it all drawn up in my mind for days past. There's nothing puts the finish on a cabin like a wind vane!"

"Nothing," agreed Sam. "I've cut it out on cardboard. I'll get it."

He grovelled eagerly under the verandah, the space between the boards and the ground having already become an appreciated receptacle.

"So have I," Jim stated, and he also grovelled enthusiastically under the verandah, but at the other end.

They both returned with their cardboard templates of the wind vane—Sam's representing a salmon, while Jim's represented two Indians paddling a birchbark canoe. They laid the pieces of cardboard side by side on the verandah step, then each awaited the exclamations of admiration from the other.

Both were disappointed. Sam was too intent on his own salmon to notice Jim's Indians, while Jim had eyes only for his own Indians. Each considered his own work a masterpiece.

"Well, what about my salmon?" enquired Sam at length.

"What about my Injuns?" retorted Jim.

The two old men glared at one another.

"The salmon gets it hands down," stated Sam. "That," he indicated the creek, "is noted for its salmon."

"There are more Indians come up and down than there are salmon!" Jim stated hotly. The sun streamed down on both of them. Sam's bald head was beginning to steam. The flies irritated them.

"Tush!" sneered Sam. "We don't eat Injuns. We eat salmon!"

"Salmon!" snorted Jim. "We get it for breakfast, dinner and supper. We don't want it stuck up in the wind vane. I'm sick of salmon. Dang your salmon!"

The partners glared at one another. Their hair seemed literally to stand on end. Then Sam leapt to his feet, jumped on Jim's Indians, and kicked them off the verandah. "Salmon!" he bellowed. "Injuns!" roared Jim.

"Then we agree to differ?"

They differed. They worked themselves into a ridiculous fury. Jim claimed that he had done all the work since the building began. Sam claimed that he had done all the thinking, and that Jim and the dnokey had equally shared the rest. Then as the twilight shadows fell, with the sweet song of the bush birds all around, the two old men marched out of the house they had worked so hard to erect, both declaring they would never enter it again. Jim, looking a trifle worn and haggard, took his blankets to the deserted lumberman's shanty away up the river. Sam, his bald head steaming voluminously, retired to the cabin on the claim they had worked together for ten peaceful years. Both were full of beans.

Merrywater was not long in learning that the two old men had quarrelled, though the why and the wherefore of it was a matter of mystery. Among the various conjectures, that which ascribed some feminine influence as the cause met with no lasting popularity, and the opinion that money matters were at the bottom of it gained general approval. At this Cross Frearson, Sam's nephew and only locatable kin, sat up and took notice. He knew that Sam had willed all his money to Jim, and vice versa, and it occurred to him that a breach of the partnership might prove decidedly in his favor. So next morning the gambler (for Cross was nothing else) paid Jim a visit at the lumberman's shanty.

"Why have you quarrelled?" asked Cross, having helped Jim wash up and put things straight.

Jim called Sam a bald-headed old priest. "I've put up with his awkwardness eleven years come this fall," he snorted. "Now I've done with him!"

"I know him," agreed the gambler with a wink. "Wants all his own way, and you can go to blazes!"

Jim opened his eyes very wide. "I wouldn't say I might not have had a worse partner," he argued, wagging his surprising head of hair. "But Sam's wrong. He's clean up a gum tree on this deal, and I ain't going to budge an inch!"

Then Cross Frearson strolled across to Sam. "You've done it now, old man," he stated gravely. "He's in a nasty

mood, and if you take my tip you'll look out for him. Just keep your gun greased."

Save for this visitor, the partners would probably have made it up over the dividing of the stock, but in the meantime the "Chronicle" had treated its readers to a most lurid account of the dissolution, and hinted at the advisability of reinstating a Vigilance Committee. Frearson, a casual contributor to the "Chronicle," skilfully sketched the two mild old gentlemen as Iron Pirates, a role which appealed to the fancies of both of them as subtly flattering.

The dividing of the stock proved a most disappointing affair. It was arranged that Jim should walk into the clearing at 11.30 Friday morning, and take what he considered his share. If he took more'n his share, the matter would be settled there and then.

At 11.30 the populace of Merrywater, excited by the "Chronicle" reports, assembled round the rough snake fence

surrounding the cabin. They speculated that Jim would enter from the east end, so as to have the sun in his favor, and that at all events the north end would be the safest from impartial bullets.

At 11.30 Jim appeared and climbed laboriously over the north end of the fence—instant readjustment of the crowd. He looked round for the donkey, but deciding that it was inside the cabin with Sam, secure from the flies, he mopped his forehead and remarked placidly that it was very hot. Then he strolled across the clearing, and naturally the cocks and hens followed him. At the other end he threw down a few grains of corn, and as the poultry gathered into a solid mass he lightly tossed a fish net over them, and his claim was settled.

Merrywater withdrew, deciding that life was not what it used to be, and that the city was going to the dogs.

II.

A few nights later, after the saloons

had closed, Cross Frearson wandered over to Jim's shanty, and threw a few handful of corn, soaked in strychnine, into the chicken run. Then he adjourned to Sam's, and opposite the drowsy donkey he tossed a cabbage, doped in the same poison.

When Jim went out next morning he saw the poultry lying in various attitudes of agony about the clearing—mostly with legs pointing stiffly skywards. At first he did not understand, then he caught sight of a strip of paper gummed to the door.

"Take your ding-dong stock and keep it!" he read. "With love from Sam." "Strychnine!" gasped Jim.

Sam was awakened by hoarse groans from the centre of the clearing, and looking out he saw the donkey, seated on its hind quarters over a half eaten cabbage. There was no need to investigate that cabbage very closely in order to ascertain that it had been doped, and gummed to the rough snake fence was a note which read—"Take your ding-dong

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The Little Mother

By B. M. Sanberg

"There is so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us." These lines recur to my mind when I think of the sadness in the lives of so many innocent ones in this world; so many looked upon with scorn and contempt. How easy it would be for each one of us to "scatter a little sunshine" and thereby brighten the lives of the less fortunate. A sad story that came to my notice will perhaps explain my point. I was calling on a friend, a doctor's wife. She was one of those saintly women to whom motherhood had been denied. I had always looked forward to my visits in her home with doleful forebodings, for, as is peculiar to such homes, an unnatural atmosphere seems to prevail—a something lacking, which is difficult to define.

Being accustomed to a bright and happy fireside, where the children reign supreme, and there is the disorder which only childish hands are capable of causing, I always feel somewhat stifled when I enter these other homes to find every chair in its proper place, and every book and paper on the library table, placed at a certain angle. This had always been my experience when visiting my friend, Nettie, the wife of the popular young doctor Gordon.

Nettie had never failed to pour into my ears, the keen disappointment felt by

her and her husband at the prospect of a childless future. "But," she added, "if we find that this is positively true, I shall insist that we adopt a little unfortunate; and perhaps I might even go so far as to take two or three." This last phase was said with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

So I was not wholly taken by surprise when I climbed the great stone steps and pushed the electric button, to hear the wail of an infant; in fact, I had to ring several times before I was able to make anyone hear. The door was finally opened by a white-capped nurse girl. She informed me that Mrs. Gordon was busy just at present, with one of the twins. I looked at her in perfect amazement, and said, "twins!"

"Yes, twins," she repeated, and then added, "Oh, perhaps you haven't heard that Mrs. Gordon has adopted twin girls, whose parents were killed in a railroad wreck a short time ago."

I assured her that I was ignorant of the fact; and that moment, Nettie appeared in the doorway with one of the dearest, little blue-eyed baby girls in her arms.

"Oh, Genevieve," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you came—but you must excuse the condition in which you find my house to-day. You see, that I have more im-

portant business now, than searching for stray articles of dust and setting the chairs in order."

Dear Nettie, if she only knew how often I had longed to see just one article out of place in her immaculate home, and how happy I was to note the slight disorder, she would have known that apologies were unnecessary. I assured her that she surely had more important business, and how glad I was that it was actually true. "But you have only seen half of my new work. Come this way and I'll show you the other half."

She led me into the bedroom, and there in the daintiest little blue and white basket lay the darlingest, plumpest little fairy that I had ever seen,—my own kiddies excepted, of course.

And did I imagine it, or was it true, that Nettie's face lighted up with almost a heavenly light, as she tucked the covers around the two infants and related the story of how she had come into possession of the darling little creatures.

"And to think," she said, "that Bob loves them just as much as I. If I were inclined to be jealous, I would get rid of them at once."

Then suddenly her countenance changed, and she said, "We have another baby in our house—no, we are not starting an orphan asylum, but I do want you to see the little mother upstairs in my spare room."

I looked at her in amazement, and she hastened to tell me the following story:

"About two months ago, I advertised for a maid. A dozen girls called in answer to the advertisement. Of course, you know, she added with a twinkle in her eye, that I am a crank when it comes to the selection of someone to do my housework. I know that you have always thought me positively foolish about my work, but what else was there to take up my time and attention? I preferred to do my own work until the twins came; then I found that they brought mother-love with them, and nothing made me happier than to spend every moment cuddling and tending to their needs, so I advertised for a maid to do the commonplace things, in order that I might give the little darlings my whole attention."

"Well, several girls applied, but none seemed to be the right sort, until one day, there came the sweetest faced girl who had just been over from Ireland a few months. Some way or other, there was something about her that appealed to me. There was a certain sadness in her eyes that I could not resist. In answer to the questions I asked her, she replied: 'Sure, I be an honest gurl, mum, and I'll do the best I can for you and the babies.' I told her that I would try her for a week, and then if everything was satisfactory, we could make further arrangements. I showed her to her room, but I must confess, I did not show her the room which I had previously planned to give to my prospective maid; but something led me to give her one a little better;—a sunny south one, with the pink and white curtains, and the white enamelled set which I had done myself early in the Spring.

"A pleased look went over her face and the look of sadness that seemed for the time being to disappear, amply repaid me for making the change. She looked up at me with the sweetest smile and said, 'Shure, Mrs. Gordon, I will do the best I can for you and the babies.'

"Days passed and the work seemed to melt away under Rosa's skilled fingers. She proved to be a good cook, and kept the house in perfect order. I told Bob one evening that the new girl was a 'jewel.' He looked at me with a peculiar expression and said, 'Nettie, I am afraid you are being deceived. If I am not mistaken, that girl will not be able to keep at her work much longer.' I looked at him a moment, and then the light began to dawn upon me.

"Could it be true that Rosa was to become a mother, and right under my very roof? No, it could not be possible that I had been deceived, and yet—when I recalled certain instances when I had come suddenly upon her, there had been traces of tears in her big blue eyes, and she would immediately hustle to catch up with some particular work that had been dragging.

"You are sure of what you say, Bob?" I asked. "Never surer of anything in my life, Nettie; you know I have made a speciality of just such cases, and I know that Rosa has deceived you. She may be a perfectly good girl, but some smooth

tongued rascal has ruined her. Better get her to tell you the truth and then we will see what can be done for her."

"Genevieve, I just went off and had a good cry. I had learned to love Rosa in the short time she had been with me, and to think that she had deceived me, was almost unbelievable. But I decided that something must be done at once. So that evening after the babies were tucked in their baskets for the night, I went to Rosa's room and softly tapped on the door. I heard the sudden shutting of her little, old hair trunk and imagined I heard a smothered sob. After a few moments, she opened the door and said, 'come in, Mrs. Gordon.' I could see traces of tears, and on the bed lay a little garment which she had evidently forgotten, in her haste to get the old trunk shut when I knocked. I pretended not to notice it, and said to her: 'Rosa, isn't there something you ought to tell me? You know you can trust me, and I am ready to help you all I can.' A look of utter despair spread over her face, and she threw herself on the bed and sobbed as if her heart would break. I put my arms around her, and begged her to tell me all, but to no avail. She would only say, 'I am a good girl! I am a good girl!'

"I did everything in my power to comfort her, and assured her that the doctor and I would not turn her out. This seemed to appease her and she flung her arms around my neck and said: 'May Hiv'n bless you. Mrs. Gordon. May Hiv'n bless you.' I left her softly crying and went back to my babies. I was confronted with the biggest problem I ever had to solve—my two orphan babies to mother, and a poor, forlorn and ruined girl on my hands whom I knew it was my duty to shelter and care for.

"In the days that followed, Rosa went about her work in a listless manner, and about two weeks later, as the doctor and I were eating our noonday lunch, we heard a pitiful wail coming from the kitchen. It was Rosa's voice calling: 'Oh good Lord, help me, help me!' We hurried to her and found her a helpless heap on the floor. We got her quickly to her room, and soon after, a beautiful baby boy was born. The doctor sent for a good nurse and Rosa had the best of care."

"But," I interrupted, "has she told you her story yet?"

"Oh, yes she has told me all, and I believe every word of it. It seems that just before coming to this country, she went to the home of an uncle in London, to stay for a time while waiting for her steamer. In her uncle's home, a young man pretended to take an unusual interest in her and I should judge from what she told me, that she was greatly pleased with his flattering attentions. Being unused to the ways of the world, she accepted his offer to help her secure her ticket and assist her with her baggage. It seemed that before he allowed her to leave him, he took her to a room of a friend of his, and there accomplished his purpose. I believe that she is as good and honest a girl as ever lived. She has the dearest baby boy, and if I could see my way clear for three, I would adopt him too.

"Wouldn't you like to see baby number three, and his little mother?"

My eyes were dimmed with tears, for I had been thinking of my own girl, now approaching young womanhood, and wondering if I had sufficiently warned her against the evil of the world, that she might be able to cope with it, if necessary. I answered, "Yes, I would be glad to see her, and hope that I can think of something to say that will make the poor soul's burden lighter."

Nettie led me up the stairs, to the dainty bedroom, and there lay one of the most beautiful girls that I had ever seen. Her two big braids of auburn hair lay across the pillow, and her eyes were closed,—but I knew that she was not asleep. She dared not look up, for she probably guessed that Nettie had told me her story.

I was attracted to the little bundle on her arm. Nettie gently lifted the blanket and uncovered the tiny bit of humanity. Its big, black eyes and delicate features brought forth the exclamation: "Oh, what a beautiful baby!" At this, the mother opened her eyes and said, "Oh, do you think so?" I said, "Yes, I think I never saw a more handsome child, and what a happy mother you should be."

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She heaved a big sigh and again closed her eyes.

I gently stroked her forehead and said, "God Bless you, my dear girl." The great tears were now coursing down her cheeks, and I quietly left the room, thinking of my own five dear babies, and every one had been made so welcome.

When Nettie and I were again in the living room, I said: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" she answered. "What do you think I can do about it other than to give the poor girl a home and care, as long as she needs it? Rosa told me that she had planned to finish her high school course when she got to this country, and I intend that she shall have that privilege, if it can possibly be arranged. I have an idea, but I am not going to tell you what it is. If my scheme succeeds, I shall tell you about it later."

Circumstances were such that I did not see my friend again. My husband's business compelled us to move to another state. One day, I was surprised to get a letter from Rosa, herself. In it she said she could not help writing to the kind lady who led her to believe that life was worth living after all. She went on to say that Mrs. Gordon got a friend of hers to take the baby, and she was now working hard to finish the remaining two years of her high school course.

In a letter received from Nettie, three years later, she told me that Rosa had graduated with honors, and was teaching a country school. She had become acquainted with a prosperous young farmer and was about to be married, "and," she added, "I am helping her with her pretty little trousseau, and she will be married in our home. I tell you, Genevieve, I have never been sorry a minute that I sheltered the poor girl, and did the best I could for her."

I have since learned that such cases as Rosa's, are not uncommon, and that many innocent girls are ruined just before setting sail for America. The "man in the case" appears as a ministering angel, and proves to be the evil one himself, knowing, that with the broad ocean between himself and victim, he is less apt to be punished for the crime he commits.

And No Wonder!

Joseph attended school in one of the larger cities of the Central States. One day, having vexed his room teacher by misconduct, he was sent into the hall to wait until she had time to correct him. One of his departmental instructors came along, and seeing him in the hall, said, "Joseph, you mustn't be loitering in the halls. Go to your room and report to your teacher!" Joseph raised his hand to explain, but she said, "Put your hand down and go into your room at once!"

Joseph had just slipped into his seat when his room teacher saw him. "Joseph, I sent you into the hall to remain until I came. What are you doing in here?" Joseph raised his hand to explain. "Put your hand down and go into the hall at once!"

Joseph returned to the hall, but again met his departmental instructor. "Joseph, I thought I sent you to your room!" she exclaimed. "Either go into your room or down into the yard."

The room teacher, going into the hall a few minutes later, could not find Joseph. Thinking he had gone to the yard, she followed him. "I told you to remain in the hall until I came!" she angrily exclaimed. "You may go and report to the principal." Joseph again raised his hand to explain. "Put your hand down and go to the principal at once!"

The principal was quite busy and did not wish to be bothered, so when Joseph opened the door she said, "Well, Joseph, have you been a bad boy again? Go to your room and behave yourself!" Again Joseph raised his hand to explain. "Put your hand down," she said, "and go to your room at once and behave, as I told you."

Joseph, who was in tears by this time, did not go to his room, but went instead to that of the primary teacher, who was quite a friend of his. "Why, Joseph, what is the matter?" asked his friend.

Dashing the tears from his eyes, he said, "I'm disgusted—being made a fool of by them teachers!"

Dix Minutes d'Arret

By W. E. Negus

In his way, Martin Ferrars was a philanthropist, though his philanthropy did not take the usual subscription list form, but was generally something much more original, and at the same time none the less welcome to the recipients of his kindnesses.

This particular summer he had decided to take his two young cousins and a friend for a thorough holiday, and was himself conducting the party to Switzerland.

There was no doubt that the three boys, whose ages were all under twenty, were enjoying every moment of the time. Even a distinctly unpleasant crossing and an already long railway journey had completely failed to damp their enthusiasm; in fact, they were in such uproarious spirits that Martin was secretly longing for a quiet smoke and nap. He saw little chance of either, however, but, though he was suddenly painfully conscious of the vast difference which exists between thirty-five and eighteen, he determined that they should enjoy themselves in their own way, and the "rag" continued until the train slackened speed, and they stopped at a small station.

Three voices simultaneously demanded the name of it, and Martin told them.

"How long do we stop?" was the next question.

"Quite a short time—about two minutes, I should think," was the answer.

"Well, anyhow, let's get out and stretch our legs and see all there is to be seen even if there isn't 'dix minutes d'arret,' as they kept bawling out at Dijon," said Jim Walker, the eldest of the three boys.

"Don't miss the train," said Martin, as they jumped out on to the platform.

"Rather not," replied Jim, and then Martin heard the same voice calling out with a wonderfully good French accent—for Jim was a born mimic—"Dix minutes d'arret, dix minutes d'arret!"

Martin smiled lazily as he lit his pipe, and was quite prepared to find that the boys had by this time come to loggerheads with the French officials for enunciating such a misleading statement, when at that moment they all appeared at the door of the compartment.

"Martin," said Jack, the youngest one, in fits of laughter "What do you think has happened? Jim shouted out, 'Dix minutes d'arret' so exactly like a Frenchman that a girl at the other end of the train got out, and has gone over to the refreshment-room over there, and now the guard is shrieking 'En voitures!' and the old lady the girl was travelling with is simply frantic. Do look at her!"

Martin jumped up hurriedly. "You young fools," he said, pushing past them, "you may make the poor girl miss her train."

He leant out of the window as far as he could, and out of another window far away he could just distinguish the old lady of whom the boys spoke.

She was gesticulating wildly, and Martin recognised her as having been a fellow-passenger on the boat, and across the line, on the other platform, a very pretty girl, whom he had also noticed, was at this moment coming out of the buffet carrying a cup.

He felt the sudden jerk of the train as it moved, and saw the girl start and spill some of the contents of the cup, and then stand still, staring at the train. It was as he feared—through Jim's stupid joke she was left alone, possibly without money or ticket, to wait for the next train some hours later. It only took him two seconds to make up his mind, and, to the utter astonishment of the boys, he jumped from the train, which was now moving quickly, and they were left to finish their journey alone. Fortunately, Martin had provided them each with their own ticket and some money in case of emergencies, though he had certainly not anticipated that he should be the one to be left behind. He had, therefore, no anxiety on their account, but he was filled with dismay at the predicament in which the girl had been placed, and blamed himself for not taking more trouble to prevent it.

He hurriedly crossed the line, and followed her into the buffet, where, rather to his astonishment, he found her looking not at all disconcerted, but talking glibly to the waiter in particularly good French. She turned with a look of surprise and enquiry as Martin stood there

waiting to make his apologies and to offer his help.

"I hope you will allow me to help you if I can," he said, rather stiffly, for he was always a little shy with women. "I am afraid it was all through a silly joke of my young cousin that you did not get back in time for the train; he called out 'Dix minutes d'arret,' as he had heard them do at Dijon, but it was really only timed to stop for two minutes."

The girl laughed good-humouredly. "Then I wasn't wrong after all," she said. "I felt so certain I had heard someone shouting that out, and as my aunt wanted a cup of tea I thought I would try to get it for her."

"I am most dreadfully sorry," said Martin, "but there is another slow train in about two hours, so we shall be able to get on all right. May I ask where you are going to? Would you like me to telegraph to your aunt?"

The girl stared at him for a second, and then she said, "But I am afraid you have made a mistake; I don't want to get on by any train. I always meant to stop here, you see," she added, noticing the look of blank surprise on Martin's face. "I am going to pay a visit to a friend who lives here."

It was perhaps not to be wondered at that Martin looked amazed, for such a contingency had never entered his head, and he felt incapable of saying anything more than "Oh," though he experienced a sudden access of fury against Jim for being the cause of his present ridiculous position.

"But did you—did you stay behind too just to help me because you thought I should be stranded?" asked the girl, with a sudden glimmering of understanding.

"Yes," said Martin, laughing, and trying not to look as great a fool as he felt.

"How very, very kind of you!" said the girl, in such a gentle voice, and with such a look of genuine gratitude in her eyes that Martin almost ceased to regret his mistake.

"It was my aunt who really misled you, I expect," she said. "You probably saw her making frantic signs to me to hurry. The fact was, she wanted her tea very badly, and, besides that, I had left my coat in the carriage, and I don't for a moment suppose she had the presence of mind to throw it out on to the platform, but it does not really matter, for I can borrow what I want from my friend. She is an artist, and I am trying to be," she said, with a little laugh; "that is why we stay in this funny little place." She paused a moment, and then added, "I think the least I can do for you now is to take you to see all the sights of the town till it is time for your train."

"But won't your friend be anxious about you?" enquired Martin, thinking that she was perhaps only suggesting it from a sense of duty, yet hoping most sincerely that she would answer in the negative.

She laughed and shook her head. "You evidently do not know much about artists," she said. "If she happens to be engrossed in a picture, she has probably even forgotten that I am coming to-day. But I have stayed here before, so I know my way about quite well, and we will just leave a note for her before starting on our walk."

"It's most awfully good of you," said Martin, who was coming to the conclusion that there were many worse things than missing a train and having to spend two hours in the society of such a particularly nice little girl, who had the knack of making you feel at home with her at once. It even emboldened him to say, "The only stipulation I make is that you will dine with me somewhere before I start again."

"Shades of my aunt!" exclaimed the girl, her eyes twinkling. "You seem to have adopted Bohemian ways very quickly."

Martin immediately looked quite confused, and said a little stiffly, "I shall be delighted to see your friend too, of course."

"Delighted to see you," was the answer. "But she wouldn't be a bit while the brown eyes twinkled more and more. 'You see, she is a man-hater! But, honestly, I am only joking, and I accept the invitation of my extremely kind friend with much pleasure and many thanks, though I don't even know his name! Mine, by the way, is Amice Lane.'"

"And mine is Martin Ferrars," he said. It seemed to him that in an incredibly

short space of time he again found himself in the train. But he had at least discovered this much—Amice Lane was going to join her aunt at a place in the mountains about a fortnight later, and it struck Martin that before he and his proteges left Switzerland they certainly ought to go off the beaten track. The boys would like it so much!

The three were full of apologies when Martin arrived at the hotel.

"And was she frightfully annoyed at being left behind?" questioned Jim.

Martin smiled. "Not very," he said, "because as it happened, that was the station where she meant to get out."

Jim looked rather doubtfully at Martin, wondering whether the very quiet way in which he spoke meant that he was really annoyed.

"I say, Martin," he said, "what an awful sell! I am sorry, it was all my silly fault."

"Oh, yes, thanks," said Martin, casually.

"Well, I think he let you off like a gentleman," observed Jim's younger brother later on. "But he is a decent chap; lots of people would have been quite shirty over the whole affair."

It was not until some weeks later, when they found themselves in the same hotel with Amice Lane and her aunt, that it began to dawn on Jim why he had been let off so lightly.

"Jim!" called out Martin one day when he and Amice had been sitting in the garden for some considerable time, and Jim appeared in the distance.

"What's up?" said Jim.

"Come here and I will tell you."

"Jim," said Amice as he came close to them, "I am so tremendously grateful to you that I want to say 'Thank you.' Her cheeks were slightly flushed, and she gave a little laugh. "I suppose you can't guess why?"

"I could make a jolly good shot," he said.

"Fire away, then," said Martin.

Jim grinned. "Well, then, I should say it was because of 'Dix minutes d'arret.'"

"Oh, Martin," said Amice, "you told me that the boys would be fearfully surprised, for they hadn't the faintest idea that you—I mean—well, you know what I mean."

"You cute young beggar!" said Martin. "How in the world did you guess?"

"Cute?" said Jim, witheringly. "There wasn't much cuteness needed, just merely the common sense to add two and two together. It wasn't from anything you said, of course; it was from what you didn't say."

"What didn't he say?" asked Amice.

"To start with," said Jim, "he never cursed us for being such fools when he came back; to go on with, he never mentioned your name, though he jolly soon called you by it when he saw you here, and seemed as if he knew a whole lot about your painting and all that sort of thing, though he allowed us to believe he'd waited at that beastly station for two hours."

"My dear Jim," said Amice, "you are wise beyond your years, but if you like I will tell you exactly how we spent those two hours. Martin, help me to give him a true and correct account," said Amice.

"My dear child," said Martin. "All I can tell you is that somehow those two hours didn't seem a second more than 'Dix minutes d'arret.'"

Whereupon Amice laughed, and Jim, suddenly realising that "two is company, and three is none," said abruptly, "I'm off to tell Jack."

He had the satisfaction of seeing the other two boys thoroughly astounded by the news, and of assuring them rather condescendingly that he had known about it all the time.

Recovery Paid

In times of peace Smith might have been an author who had drifted into some useful occupation such as that of a blacksmith, but just now he is cook to the Blankshire officers' mess. Smith sent Murphy into the village to bring home some chickens ordered for the mess.

"Murphy," said Smith, the next day, "when you fetch me chickens again, see that they are fastened up properly. That lot you fetched yesterday all got loose, and though I scoured the village I only managed to secure ten of them."

"Sh!" said Murphy. "I only brought six."

donkey and keep it. Love from Jim." Sam did not ponder the matter very long. "Strychnine!" he gasped, and if Jim would murder the donkey, the partner of their private life since they came to Merrywater, Jim would most assuredly murder him!

Cross Frearson was the only man who happened to witness the inevitable duel. He said (in private) that the two old men met at the corner of the trail, midway between the two cabins. They met face to face, almost colliding as each, with eyes on the ground, strolled round the corner in the direction of the other's shanty. They stood not a yard apart, then Sam fired at Jim and Jim fired at Sam. They missed each other not by inches, but by feet, then brandishing their derringers and shouting loudly, they respectively retired.

The "Chronicle" regretted to report that the pioneers of the "Civic Pride Campaign" had thus finally severed the bonds which for ten years of peace and prosperity had held them together. It pointed out, in lachrymose tones, that the pride of these two iron characters would render anything in the way of a reunion impossible, and in the very next issue it was announced that Jim Fairfeather had decided to leave Merrywater for good, and to settle finally at Seattle.

Jim went. Sam mopped his forehead, and announced that he had decided to settle down in Victoria. But he did not land there. At Yellow Bank he fell sick—some said it was the efforts of the heat wave, others that he was just breaking up. They portaged him back to Merrywater, and lying alone in the Fickleton Hotel, he babbled feverishly for many days. He seemed to imagine he was building an eternal roof. "Here they come!" he would shout. "Here they come with the timber. Jenny's pulling well! Hi Jim! Lend me your spectacles, Jim. Jim—Jim—" and his voice would trail off into a languid whisper.

In due course the fever left him, but Sam did not gain strength as expected. The doctor said he was not trying, and Merrywater, busy with its own affairs,

forgot the lonely old man in the top story of the Fickleton Hotel.

Jim, wandering south, lit across Jay Bird's daughter in the Victoria Saloon, Seattle. At first she did not know him, for the thick crop of black hair was now almost white, the keen eyes seemed to have sunk permanently into the brown, wrinkled skin.

"Whoever expected seeing an old soul from Merrywater!" cried Lilian at length. Then she asked, "How's Sam?"

The girl did not fail to notice the painful flush, and the slight pallor that succeeded it. "O, I'd forgotten that affair!" she added lightly. "Thought it was all settled. Time it was, anyway. Sam's ill—I suppose you know?"

"Ill!" Jim clutched the table with crooked fingers.

"Yes. He was mighty bad when I left, and they said he used to call for you in his sleep."

No one recognized the white-haired stranger who ten nights later walked down the shadowy avenue and entered the Fickleton by the visitors' door. At midnight Jim left the hotel by the same door, stole a ladder from the back premises, and with sundry bulky articles under his tunic, made his way to the dark and deserted house on the rise above the clearing. Alone in the rain he erected a wind vane on the eastern chimney—a salmon struggling with the tide.

Next morning, when Sam awoke, he found Jim at his bedside. They looked into each other's eyes, then Jim took Sam's hand, and swung it back and forth, schoolgirl fashion. Both of them were smiling foolishly, but for some time neither spoke.

"Old fellow!" said Jim at last.

"Old chap!" said Sam.

Their eyes were laughing. There was a pause.

"What about Seattle?" Sam enquired.

"Just so so!" replied Jim. "How's the donkey?"

"Oh fine. How's the hens?"

"Bully!" Sam answered.

There was nothing between them now.

"I've been had a long time, Jim," said Sam.

"Yes, old partner. When will you be about again? I ain't leaving this hotel till we go out together."

"Day after to-morrow, maybe," Sam replied.



Rainbow Trout—6½ lbs. caught by Hugh Austin, August 1916, at Fish Lake, Highland Valley, B.C. Photo of Miss Eric Wilson Ward holding fish

And to the astonishment of the doctor, Sam was up and dressed the day after to-morrow, and when the heat was over the two foolish old men, arm in arm, strolled slowly forth from the city towards their claim. The brown birds whistled in the thickets, the crazy laughter of a loon rang from the lake, and at the foot of the rise the partners looked up at the house which had stood so long untenanted. They looked, they

started, they exchanged spectacles and stared. For there on the eastern chimney swung a salmon, pointing due east, while on the western chimney swung a canoe, pointing due west.

"I've quite come round to salmon," Jim announced, having mastered his natural bewilderment.

"Injuns is the best," replied Sam. Then he added—"It's been up near six months, Jim."

And so it stands to-day—the house with the two wind vanes. And while peace reigns within the wind vanes stand out as reminders of a feud from which all bitterness is gone; for when the Indians are paddling north, the salmon is invariably paddling south, and this, as Jim and Sam have many times explained to the muddleheads of Merrywater, means that the wind is blowing from the nor-north-east, so look out for squalls!

The Barometer Baby

By Jean Dwight Franklin

When The Baby cries the heavens turn gray
And the gathering clouds chase the sunshine away,
And it seems that the world itself should pause
To grieve and condone at the unknown cause;
For with love a-plenty it wonders why
The Baby should cry.

When The Baby laughs—ah! then you should see
How utterly happy a day can be!
The little birds sing and each flower looks up
To catch a smile in its tiny cup;
And the air is filled with a rollicky chaff
At The Baby's laugh!

O Barometer Baby—despot dear,
Do keep to the weather that's fair and clear!
The world is moody—aye, stormy, too,
And we get our sunshine in watching you!



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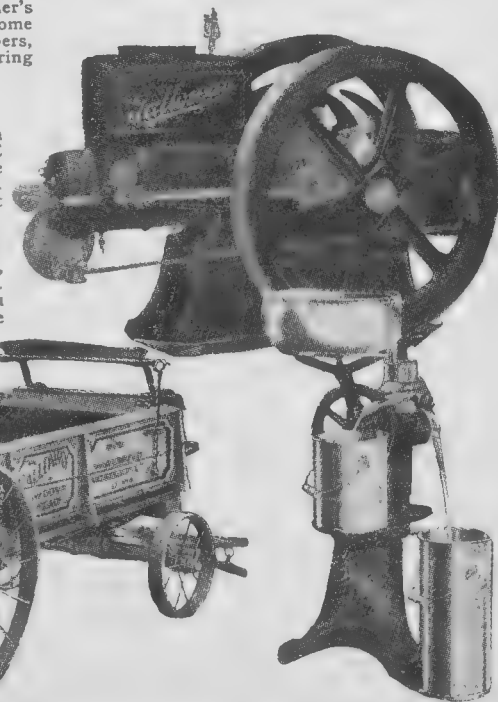
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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Memory recalls a tiny freckled-faced "mite" in a holland pinafore and copper-toed top boots (like a boy) standing with her two brothers, under a cherry tree, the fruit of which 1867 to 1917 was growing temptingly Then and Now red, while grandfather explained what "Dominion Day" was to mean to Canadians. Evidently the brothers had regarded the announcement merely from the standpoint of an additional holiday. The explanation dissipated that idea. The words of explanation have vanished but the impression is as vivid to-day as it was to the child mind then.—A country and a flag which stood for liberty and justice. Something to be very proud of and glad for. The first of July was to be the day set apart to do honor to that country and that flag. It was all very queer and puzzling because the country was there, and the flag, and yet grandfather insisted that "even children must help to build it (the country) up."

The next day in company with parties from every farm, there was a general migration to the village. There was a platform and speeches. There was one very rotund person in uniform who waved his arms and shouted. But the only thing clear, distinct and vital to the "mite" was the flag which waved on all sides. In some very peculiar, unexplained way that flag was "ours." This was the first Dominion Day, as celebrated in old north Grey.

The years slipped round and each holiday had its significance. Christmas of course was children's day by right divine. New Year meant the Sunday school treat; Shrove Tuesday stood for unlimited pancakes; Good Friday was an extra superior kind of Sunday; Easter Sunday meant general rejoicing and unlimited colored eggs; the 24th of May was a real holiday, usually prefaced to be sure by a talk on the virtues of the "Good Queen" in far away England. A person after whom, small females in pinafores would do well to pattern their conduct, but "Dominion Day"—that was your very, very own. The grown ups could not claim it in quite the same way; they had been born in England, that is all on the paternal side at least, but the "mite" and the brothers had been born in Canada and felt it to their toes when they sang "Our Dominion Forever, The Red Cross Banner, by Land and Sea." When the dignity of the third reader was attained, the impression was deepened by reciting, on Friday afternoons:

"All hail to the broad leafed Maple
With her fair and changeful dress,
The type of our young country
In her pride and loveliness.
Whether in spring or summer,
Or in the dreary fall;
Mid nature's forest children
She's fairest of them all.

And when her leaves all crimson
Droop silently and fall,
Like drops of life blood welling
From a warrior brave and tall.
They tell how fast and freely
Will her children's blood be shed;
Ere the soil of her faith and freedom
Shall echo a foeman's tread."

The maples were dear and familiar friends and the picture brought the idea of country very close. So much for a child's recollections of the first Dominion Day and those that followed. Memories common to thousands born and brought up in Eastern Canada.

In the west perhaps, owing to a more mixed population, less emphasis has been laid upon what "Dominion Day" stands for—"The Birth of a Nation" within the the great British Empire. The Birth of To very many its only a Nation significance is that of a holiday.

For 47 years the Dominion had no testing time, and we had come to take our status and our blessings as a matter of course. Then came a rude awakening and since August 1914 we have come, in a measure to realize what it is to be a nation with national responsibilities. Only in a measure however for when this reaches my readers we should be just celebrating the Jubilee of the Dominion

and yet as I write it is almost a question whether there will be a "Dominion of Canada" to celebrate that Jubilee, to such an impasse has the folly of our politicians and their selfseeking brought us.

The hope of the founders and fathers of confederation was, above all else, for a united people, and unity is assuredly trembling in the balance.

Glancing backward over the events which led up to confederation there is striking significance in the fact, that it was brought about under a coalition government. George Brown, the great apostle of the Liberal party in the Canada of those days, was a man big enough of soul to sink his differences with John A. Macdonald and for nearly four years worked in a government with him, to bring about a union of, the then existing but scattered provinces of which only two bore the name of "Canada."

There were men big enough in those days to make concessions for a common good. To-day we seem to have lost men of that type in Canada.

A study of what led to confederation is most timely at the moment and if our politicians could only be persuaded to undertake it, might lead to some results.

For example those who teach and act as if Canadians had no duty to the Empire might change their views if they fully grasped the fact that at the time of Confederation Great Britain would have been quite willing to let Canada become independent. It was the fathers of confederation and not the government of Britain who were tenacious of the tie. In this connection Colquhoun in his "Fathers of Confederation" just issued in Chronicles of Canada Series states the case very plainly by quoting Sir Frederic Rogers, permanent under secretary for the colonial office from 1860 to 1871, who put the matter thus. "I had always believed—and the belief has so confirmed and consolidated itself that I can hardly realize the possibility of any one seriously thinking the contrary—that the destiny of our colonies is independence; and that in this view, the

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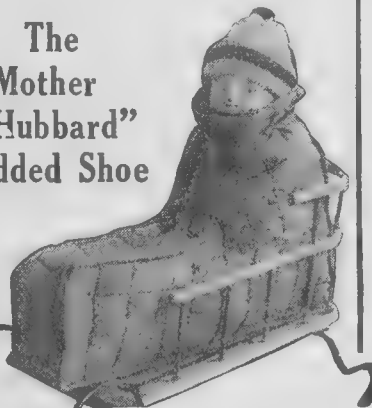


Preliminary

A number of Scottish yokels, on seeing an old fiddler in the street, went over to him, and one, handing him some coppers, asked him to play "Scots Wha Hae." The old fiddler took the money and went rasping away the same as before. The yokels getting tired of this, the spokesman again went over to the fiddler and said to him, "Hi, man, that's no' 'Scots Wha Hae'!" "I ken," replied the old fiddler; "that's the skirmish before the battle!"

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function of the Colonial Office is to secure that our connection while it lasts, shall be as profitable to both parties, and our separation, when it comes, as amicable as possible."

When the bill for the confederation of the provinces finally came before the British house of commons the famous John Bright reflected the spirit of the times when he said "I want the population of these provinces, to do that which they believe to be the best for their own interests—remain with this country if they like, in the most friendly manner, or become independent states if they like. If they should prefer to unite themselves with the United States, I should not complain even of that."

On the other hand, there is no doubt that one of the hastening causes of confederation was the fear, that following the civil war in the United States, there would be an attempt to conquer Canada and that the scattered provinces would be utterly unable to stand against such an invasion. The attitude of the provinces towards Britain, when confederation was discussed at the famous Quebec conference, was best expressed in the first motion looking towards a union of the provinces. It was moved by John A. Macdonald and seconded by Leonard Tilley: "That the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America will be promoted by a federal union under the crown of Great Britain, provided such union can be effected on principles just to the several provinces."

When the findings of the Quebec conference were discussed in parliament John A. Macdonald said "No one can look into futurity and say what will be the future of this country. Changes come over peoples and nations in the course of ages. But so far as we can legislate, we provide that for all time to come the sovereign of Great Britain shall be the sovereign of British North America." It will be seen from these statements that the provinces of Canada were not only willing, but extremely anxious to belong to Great Britain, and in assuming that attitude they laid upon all coming generations in Canada a duty to the mother country. Among the fathers of confederation none worked harder or more splendidly than George E. Cartier. Both English and French Canada desired most earnestly to remain within the Empire. In those days the hand of Canada was laid to the plough and there must be no turning back.

It may be asked "What were the women doing in those days, and what did they think of confederation?" Apparently they were at home, tending the farms, rearing the children, spinning and weaving, etc., while the "fathers" were arguing confederation pro and con.

How great the change, to-day in five of the nine provinces women have the provincial franchise and it is promised for the whole Dominion. Before the jubilee of the confederation dawns the women in at least two of the provinces will have exercised their franchise and in one a woman legislator sits.

It may be that the first opportunity to use the Dominion franchise will be on the question of conscription. If such should be the case "may there be no wavering then." The whole future of Canada as a nation is at stake. The triumph of Prussianism in the present war means the blotting out of Canada as a nation, and of Britain as an Empire, and with them the blotting out of the highest form of civilization the world has yet seen. The slogan of every woman who casts her vote should be: "O Canada we stand on guard for thee."

"Sub Rosa"

At a dinner, mentioned in the recent book by Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, entitled "Recollections of Sixty Years," Father Healy, the witty Irish priest, sat next to a pretty young English girl.

"They tell me, Father Healy," she said, "that you have no mistletoe in your country."

"Is that so my dear young lady?" the priest replied. "Now I think of it, I believe it is true."

"Then what do the boys and girls do at Christmas time without it?" questioned the mischievous girl.

"Is it kissing you mean, my dear?" asked Father Healy, with twinkling eyes. "Sure, they do it under the rose."

A Mistaken Purpose

"Yes, dogs may be all right," reluctantly admitted the nervous man, "but somehow I always was scared of 'em, and they all seem to realize the fact. This business of conquering a dog by looking him straight in the eye doesn't always work out the right way. I never cared to test the matter myself, but I knew one fellow who did. He lost part of his coat tail. And there is a foolish saying that barking dogs won't bite. Another fallacy. I once knew an old shepherd-dog that would bark and bite at the same time. I still carry a scar on my shin as proof."

"I was farming at the time, out in Kansas, and the dog belonged on the next farm. The old fellow who owned him said he wouldn't bite. We had just moved down from the city, you know, and it was necessary for me to call at the old farmer's house for milk."

"At first Shep wouldn't allow me to enter the gate. Shep was the dog's name. I tried all sorts of inducements—called him by name in the friendliest tone at my command, or threatened him with imaginary stones. Finally the old farmer would relieve the situation by escorting me into the yard, with Shep sneaking along about two inches in the rear of my legs. Very comfortable."

"But as time went on I became better acquainted with the shepherd-dog, and as long as I wore overalls and toted my milk-pail, he permitted me to enter the front gate without challenge. On these occasions he assumed a benevolent air, as if he was really granting me a large favor. It was a favor."

"But one time I called on the old farmer on a matter of business, and had discarded the overalls and milk-pail. As I entered the gate I saw a book agent marching boldly up the yard. The poor fool didn't know about Shep, and he failed to see the dog as he came tearing up the lane."

"Hey there!" I shouted, in a warning voice. "Climb that tree quick or that dog will chew you up!"

"But the poor chap didn't have time to budge, for Shep was travelling like a Kansas tornado. I shut my eyes for a moment, from sheer pity, and then opened them again to view the tragedy. That dog had passed the book agent entirely, and was still coming. He was after me."

An Optimist

The pessimistical tourist found the freckled farm boy sitting on the roadside, twanging a penny Jew's harp.

"You needn't be so confoundedly happy," warned the tourist, as he slowed up his horse. "Do you know what the almanac predicts?"

"No, indeed, mister," drawled the lad, pausing in his tune. "Dad only has one almanac, and he won't let me see that."

"Well, it predicts that there'll be an earthquake within the next ten days that'll shake you inside out."

"Wont' hurt me, mister. I broke six young colts for dad this season, and I guess when it comes to shaking you up they beat a dozen earthquakes."

"Well, the week following there is to be a cyclone that will toss you over into the next county."

"Couldn't please me better, boss. There's a circus over there that week, and I'm short of railway fare."

"H'm! You are a hard nut. Know anything about comets?"

"Never saw one in my life."

"Well, one is due in a month or two, and it is liable to hit this old earth and put you out of business with a billion sparks."

The farm lad grinned. "Billion sparks, mister? Crickey! Ma always did say I'd have a brilliant finish, and I guess that's what she meant. So long!"

Five-year-old Tommy was being put through a test in numbers, before the admiring family, one day at dinner. Finally, papa asked him the question that had proved the Waterloo of the older children in past years.

"Now, Tommy," said papa, "how many are two apples and three pears?"

"Five fruits!" promptly answered Tommy.

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The Home Doctor

The Fallacy About "Catching Diseases"

Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B.M., M.D.,
(Johns Hopkins)

"Doctor, I see no use in sending Clara away while George has the measles. She'll have to get it after all, so she may as well have it now and be done with it."

This is a common enough exclamation as you and your family doctor will readily agree. No former superstition has ever ingratiated itself more strongly into the human constitution, than the delusion that all children "must" have measles and mumps and eat a peck of dirt. The notion that your baby is destined to be tormented with one or more catching diseases sooner or later—usually sooner—is a snare and a delusion. It is such wicked platitudes that make for the strategems and spoils that fill hospitals and make patent medicines flourish like green bay trees.

Actually and as a matter of experimental fact, there is no more stupid and dangerous dictum than that which holds a child as inevitably doomed to battle with measles, scarletina, diphtheria, mumps and whooping cough. Nothing is farther from the truth.

A child need have these maladies no more certainly than he or she need have yellow fever, hydrophobia, smallpox or lockjaw. All infectious and contagious ailments are preventable, whether they be the eruptive skin troubles of childhood, the throat and lung affections of adolescence or the various inoculated infections of middle life.

Possibly among the best methods of preventing the ever prevalent maladies of infancy is a periodic and thorough overhauling of the child's body. A physical examination made by a competent medical graduate, thorough care and attention given to the mouth and teeth, dissection of large or shaggy tonsils and those spongy tissues called adenoids which grow above the roof of the palate and behind the nose, an abundance of sleep, fresh air and discreet isolation when the child has a cold or sore throat, these rules and a sane doctor mean protection from the microbes that cause contagious diseases.

Perhaps no more serious delinquency upon the part of a doting mother can occur than the failure to brush an infant's teeth daily from the moment the first ones emerge through the gums. Just as in neglected tonsils and swollen adenoids, bacteria and pus make a hasty berth between the crevices of separated or decayed teeth; no more flourishing focus of trouble exists than these nuclei of growing germs.

Equally true is it that a slight snuffle, a discomforting cry, a sick stomach, a listless wakefulness or a slight cough—all erroneously and superstitiously blamed upon the "goat"—teething—are nature's red flags of warning that the child should be isolated and seen by an observant, painstaking doctor.

Many of these signs, neglected or lightly dismissed as evidence of teething—there is no such evidence—lead on to pneumonia, diphtheria, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, infantile paralysis, measles and other frequently maiming or fatal affections.

Be not of that complacent band of grandmothers, neighbors and friends, who, ever ready with economical advice, nonchalantly suggest with the wave of the hand and a fatalistic assurance that the baby has only "a little cold," "a sick stomach," "a touch of malaria," "a sign of teething," or is "a little under the weather." Beware of the gentry that scoff at "sending for your doctor for every little thing," when you can give it "sulphur and molasses," "camomile tea," "sassafras herbs," or "Mrs. Dope's Soothing Syrup." From all such well-meaning relatives flee as you would shun the wrath of an avenging angel.

Without assurance but calmly, put your infant to bed in a warm but well-aired bed—I say warm because you may have plenty of fresh air that is warmed, even in February and March, do not annoy the child, wait patiently for your doctor even as long as ten hours—for it is better to do nothing than to do something wrong—and keep everybody away from the little patient.

Correct food is always superior to an abundance of a harmful diet, and a medicine chest that contains a hot water

bag, oseptic cotton, castor oil, vaseline, camphor ice and boracic acid, is better far than all the spices of the Indians. Be not afraid to refrain from acting hastily in the case of your child's troubles, and by all means resist the blandishments of gratuitous, even though friendly advice as you would the temptations of Satan. Under the guise of beloved and well-meaning suggestion, lurks unluckily the virulent poison that lays low many a loved one. For the evil result of a good intention is never recognized, and the erroneously given home remedy is forever perpetuated.

Resounding down the corridors of time comes all sorts of incorrect yet friendly advice. The mistakes are eternally perpetuated and like all flying scandals are never overtaken by the truth. Not a day goes by but what some patient tells me that her mother or mother-in-law or gossip neighbor has persuaded her to give the baby a "sugar tit" an ivory teething ring, a "worm mixture" for adenoids, a flannel belly band for summer complaint, bacon and cucumber seeds for injuries, a dirty rubber nipple for bad behavior, paregoric for a calendar of hygienic crimes and ipecac for croup.

The fact is that a legion of others besides the writer have been shouting out like medieval watchmen night and day up hill and down dale for many years that such domestic doctoring is not only useless but highly reprehensible, and the shouting falls upon inattentive and unwilling ears.

Ephraim is wedded to idols and old women butter no parsnips. You may take away their hobskirts and poke bonnets, you may strip them of their inalienable habits of warp and woof, yea, take also their ancient religion and change it for a modern New England species; touch, however, but a hair of their fallacious but long perpetuated herb and home cures and you are taboo. Anathema upon your modern new-fangled fads of sterilized nipples, parboiled bottles and regulated systematically measured dilutions of milk and medicines. Faugh, out upon your upstart young doctors.

What can a poor, scientific doctor who has never buried his own babies, however much he may snoop around largely populated infants' hospitals, know about children, compared with an untrained, indulgent grandmother who has had her dozen—sick all the time?

Protection Against Flies

When, a few summers ago, some public-spirited citizens and health officials undertook to rid their neighborhoods of mosquitoes, they brought upon their heads not a little ridicule, as well as some well-argued objection as to the impossibility of exterminating this pest. But they went ahead, drained the marshes and oiled the stagnant pools, and now their neighbors, enjoying almost entire freedom from the scourge of former years, are ready to join in the good work.

This experience should encourage those who are urging a campaign of extermination against that much more dangerous foe to mankind, the common house fly, or "typhoid-fly," as the government entomologist suggests that it be called. This is not the "amoosin' little critter" that it seems to be, as we lazily watch it, on a warm summer day, playing tag with its fellows or tickling the nose or bald spot of our drowsy companion. It is a most active carrier of disease, not of typhoid fever only, but of summer diarrhoea of infants, tuberculosis, and many other infectious diseases. There is probably no other living creature that is responsible for one-half as many deaths as this once-thought innocent nuisance.

Much can be done, of course, by screens to keep the flies out of the house, and by fly-paper and formalin solutions to kill them after they have got in; but here, as elsewhere, prevention is far better than cure. Flies breed always in filth; in this part of the world largely in horse manure, but also in garbage and the excrement of man and other animals. They may breed in other less filthy material when the place of their choice is inaccessible, but then comparatively few of the eggs hatch out, and still fewer of the maggots develop into flies.

The best preventive measure is to keep the stables scrupulously clean and the manure in a tightly closed pit. When this is not possible, the manure should

Classified Page for the People's Wants

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be removed every week, since it takes the flies ten days to develop. When this is done, the material so removed should be treated with chloride of lime or a solution of Paris green, or should be spaded into the ground, else the flies will hatch out just the same in the new locality.

All garbage cans should be tightly covered, and vaults and cesspools treated regularly with coperas or chloride of lime. With these precautions observed by every one, any neighborhood can be practically freed from the plague of flies.

Fever

The normal temperature of the human body is about ninety-eight and six-tenths degrees, a temperature which the internal forces of the body are able to maintain at a constant figure almost entirely without regard to the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. Any elevation of the body temperature above ninety-eight and six-tenths degrees, or ninety-nine degrees, is called fever, and is an indication of something wrong. So also is a fall of the temperature below the normal point; but this is a rarer condition than fever, and is due usually to special causes which it is not necessary to consider here.

Since fever is the most evident symptom of a number of different diseases, and the one that gives character, as it were, to many acute infectious diseases, it has come to be synonymous with disease itself, and it is common to speak of some one being sick of a fever. But fever is so far from being the disease that it is often the curative and life-saving condition.

Many infections, such as pneumonia and typhoid fever, would be more often fatal if it were not for the high body temperature that characterizes them. In pneumonia, for example, it has been noted that the higher the temperature—under certain limits, of course—the more favorable is the course of the disease. It is, therefore, not a wise thing to give remedies to reduce fever, unless the elevation of temperature has continued a very long time or is so high—over one hundred and four degrees—as to threaten in itself the normal performance of the vital functions.

Sometimes, of course, the fever may get out of control, and from being inimical only to the germs of the disease, actually endanger the life of the patient. In such case treatment to reduce the temperature is called for.

This is best done by means of cool water in the form of a tub bath. The patient should be put into a bath at eighty degrees or ninety degrees, the water being then gradually reduced to about seventy degrees; or he may be wrapped in a sheet wet with cold water, or sponged with cold water.

This cool-water treatment should always be supplemented by the freest possible use of fresh air, even in very cold weather. The old-fashioned belief that a person with a fever is going to "take cold" easily has no foundation whatever.

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A Little Flutter in Stocks

By W. R. Gilbert

FATE has treated me scurvily from the outset. There is a strong vein of romance in me—an inheritance my people tell me from a certain French songstress of great beauty—that prompted me to hope I might be a great leader of men. Instead of that, circumstances which have nothing to do with the story—or Felicity, whom it chiefly concerns, have made me a tame and not always successful stock broker.

Now its most ardent admirers cannot maintain that the profession of stock-broking has much sentiment about it, yet Felicity persists in thinking that to be always dealing in bulls, bears, and stags, is a most thrilling occupation, not altogether devoid of danger. That's the way she put it. I told her it was pretty wearisome work as a rule, but she had held to her own opinion—that's Felicity.

One murky day in November she came to my office. I was not very busy, though, for the sake of appearances, I always tried to give the impression that I was.

"May I come in?" she asked, after she had stormed the citadel of my outer office.

"Do," I said with enthusiasm, "and sit right down, I shall be at your service in a minute or two."

I drew a series of hieroglyphics on a blank sheet of paper, opened several drawers, and searched for nothing in them, finally put away my pen and looked at Felicity.

"Well, how's the world treating you?" I asked, with little doubt as to what her answer would be so radiant was her aspect, so thoroughly prosperous did she look in her winter garb of purple cloth and soft dark furs. With such a setting her face, with its gray eyes and laughing lips of the most vivid red, was enchanting; so was the smile that showed a gleam of pearly teeth.

"A-bom-in-ably!" said Felicity with a vicious emphasis on every syllable.

"Impossible! What's wrong?"

"Everything! I shall kick over the traces! I must do something or I shall go roaring mad!"

"Hello! That's two bad! You sound pretty desperate. What's the matter Felicity? You may as well get it off your chest and I'm a safe confidant."

"I'm tired of my life—tired of the place I live in, of the people I have to meet and be civil to—tired of everything!"

Her tone was violent, she looked at me with a sort of masked fury in her pretty eyes.

"Look here, take your time and explain things!" I begged. "What's made you suddenly tired of everything? You've as good a time as anyone else, and a good deal better than most. You've enough to live on and that should spell happiness. You're young and pretty and —"

"Oh, I know, I know!" said Miss Stanton impatiently—"those arguments are as stale as everything else, my dear Dick! They have been dinned into my ears for months by Aunt Maria and Aunt Charlotte, by the vicar's wife, and everyone to whom I have spoken ten words. I did hope you might have something more helpful to say!"

"But what do you want to do?" I asked.

"I want to live, not to vegetate! I want something more than the humdrum monotonous life which has been my lot and portion for the last twenty-five years."

"And how do you propose to get what you want? Will travel meet the case?"

"No! If you knew what travel meant, when taken in conjunction with Aunt Maria or Aunt Charlotte—or, both—you'd know that it would be no change at all. No! I want to make money Dick."

I stared at her. Many people want to make money, I do, myself. But Felicity had \$5,000 a year of her own.

"You can do it for me Dick," Felicity went on; and her voice would have melted an anchorite.

"But look here, Felicity! I don't approve of women speculating."

Felicity's eyes had a curious glint in them as she looked at me. I felt that my protest was feeble.

"I don't want to do it, Dick, I want you to do it for me. Won't you?"

"I—I don't like the idea. Supposing you lost your money—what then?"

"Then I should go and earn my own

living. I think it would be just fun!" said Felicity with a pensive air.

"Fun! Strange idea women have of fun!"

"But Dick, people do make money on the stock exchange now, don't they?"

"Sometimes," I admitted, "but generally outsiders lose it."

"Well even that would be an excitement!" said Felicity. "And a man I met once told me, that there was nothing more inspiring than to wake up, and not know how you were going to get your breakfast—to have a few thousands to-day, and nothing to-morrow."

"Queer sort of inspiration!" I said. "I don't fancy it myself, nor would you, if you really knew what it was to be poor."

From The Hon. T. C. Norris

PREMIER OF MANITOBA



IN this Fiftieth Anniversary of Confederation Canadians can afford a moment of time from the petty distractions of work-a-day life and the larger problems of co-operation in the one great task of winning the war. They can give thought to the memory of those great men, the Fathers of Canada, whose faith enabled them to see through a mountain of obstacles to the fair and fruitful plain of a nationhood of provinces. We can look to-day with fair perspective on the work of the men of fifty years ago and we must say "It was good."

Not even the farthest flight of vision or hope of any one of the Fathers of Confederation in 1864, or in 1867, approximated the actuality of Canada to-day. Should we, in 1917, amid the doubts and trials of participation in the greatest war of all time, attempt to set measure to what the future has in store for our Dominion? If in fifty years we have but scratched the surface of our natural heritage, and who can claim that we have done more, who is there among us to bound our future? How can we look to that future with anything but the most boundless confidence? But we must not only look. To use a Western expression, "it is up to us." Let us show that we are worthy. If at this time we see ourselves beset with national problems, let us think for a moment of the problems which confronted the Fathers of Confederation. There is a faith which can move mountains. Such a faith in Canada should be in us all.

This is not a time for boastful pride in the achievements of a young nation within the greatest Empire which has been. Rather is it a time for hard-headed honest stocktaking of the measure to which we have lived up to our opportunities, and for fresh vows of our intentions for the future which lies before us like a golden plain if we but keep the right path. For a marking of that path, I doubt if I can do better than to quote from the Empire Day message of the Earl of Meath:

"To cherish patriotism, to regard the rights of other nations, to learn citizenship, to follow duty, to consider duties before rights, to acquire knowledge, to think broadly, to practise discipline, to subdue self, to work for others, to consider the poor and suffering."

"Do you know that Dick?"

Did I know it?

"Look here my dear girl! You didn't come here to gloat over my misfortunes, I suppose, did you? I've always been poor, and I always shall be to the end of the chapter. But—you want to make money. How much?"

"Oh, a pile!"

"H'm! what for?"

"Oh, I don't know, just for excitement. I want what you call a 'flutter'!"

"I see, well—"

"But look here I got this yesterday in the mail. What do you think of it Dick?"

She opened the mauve, suede bag which hung at her wrist, and producing a touting circular. I knew the sort of thing at a glance. It said in such ingenious language, "you send me \$100 and in a week's time I will send you \$500."

"Throw it in the fire," I said curtly.

"But why? It sounds so delightfully simple and easy. You just send a certain amount of money and —"

"Never see it again! They're bucket shops, my dear girl. Avoid them as you would the plague!"

"They make money!"

"Exactly, and take mighty good care not to part with it."

"It must be quite profitable to keep what you call a bucket shop," said Felicity.

I stared at her aghast.

"My good girl, don't tell me, you'd like to start one!" I said. "Do you imagine for a moment that —"

"Oh no, but I thought if you had one," said Felicity sweetly, "you also might make a fortune."

"Out of other people's misfortunes? Thanks! If you've only come here to insult me, Felicity —"

"Goose, I was only teasing you! But I must make money, and if you won't help me, I shall get someone else to do it."

Well, Felicity wanted a little flutter—she must have it!

I fluttered in oil on Felicity's behalf with some success turning her thousand into five thousand, and sending it to her with a brief note. Then gripe seized me, and for weeks I lay in bed, knowing nothing of what passed around me, and creeping back to convalescence with a strange reluctance.

What strange dreams had haunted me during those weeks of illness—dreams in which Felicity had always moved beside me, in which I lived in the past, when Felicity and I were boy and girl playing at love, before that barrier of gold rose between us. I suppose I rambled in my delirium, but that did not account for the odd delusion that still lingered with me—a delusion strangely sweet. I thought Felicity sometimes sat beside me and gave me cooling drinks, and touched my aching head with a soft hand. Only a dream of course! What else could it be?

Then came a day when I went down stairs to my quiet sitting room—I hugged the fire all day, sunk in an apathy of wretchedness peculiar to influenza and the getting-well stage. Luck was against me, everything was going wrong. I looked round the room, which had a modest comfort of its own, shown by the dancing firelight. Beside a new magazine, and the daily paper on a little table at my elbow there stood a bowl of violets. A tiny slip of paper lay beside them. I read the words written in a dear familiar hand: "To wish Dick a quick recovery—from Felicity."

Bless her heart! She wished me well. But who and what was I that she should waste even that much on me. A miserable failure—a struggling stock broker. She was expected by her people to make what is called a "brilliant match"—but who was worthy of her?

"May I come in?" said a cheerful voice at the door. I started out of my melancholy thoughts. Bernard, the bank manager, a good fellow and one of my best friends, stood on the threshold.

"Do! You're just the person to cheer a fellow up. Sit down—it's jolly kind of you to drop in Bernard. I'm not fit for much yet, but it's as good as a tonic to see a friend. What's the news with you?"

"Rather good! It concerns you, old chap! I thought I'd drop in and tell you myself, instead of sending you the mere formal notice. I congratulate you on your fortune."

I stared at him.

"My fortune! What are you driving at? Things were never at a lower ebb with me, than at the present moment. You ought to know that!"

Bernard laughed. It was a jolly, cheery sound in my quiet room.

"If you call it being at low ebb to have eighty thousand dollars now lying to your credit with us," he said, "you're pretty hard to please, my boy."

"Eighty thousand dollars!"

"Yes!"

"You're mad!"

"Not a bit of it!"

"Then you've been had. It's not meant for me!"

"Pardon me, it was paid into your account the day before yesterday by Laws and Blythe, solicitors."

"But why? From whom?" I stammered hoarsely, amazed at this turn of fortune's wheel.

"I can't tell you. And I don't fancy Laws and Blythe will either. It was from an anonymous donor they said, and no questions are to be asked. Someone has taken a fancy to you old chap. Congratulations!"

"Thanks," I said a bit shakily. "It's a bit of a shock—I feel almost stunned."

"Well good fortune, never did anyone any harm," said Bernard breezily, "and if this doesn't do you more good than all the tonics I'll eat my hat! Good-bye."

Eight thousand dollars! But from whom did it come? Could it be old cousin Jane, the eccentric member of the family, reputed to be a rich miser. But why this sudden generosity?

Tonics? I wanted no more of them! I felt a new man—now the golden barrier no longer stood between me and my heart's desire. I could without reproach, ask Felicity to —

"May I come in Dick?"

She was in the doorway, her purple frock and soft dark furs enhancing her fair sweetness. She brought with her into the room the fragrance of violets.

"Aunt Maria is calling at a house

Manitoba Legislation of Special Interest to Farmers

The following brief references to some of the newer Provincial Acts now in force in Manitoba, are intended to indicate only in the broadest way the general lines on which recent important legislation (especially affecting the farmers) is framed.

The intention of this article is not to offer information in detail, but to stimulate enquiry for the Acts themselves, which may be had from the offices respectively indicated.

Legislation of 1917

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES ACT (New)

During the year 1917 an entirely new Act respecting Agricultural Societies was passed. This Act provides definitely for the encouragement of many lines of agricultural enterprise not previously indicated as among the work of the Agricultural Societies.

The following activities are now definitely indicated as the work of these Societies:—(a) Holding exhibitions; (b) Seed grain fairs; (c) Standing crop competitions; (d) Good farming competitions; (e) Horticultural shows; (f) Live or dressed poultry shows; (g) Plowing matches; (h) Summer fallow competitions; (i) Importing or owning pure-bred live stock; (j) Providing for the circulation of literature relating to any of the objects mentioned in this section; (k) Offering prizes for essays relating to agriculture; (l) Taking approved action to eradicate animal, insect and weed pests; (m) Co-operating with other organizations already in existence in promoting the progress of any branch of agriculture; (n) Importing and otherwise procuring seeds and plants of new and approved specimens; (o) Carrying on experiments which have for their object improvement in methods of agriculture; (p) Holding meetings for the delivery of lectures and discussion of subjects connected with agriculture.

Provision is made that legislative grants shall be paid on several bases, these relating to the membership of the Society, the number of its activities, the amount of money actually paid out in prizes, the number of pure-bred male animals kept for breeding purposes, the expenditure of money for agricultural periodicals, the expenses of speakers.

THE CATTLE BRAND ACT (Amended in 1917)

The Cattle Brand Act provides for the registration in this Department of cattle brands and for exclusive use of these brands by the persons so registering them. Severe penalties are provided for the misuse of brands.

During the last session of the Legislature amendments were passed for the purpose of automatically cancelling the ownership of brands after they have outrun a certain period of time; but provision is made whereby ownership of brand may be renewed by the owners. Also, if a brand lapses through lack of renewal by the owner, the same brand shall not be allotted to anyone else within a period of five years.

MANITOBA FARM LOANS ACT (New)

This is a new Act the purpose of which is to provide money for farmers on long-term land mortgage loans at the lowest rate of interest. In order to carry out that purpose, the Act incorporates an Association to be known as The Manitoba Farm Loans Association, which has all the powers and can do and perform all such acts and things as bodies corporate can usually do and perform.

The administration and management is delegated to a Board of five members, presided over by the Commissioner, who is the chief executive officer of the Association.

The Board of Management is appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council and is composed of representatives of agricultural, municipal and business interests, and passes on all applications for loans.

Loans will be made to persons residing or intending to reside on farm lands, and money so loaned shall be used for the purpose stated in application for said loan, and must be utilized to pay off prior encumbrances, to make improvements, or for productive purposes.

The security for such loans must be a first mortgage on the land; any encumbrances have to be removed from title out of the amount loaned. The mortgage will be for a term of thirty years, but may be paid off at any annual payment date, at or after the end of five years from date of such mortgage.

The amount loaned will not be more than fifty per cent. of the appraised value of the land together with the buildings thereon, and the value of the land will be based on the earning ability or productive value for purposes of agriculture only.

FIRES PREVENTION ACT (New)

This is an extensive Act, of which not even the principal provisions can be summarized here. It provides for the protection of hay stacks; and regulates the kindling of fires and permitting them to run.

Provision is made for the appointment of fire guardians, who are authorized to call upon other men to help in extinguishing fires. The dropping of burning matches, ashes of a pipe, lighted cigar or cigarette, or any other burning substance are subject to specified regulations.

Certain parts of the province, indicated as "wooded districts" are subject to special regulations.

GAME PROTECTION ACT (Amended in 1917)

This Act with the 1917 amendments contains a great many provisions. A few of the leading ones are in the direction of altogether prohibiting the hunting of elk or wapiti; imposing new regulations as to big game; prohibiting the shooting of prairie chicken, partridge or grouse of any kind; prohibiting spring shooting of wild geese; prohibiting entirely, until 1927, the shooting of several birds of the pigeon, crane, duck, swan, snipe, and other families; further protection of muskrats; licensing of fur traders, and imposing the necessity of securing a permit to export or ship live animals protected by this Act.

INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS ACT (Amended in 1917)

This new Act prohibits attempts to catch, wound or destroy any of the insectivorous birds known as bobolinks, catbirds, chickadees, cuckoos, flickers, flycatchers, grosbeaks, hummingbirds, kinglets, martins, meadow-larks, night-hawks or bull bats, nut-hatches, orioles, robins, shrikes, swallows, wax-wings, whip-poor-wills, woodpeckers, wrens or any other perching birds which feed chiefly on insects; also any of the migratory non-game birds known as auks, auklets, bitterns, fulmars, gannets, grebes, guillemots, gulls, herons, jaegers, loons, murrelets, petrels, puffins, shearwaters and terns, or any other non-game bird, whether resident or migratory, except as in this Act provided.

Also the destruction of nests and the taking of eggs are prohibited.

Regulations are imposed as to exporting privileges. One section of the Act states that eagles, falcons, goshawks, sharp-shinned hawks, duck-hawks, pigeon hawks, coopers or chicken hawks, crows, ravens, blackbirds, rusty grackle, purple grackle, and English sparrows are not among the birds protected by this Act.

HAIL INSURANCE POLICY ACT (New)

This is an Act to regulate hail insurance companies. It provides for prompt acceptance or rejection (on same day as received) of any application for hail insurance, and also prompt advice as to acceptance or rejection being sent to the applicant.

Other provisions govern the limitation of liability of the companies; proof of loss; conditions in policies and other matters.

NOXIOUS WEEDS ACT (Amended in 1917)

A few minor alterations were made in this Act. An added section permits any city, town or village council to extend the operation of the Act within said municipality by including in the list of noxious weeds the name of any weed not enumerated in the Act but considered noxious to the well being of the municipality.

RURAL CREDITS ACT (New)

This Act provides for the organization by Manitoba farmers of Rural Credit Societies, through which the individual shareholders of such societies may be enabled to secure short term loans for carrying on or extending their farming operations. Such loans will be secured on the security of the crop for the production of which the loan is secured, or the live stock, or the machinery bought with the money thus borrowed. The money will be

secured from the bank at 6 per cent. and the borrower will be charged 7 per cent., the difference going to pay expenses of the society and augment the guarantee fund.

The Act provides specifically that short term loans secured for members for paying the cost of farming operations of all kinds and increasing the production of farm products shall be for any of the following purposes:

- (1) The purchase of seed, feed or other supplies;
- (2) The purchase of implements and machinery;
- (3) The purchase of cows, horses, sheep, pigs and other animals;
- (4) The payment of the cost of carrying on any farming, ranching, dairying or other like operations;
- (5) The payment of the cost of preparing land for cultivation.

It is also provided that the Rural Credit Society may act as agent for the members in purchasing supplies and selling products, and may also take steps to promote co-operation for the improvement of conditions of farm life, and to extend the application of the society's activities to all residents of the district.

Any further information required will be sent on application to The Acting Supervisor, Rural Credit Societies, Parliament Buildings, Winnipeg.

SHEEP PROTECTION ACT (New)

This is a new Act intended to protect sheep owners against loss caused by dogs worrying sheep.

It provides that any dog may be killed by anyone if seen pursuing or wounding sheep; also the owner or occupant of a farm or his servant or member of his family may kill any dog without lawful permission on the farm, if barking at and terrifying sheep.

A certain amount of liberty is given to kill dogs straying at night over farms where sheep are kept. Unless, however, there is reason to believe such dog is likely to worry sheep, it may not be so killed if it belongs to the occupant of adjoining property, or if it is muzzled or accompanied by or within reasonable call of some person having it in charge.

On complaint that any person is the owner of a dog which within six months previous has worried or destroyed any sheep, a police magistrate may summon such dog owner, examine evidence, and, in case of conviction, order the owner to kill the dog.

The Act further provides that where the owner of sheep killed or injured is unable, after securing conviction before the police magistrate, to collect the amount ordered to be paid, the municipality shall pay two-thirds of the amount. Also, provision is made whereby the municipality may be called upon to pay part of the loss in case the ownership of the dog or dogs cannot be ascertained.

THRESHERS' LIEN ACT (Amended in 1917)

This Act, which provides for the protection of the men on threshing gangs by enabling them to file liens for wages with the farmer or person for whom threshing has been done, was amended at the last session to make the right to lien include fuel used by the threshing outfit while same is engaged during the threshing season on the farmer's premises.

WOLF BOUNTY ACT (Amended in 1917)

The Wolf Bounty Act, which provides for the payment of a bounty of \$5.00 for each timber wolf and \$2.00 for each prairie wolf, or coyote, killed in the Province, was amended to make this bounty applicable to animals killed in the unorganized territory of the Province south of the 53rd parallel of north latitude.

The person killing animals is required to produce the head or pelt with the ears on before a commissioner for taking affidavits, or a justice of the peace, or a police magistrate, within the Province, and, on making a statutory declaration or affirmation according to the Act, will receive a certificate on which the bounty will be paid by the Provincial Treasurer.

List of Acts and Amendments

Although many other Acts beside those enumerated below are of interest to farmers in their business relationships, the following short list has been prepared so as to enable Manitoba farmers easily to possess themselves of those Acts that are of most direct concern to them.

Agricultural Societies Act, 1917—Free from Department of Agriculture.

Animals Act—(Chapter 7)—King's Printer, Parliament Buildings. Price 10 cents.

Animals' Diseases Act—(Chapter 8)—King's Printer, Parliament Buildings. Price 10 cents.

Boundary Lines Act (re line fences)—(Chapter 19)—King's Printer, Parliament Buildings. Price 10 cents.

Cattle Brand Act—Free from Department of Agriculture.

Co-operative Associations Act, 1916—Free from Manitoba Department of Agriculture.

Crop Payments Act, 1916, with 1916 amendments—King's Printer, Parliament Buildings. Price 10 cents.

Dairy Act, 1916, with 1916 amendments—Free from Dairy Branch, Department of Agriculture.

Fires Prevention Act, 1917—Summarized in April, 1917, issue of Manitoba Public Service Bulletin. Free copy from Publicity Commissioner's Office, Parliament Buildings.

Foul Brood Among Bees Act, 1914—Free from Provincial Apiarist, Department of Agriculture.

Game Protection Act, with all amendments to date—Free from Game Branch, Department of Agriculture.

Grist Mills Act—(Chapter 81)—From King's Printer, Parliament Buildings. Price 10 cents.

Hail Insurance Policy Act, 1917—April 7 Supplement to Manitoba Gazette. From King's Printer's Office, Parliament Buildings. Price 25 cents.

Home Economics Societies Act, 1916—From King's Printer, Parliament Buildings. Price 10 cents.

Horse Breeders' Act—Free from Department of Agriculture.

Insectivorous Birds Act—Free from Game Branch, Department of Agriculture.

Manitoba Farm Loans Act, 1917—Summarized in April issue of Manitoba Public Service Bulletin. Free from Publicity Commissioner's Office, Parliament Buildings.

Master and Servants Act—(Chapter 124)—King's Printer, Parliament Buildings. Price 10 cents.

Noxious Weeds Act, amended to date—Free copy from Weeds Commission, Department of Agriculture.

Rural Credits Act—Free summary from Acting Supervisor, Rural Credit Societies, Parliament Buildings.

Settlers' Animal Purchase Act, 1916—Free from Manitoba Department of Agriculture.

Sheep Protection Act—Free from Department of Agriculture.

Threshers' Lien Act—(Chapter 197)—With amendments of 1914 but not of 1917—From office of King's Printer. Price 10 cents. Also 1917 amendments, in April 7 issue of Manitoba Gazette—From King's Printer, Parliament Buildings. Price of Gazette, 25 cents.

Wolf Bounty Act—(Chapter 95), 1915—with amendments of 1916 but not of 1917—From King's Printer, Parliament Buildings. Price 10 cents. Also April 7 issue of Manitoba Gazette, with 1917 amendments—From King's Printer, Parliament Buildings. Price of Gazette 25 cents.

Manitoba Department of Agriculture

Winnipeg, Manitoba

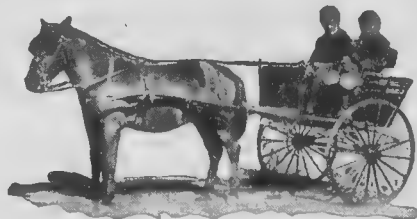
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farther down the street. She has given me—with many qualms, I dare say—twenty minutes to sit with you Dick. I'm glad to see you looking better."

"You're an angel of goodness! Sit down and tell me all your news first, and then I'll tell mine. You will have some tea with me?"

"I'd love to."

"Will you pour it out?"

"Yes, if you'll have hot toast soaked with butter."

I laughed as I rang the bell. We both loved hot buttered toast.

So one part of my vain dream had come true already! Felicity sat in the shabby old arm chair, opposite me. I thought she looked a little pale and said so.

"Oh, I'm all right! Besides I shall be leaving here next week."

"Going away?" I said blankly, "where to, Felicity?"

Her eyes were fixed on her muff.

"To Yorkshire!"

"On a visit?"

"No."

A terrifying thought sealed my lips for a moment. She was going to be married! And she had come to tell me.

"I—I hope you'll be very—very happy, Felicity."

"I hope so! I shall do my best! And I always liked the work."

"The work?" I echoed.

She looked up then, and our eyes met.

"Yes, secretarial work, you know. You always told me I wrote such a good hand;

rich—I was poor! But now the tables are turned. An extraordinary bit of luck has come my way. I don't know how or why, but I've come into eighty thousand dollars. Now—now Felicity, my darling, I can ask you to be my wife! Is there any chance for me? I do love you so much! Try to care a little."

"I needn't do that, because I've always loved you, too—you dear, stupid blind blundering—"

She was in my arms—I cut short her adjectives in a manner most satisfactory and effective.

"As if you couldn't have told me all about it before and saved me months and months of worry!" she said presently.

The toast and tea were steaming on the table unheeded.

"And been dubbed a fortune hunter by Aunt Maria and Aunt Charlotte!"

"What matter? I should have known that—that—"

"That what?"

Felicity blushed and laughed.

"That you weren't!"

"Bless you, everyone is not so intelligent as you are! But darling, will you marry me next month?"

"Yes!"

"And Felicity, you'll promise me that never again will you flutter at a bucket shop?"

"Yes I can safely promise you that; but I might flutter at something else! I believe I've a talent for it really. Why even Mr. Blithe—"



A duel of wits

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and I've learned typing and shorthand, and I suppose you would call me intelligent, wouldn't you Dick?"

"Would you mind—I'm awfully stupid, you know, and my head is still weak—would you mind telling what it is you are going to do? I don't understand!"

"I'm going to take a place as secretary to the wife of some swell. It's a good post. She will give me \$500 a year and keep me of course. And they're charming people!"

I gazed at her helplessly.

"But why? What whim is this?"

"It's no whim. I've got to do something Dick, I can't beg!"

"Beg!" I cried, "you're raving!"

"I'm not. My—my money is gone. I must do something for a living!"

"Your money is gone? Where is it?" Felicity sat looking at her muff, silent. Then I thought I understood.

"Good Heavens!" I muttered, "You've been fluttering with a vengeance! I suppose you disregarded my advice, and dealt with one of those bucket shops!"

"I—I had a flutter," she admitted.

"And with this result?"

She nodded.

"And you have nothing left?" I could not keep a note of joy out of my shaking voice.

"Only what you made for me Dick! I wouldn't part with that. But one can't live on \$200 a year at least I can't!"

Two hundred a year! Why it was not enough for her hats. The golden barrier had faded out of sight, thank goodness.

I leaned forward and took both her little hands out of her muff.

"Felicity," I said huskily, "don't go away! Stay with me instead! I want you so much!"

"You want me?" The voice was very low. "Really and truly?"

"I've always wanted you!" I cried. "Always, but I couldn't tell you till now."

"Why?"

"Why? Can you ask that? Wasn't there a barrier between us? You were

She stopped short a lovely flush spreading over her face.

Blithe! A blinding light flashed over me. Blithe! The anonymous donor—eighty thousand dollars paid into my account by Messrs. Laws and Blithe!

"Felicity," I said hoarsely, "what do you know about Mr. Blithe?"

She raised her head and looked at me fearlessly, a smile dancing in her eyes.

"What do I know? Oh, a great deal! He is a charming man, and has the dearest little girl imaginable—like a fairy!"

"He has the honor to be your solicitor?"

"How did you know that? Of course he has!" she laughed.

I was agast.

"He has done business for you lately?"

"Oh yes! He often has to, you know." I took her by the shoulders.

"Felicity, it was you who paid in that eighty thousand dollars to my account! It was you who made me rich! It was you—Oh, how dared you do it?"

"Because," she wrenched herself free from me—"you were such a coward, you wouldn't speak! It was the only way out Dick. I cared so much. I knew you cared—but your silly pride, your absurd ideas about golden barriers, stood between us and kept you silent. Now what are you going to do about it? What's yours is mine—what's mine is yours. Dick, don't spoil it, don't be angry."

Well what could I do? There was only one thing to do—and I did it.

Speedy

Inquirer (at South Station)—"Where does this train go?"

Brakeman—"This train goes to New York in ten minutes."

Inquirer—"Goodness! That's going some!"

Young People

How Cedric Became a Knight

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Cedric who lived with his father and mother, in a little white house on the side of the road. In the yard with its white fence around it Cedric used to feed the chickens, cut wood for his mother and help her in every way he could. Not very far from Cedric's house, and up on a high hill, was a great big beautiful castle where lived five good brave knights. Cedric used to love to see the knights come galloping down the hill and through the large gate that was almost by his gate, then past him, on up the road, with their banners flying, and the sun shining so bright on their beautiful coats and hats and shields of steel. After they passed, he would gallop around on his stick horse, playing that he was a knight, and wishing that some day he really could be one. Then he would have a bright shining armor like theirs, and he would ride away on a beautiful horse to war, and to help people who were weak or poor.

One hot summer day, Cedric was lying on the grass in his yard looking up at the trees and sky, when he heard horses galloping and he knew that the knights were coming down the hill. He jumped up to see them. Oh! how beautiful and big and brave they looked, Cedric thought, as he watched them come

Every day he tried hard, and was good; and every day he waited to see the knights come home again. They were staying such a long time, Cedric thought; all summer they had been gone. Suddenly he heard a low rumble, as of horses coming very slowly. He got up and looked down the road. There came the knights, back from the war. Their horses were so tired, and the knights were so tired that they did not gallop fast as they had the last time Cedric saw them. Just as they passed him, one knight stopped his horse and asked Cedric to get him a drink. Quickly Cedric ran into the house, and was back again in a minute with a cup of nice cold water for the knight, who drank as if he was very thirsty. When he finished, he said, "Thank you!" And Cedric said: "You are welcome. I am glad I could do it for you."

"Why!" said the knight: "You are polite enough to be a knight."

"Oh!" thought Cedric; "that is the second time a knight has said that to me!" And oh! how happy he was, and how hard he tried to be kind, and to tell the truth, and to always do what was right.

One day, not so very long after that, Cedric's father came in looking very serious. While they were eating dinner, he said to Cedric's mother:

"I saw the head knight, Sir Rollin,



Keeping Guard

nearer and nearer. Just as they were almost to him, he happened to look out in the road, and there, lying sound asleep in the middle of the road, was his little kitten. Quickly as that, Cedric ran out, and caught up his kitty just as the knights came galloping almost on him. One of the knights stopped his horse, and looking down at Cedric, what do you think he said? He said, "Why little boy, you are almost brave enough to be a knight!" Then he rode away.

"Oh!" thought Cedric. "Just think what that knight said to me! 'Almost brave enough to be a knight!' Oh, I wonder if I ever could be one! I know that they are kind and don't tell stories, and help people! Oh, I'm going to try to be one."

All that day he was so happy he hardly knew what to do; and when he went to bed at night, he whispered in his mother's ear what the knight had said to him.

"Do you think I can ever be one?" he asked her.

"I am sure you can be just like one," she told him, "if you try."

When his mother had left him, he looked out of the window at the beautiful moon and stars, and whispered to them; "Stars, and Moon, did you hear what the knight said to me? Do you think I can be one?" And the moon and stars twinkled and shone as if to say, "Yes!"

So Cedric tried very hard to do everything that he thought a knight would do. When mother asked him to run and get something for her, he ran as quickly as he could; when she asked him if he had done a thing, he would always say "Yes," if he had, for he knew that a knight would never tell an untruth; if he saw something that he wanted badly but that was not his, do you think he took it? No, indeed, for he knew that a knight would never take what did not belong to him.

to-day, and he wants our Cedric to come and live at the castle, to do things for the knights. Do you think we can let him go?"

Oh! how Cedric's heart was beating, and how he listened to hear his mother's answer.

"Well!" she said, "I hate to let my little boy go away from me, for he helps me so much and is so good that I do not see how I can get along without him, but if Sir Rollin wants him to come and be a page, I guess we will have to let him go."

I tell you, Cedric was a pretty happy little boy when he went to bed that night, and dreamed of being a page. In the morning right after breakfast, his father told him to say "Good-bye" to his mother and took him by the hand up to the castle. Cedric had never been through the great gates before, nor up the long road to the castle. When they got there, Sir Rollin met them in a great big room with stone walls. Cedric thought that if he could ever be as brave and true and kind as Sir Rollin looked that he would be, oh, so happy. Then his father told him good-bye, and left Cedric all alone up at the castle with the knights and other pages, who showed him the hard things he would have to do, and how to do them.

When he went to bed that night, away up in a little room at the top of the castle, Cedric looked around for his bed. He didn't see any, but over in one corner was some straw, with a sheep's skin thrown over it. Cedric knew that was his bed, so he lay down on it. It was not soft and white like his little bed at home, and he wanted his dear mother to kiss him good-night. He was so lonely that he wanted to cry, but he thought: "A knight would not cry!" So he turned over and went to sleep.

The next day, and every other day, he worked so hard, learning to run errands very quickly for the knights, learning to



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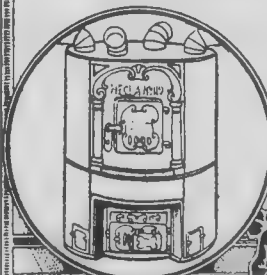
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throw spears very straight, learning to go the minute someone spoke to him, and many other hard things. He never touched anything that did not belong to him, and always told the truth.

One day, after he had gotten to be quite a large boy, Sir Rollin called him and said:

"Cedric, I want you to take my horse and my armor, and ride with this letter to the king. He must have it by to-morrow morning."

My! how happy Cedric was sitting on Sir Rollin's own beautiful horse, with his helmet and shield and spears. All day he rode, and just as it was beginning to get dark he came to a black wood. He stopped his horse and looked into the dark, for he knew that in that wood lived a great wild boar that had been eating people and horses and cows. Cedric did not want to go in there all by himself. Suddenly he said: "A knight would not be afraid; come-up!" and into the black went Cedric and his horse. When they had been going for some time, suddenly the horse stopped; and there in front of him, what did Cedric see but two great big eyes shining right at him out of the dark. Oh! he was so frightened, for he knew that it was the boar. He reached for a spear, and just as the boar started to jump, Cedric threw the spear and the boar fell over dead.

All night long he went through the woods and in the morning came out again on to a nice road. Soon he came to a crowd of boys who were throwing stones and making fun of something. When he got close he saw that they were teasing a little old man, and would not let him walk. Quickly Cedric jumped down from his horse and said:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves!" Then he asked the old man where he was going.

"I was trying to get to the next vill-

age," said the old man, "but these boys stopped me."

"I am going that way," said Cedric; "You get on my horse."

So he walked along beside the old man until they came to the village. Cedric was very hungry. He wanted to get some breakfast, but he had lost so much time walking with the old man that he did not have time to stop. Sir Rollin had said that the letter must get to the king that morning and so Cedric made his horse go very fast. The king lived a long way off. Just as he was going along a road by a river, he happened to see, lying by the river-bank, a fish that had jumped out of the water.

"Poor little fish!" thought Cedric, "I wish I had time to put you back in the water, but I am late. I don't believe a knight would let you lie there and die, though." So he turned his horse around and went back and put the little fish in the water. It swam off and wiggled its tail as if to say, "Thank you."

When he got to the king's castle and gave the note to the king, the king said:

"Cedric, this letter says that you are a good page and that you are to stay here at my house and learn to be a knight."

How very happy Cedric was, and how hard he worked to do everything the king told him to do, and everything that he knew he ought to do. Finally he grew to be a big man.

Then one day the king called Cedric to him where he was sitting on his throne.

"Cedric," he said, "you have been so brave, and so kind and so true, that you have learned to be a knight. Kneel down!"

Cedric knelt in front of the king, who, with his sword, touched Cedric on the shoulder and said:

"Rise, Sir Cedric!"

The Fairy's Visit

A Story for Children

"I wish I could see a fairy," said little Christine, as she sat at the window looking out at the red glow of the setting sun. The afternoon had been long to Chrissie; the boys would not let her play with them; and they had all been cross together and now Chrissie had come to her favorite seat inside the window curtain.

"Well! here I am, what do you think of me?" Chrissie turned quickly round, and there she saw such a sweet little fairy. She did not speak, but put her finger in her mouth and stared, so the fairy went on:

"I am a fairy princess, I have a whole string of names, but the one I like little people to call me by, is Love."

"I think that is a very pretty name," said Chrissie, suddenly finding her voice. "Have you come to play with me?"

"Oh, dear no!" said Love. "I am far too busy, but my brothers might come if you ask them."

"Have you some brothers?" asked Chrissie eagerly. "So have I, but they are horrid, at least—" seeing the fairy look grave, "they were horrid this afternoon."

"Well, my brothers are the nicest in the world," said Love. "They are fat, and soft, and jolly, I am sure you would like them. They are two dear little Teddy Bears, and their names are Bear and Forbear. They are not quite so busy as I am, and they love to come and play with you earth children."



Summer Joys

"Oh, do, do ask them to come," Chrissie cried eagerly.

"I can't. You must invite them yourself, and they will come at once, but they will only stay just as long as you really wish them to stay; and now I'm off so good-bye," and the fairy shook her wings. Chrissie noticed them for the first time, for they had been folded before.

"Oh, please wait a minute, dear Love," she cried, "I want to look at your wings how pretty they are!"

"They are very useful," remarked the fairy. "This one is called help," touching her right wing with her tiny finger, and that one is sympathy, but one is no good without the other. Sometimes I have tried to go with one and give the other a rest, but it is no use, I only fly a few yards and then down I come. Some day I will come and see you again, and tell you more about my relations, cousins, and all you know, but I must hurry now, there are so many little children whose daddies and mothers have no money to buy them anything, and it puts quite a lot of work on my wings. Good-bye again my dear. Don't forget to ask the Bears."

"But wait dear fairy!" pleaded Chrissie, "How must I ask them?"

"Shut your eyes tight, and wish, and wish for the Bears. They are sure to come."

She was gone. Chrissie was all alone again. She yawned and stretched herself, and getting up walked slowly to the nursery.

"Hello, Crosspatch," said one of the boys, looking up.

Chrissie did not answer at first. Her head was full of the Brother Bears. "Boys" she said at last, "I've something so nice to tell you."

It did not take long to tell, and in a

few minutes six little eyes were tight shut, and three big, strong wishes were speeding over the fairy telephone wires right to the two Bears. Then the six eyes opened, and, standing bowing before the children were two huge Teddy Bears. They had their arms linked together, and each wore a silver collar, on one was engraved "Bear," on the other "Forbear."

"Good evening," said the Brother Bears. "We have come to play with you," and before they knew where they were, the three children were dancing round in a ring with Bear and Forbear, until they were all out of breath and stopped to stare at their strange visitors.

The next moment the bears pricked up their ears and began growling, "What's the matter?" asked Geof, the bigger of the two boys.

"Matter enough" growled Bear. "What made you invite that little beggar to meet us?" and he waved a furry paw in the direction of the door.

"Who? What?" cried the three children together.

"Oh I expect I shall have to lend you my glasses," said the Bear. "You earth children have such poor eyesight." He pulled out of his pocket three tiny telescopes, and told the children to look through them in the direction he was pointing. To their surprise, crouching in the corner they saw the most horrid looking imp. He had a black face and a body made of looking glass. But it was not the nice sort of looking glass that you look in when mother has just made you ready for a party, but what Chrissie afterwards described as a "squeezey crinkly" looking glass which made even the nicest things look ugly and misshapen.

"Do you know him?" asked Chrissie feeling somewhat frightened.

"Oh yes" replied Bear. "His name is Discontent, and he has two brothers, Fret and Frown. He is one of our enemies, and a most disagreeable little fellow. I wouldn't let him in here again, if I were you. We can bring you some much nicer playfellows if you will let us." He opened the door as he spoke and the imp slunk out.

After that they all spent such a happy evening. Geof seemed to forget that he did not like his little brother Jack to wind his clockwork engine, and Chrissie allowed one of her best dolls to ride in the cars. There was no pushing and quarrelling, and the Bears played beautifully and were not a bit rough.

When bedtime came, the Bears promised to come again to-morrow, and kissing their hands to the children, disappeared as suddenly as they had arrived.

How the Russian Peasant Ciphers

Five-sixths of the people in Russia are peasants, of whom some sixty per cent. are illiterate and the rest are very poor scholars. In certain districts the multiplication table is unknown beyond "twice times," although the people can add correctly. Yet they are able to perform multiplication sums of a rather difficult sort. Tit-Bits explains at length the method that they use.

Suppose they wish to find the product of fifty-seven and eighty-nine. One of these numbers, it does not matter which, is taken as a multiplicand and the other as a dividend, although, of course, they are quite ignorant of these learned terms. Let us take fifty-seven as the dividend. The peasant divides it by two, as often as possible, ignoring remainders. The other number he multiplies by two as often as he divides the first; and he sets the results down in two columns, thus:

57	89
28	178
14	356
7	712
3	1424
1	2848

He then strikes out those lines in which an even figure ends the dividend number,—the figures marked by an asterisk in the illustration above,—and adds what is left in the multiplicand column. In this case the result is 5073. The method is infallible, depending as it does upon an important mathematical principle. The mystery is how the peasants got hold of the idea, for to the average person it would seem less remarkable to have the ability to learn the multiplication table than to find out this obscure and elaborate method.

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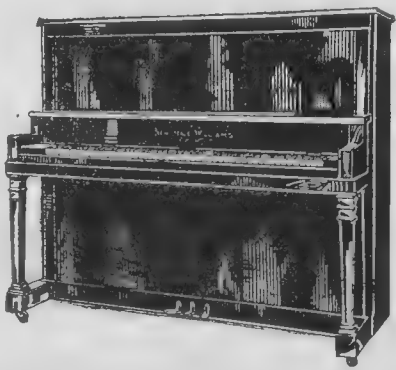
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TOWN



The Contented Windmill

By Anna Crawford

The tourist autos come and go.
In still, green waters far below
The slow canal-boats to and fro
Are passing under me.
I wave my painted arms on high,
To scare the great storks, flapping by,
To greet my neighbors standing nigh,
Waving huge arms to me—
A little windmill, working hard,
Beside the Zuyder Zee.

The little boats are bright and clean,
The autos smell of gasoline,
The stork is but a moment seen,
But always you see me.
The little fishing-boats come home
With sunset sails across the foam,
The bonny bird-boats love to roam—
But I should rather be
A little windmill working hard,
Beside the Zuyder Zee.

The little maids wear wooden shoes;
The cattle wander as they choose;
The long-haired artists sit and muse—
They all look up at me.
Our gentle queen passed by to-day.
The people cheered, the band was gay.
"God keep our queen!" I heard them say.
And, oh, she looked at me,
The humble friend who serves her well,
Beside the Zuyder Zee.

How Crocodiles are Captured in Florida

The crocodile differs from his cousin, the alligator, in that the lower maxillary, or jaw bone, moves in the "gator," whereas it is the crocodile's upper jaw that is movable. The crocodile, moreover, has two sharp teeth that protrude from the lower jaw through the upper and movable one; his nose is sharper, his teeth are longer, his scales softer and not so thick, and his body is slender and active. His eyesight and hearing are both good, and he can scent an enemy if the wind favors for at least a half mile. He can dive and swim like a fish, and on land he can run at a good pace. He is cruel and cunning, and it is not easy to capture him. But the cunning of man has found a way to catch him alive; it is the method used in Florida, and contrived, it is said, by Warren Frazee, locally called "Alligator Joe."

The crocodile lives in a den or cave close by a lake or pond; close by the den he builds a mound of grass and mud, and inside the mound the female deposits about sixty eggs, which she carefully covers and leaves for the sun to incubate, although she mounts guard to keep away such enemies as raccoons, opossums, and snakes. When the eggs have hatched, the young take to the water at once. During the first six weeks they are carefully guarded by the mother, and during that period she is a dangerous creature to deal with.

"Alligator Joe's" crocodile-catching outfit consists of some boards eight feet long and a foot wide, three or four two-by-four scantlings, a spade, a crowbar, and a block and tackle.

Having selected a den that the sign shows to be inhabited, he drives a number of boards into the mud so as to stop up the entrance and prevent the occupants from escaping. He then takes his crowbar and prods the ground, the dens are all built near the surface, and at times extend back for 150 feet,—finds the nearest approach of the den to some convenient tree, attaches his block and tackle to the tree, and then digs a hole—just large enough to pull his prize through. Next, he drops a slip noose of the rope from his tackle and arranges it so that when the crocodile runs along the den he will run his head into the noose.

Next, Joe takes his crowbar and jabs it down along the course of the den until he stirs up the crocodile, and a moment later the creature has his head hung in the noose, and is struggling frantically to escape. Joe pulls cautiously on his ropes until all is tight and secure, when he very carefully reaches down with a strong cord and ties the crocodile's jaws together. Then he slowly pulls on his block and tackle, and as he draws the fighting crocodile from below, puts one of the two-by-four scantlings alongside of him, and wraps a strong rope round and round him all the way to the end of his tail. With his legs bound close to his body and the scantling holding him stiff and rigid, the crocodile is dragged down to Joe's flat-boat, and shipped to some circus or museum.

Larry's Diploma

Supper was over in the Sullivan household, but Larry, the father, remained at the table, while his wife and Katie, the oldest girl, washed the dishes at the kitchen sink. It would soon be time to go to his work, for he was a night watchman in a downtown building; but meanwhile he sat drumming absently on the table.

"And how do you fare at the grammar school these days, Katie?" he asked, at length.

Katie, bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked, like her father, returned his smile as she polished off a plate with a dexterous flirt of her towel.

"Better, father dear," she replied. "It has been weary work chasing along behind; but I'm gaining, and I'll sure graduate this year. It shall never be said of me that I left school without a diploma."

"They might say that same of me," said her father. "I'm wondering," he continued thoughtfully, "if it is too late to get one now. I've half a mind to try."

"What nonsense are you talking, Larry?" said Mrs. Sullivan. "Would you be going back to the grammar school?"

"I might take private lessons," said Larry.

"And who would be your teacher?"

"Who else but Miss Katie Sullivan? Isn't she smart enough to get a diploma for both of us?"

"It's only his joke, Katie; don't mind him," said the mother, as she packed her husband's midnight luncheon.

But the joke did not stop there. Two months afterward it was the topic of Mrs. Sullivan's talk with her neighbor, as they hung out their respective washings in adjoining yards.

"You'll laugh, Mrs. Malone, when I tell you that my man is studying for a grammar-school diploma. He's got our Katie to teach him, and it's her that's putting him through his paces. He has spare time at night when he isn't making his rounds, and it's then he studies the books she brings home. Then every morning, before he goes to bed, she puts out his spelling lesson, and marks his sums, and hears him recite, and explains, and scolds him for all the world like a real teacher. She does be saying that he picks up the learning fast."

"But how can Larry get a diploma? You may well ask that, Mrs. Malone. It's my belief he can't, though he does say if he goes to the committee and tells them boldly that he's ready to take the final examination that he missed when a boy, how can they have the face to refuse him? But it's fine practice for Katie. She was behind at school from being out so much, by reason of my children always taking any disease that comes near. But now she's near the head of her class, and barring ill luck, she'll easy win her diploma at the end of the year."

But with the goal almost in sight, fate again laid a detaining hand on Katie. There still remained one of childhood's diseases for the young Sullivans to take, and when the quarantine was once more lifted June was at hand.

"It run light with all but Katie," Mrs. Sullivan told her neighbor. "It has left the poor girl's eyes in that state that she can use them for scarce anything, except to cry with from disappointment. It has cheated her out of her diploma entirely. Did you ever hear of the like bad luck? To-day we are packing her off to my brother's farm in the country, and I hope the change will do her good."

No traveller returning from foreign parts ever received a warmer welcome than did Katie in that humble home.

"Your father can't be disturbed yet," said Mrs. Sullivan, "but I can tell you a bit of news. They have considered your case, and decided that you've earned your diploma; so you are to graduate with the rest. Here is the letter, and isn't the sight of it good for your weak eyes? But Larry will be telling you he's beaten you, for he's got his diploma already."

Katie's joy over her own good fortune was almost lost in her surprise at her father's success; but to all her inquiries her mother would only answer, "You must wait a bit. He'll be wanting to tell you the story himself."

Then Katie had her own long story of her visit to tell, but after a time she stole outdoors to look about her. She was back from broad fields, gay with buttercups and daisies, to a narrow, dusty street, and a bare little yard where flowers could never

be made to grow; but this was home and her heart was glad. An ice cart went lumbering by, and she waved her hand at the driver, who lived a few doors below. From down the street the letter carrier was approaching. Glancing in another direction, she caught sight of Policeman Burke just turning the corner. Very imposing he looked; no wonder Mary Burke was proud of him. "But my father is a far finer figure of a man," said Katie to herself, "and wouldn't I like to see him in a uniform once!"

Then she heard a quick step on the walk, and she turned to find her wish gratified. "I've a letter for one Katie Sullivan at this number," said a well-known voice. "Are you the party, miss?"

"Why, father!" cried Katie in amazement, as she threw her arms round his neck. "However did you get to be a letter carrier?"

"It was by means of my diploma," replied Larry with a grin. "That's the name I give to the paper that came from Washington, showing that I had passed

my civil-service examination. It is that I was working for all the while, Katie dear, and never would I have got it without your help. I'm a sub now, and only on this route while Mr. Towle has his vacation; but I'll be on regular soon."

"But why did you keep us so in the dark?" asked Katie reproachfully.

"For the reason that I wouldn't have you sorrowing if I failed. But now you must leave me go. It is strictly against orders to loiter, or needlessly converse with patrons on the route."

"And what is your letter?" asked Mrs. Sullivan, with a smile, as Katie, quite breathless with excitement, entered the house.

"Oh, I never thought to look!" said the girl, as she tore open the envelope. "Why, it's the dearest hair ribbon, and a card! And listen, now, to what it says: 'For Miss Katie Sullivan, from her grateful friend, Mr. Lawrence Sullivan. Hoping she will wear it at her graduation, and remember the giver when she receives her diploma.'"

LIGHTER DAY

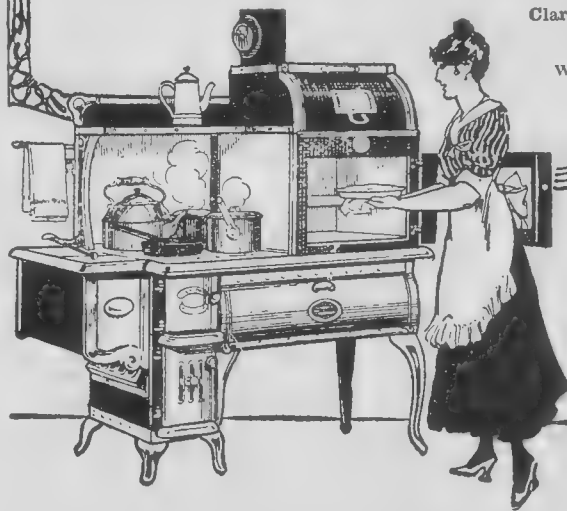
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The Red-Headed School Teacher

By G. L. Redmond

Mrs. Green was baking biscuits when a breathless perspiring boy catapulted into the kitchen and attacked the water pail. "Well Bud Green, what in the world have you been doing to get het up so?" "Playing baseball," he said, and buried his face in the dipper. "New teacher's coming to-day," he announced, between gulps. "Who told you?" "Chesty Williams. She's going to board at Williamses." "Is it a lady teacher they're getting?" "I guess so. It's a woman anyway. Miss Graham, her name is." With these words he disappeared through the open door as impetuously as he had come. Half an hour later he sat with Chesty

Williams on the edge of the station platform, chewing plug licorice and expectorating freely.

"I'm getting all worked up," admitted Bud.

"So'm I."

"I hope she ain't one of them there religious kind, like Miss Parker. 'Member Miss Parker that was here before old Baldy?"

"I guess I do. She was a corker—wasn't she? 'Member the time she asked you what you was going to do when you growed up, and you said 'Chaw tobacco', and she licked you for it?"

"Yes, and 'member the time she whaled you for calling old man Rollins an old geezer?"

"Yes, but she never made me cry."

"Her? She couldn't make anybody cry. She couldn't hurt a flea. Look at all the times she licked me, and I never cried."

Other boys began to arrive, among them Gumy Smith. Gumy (alias Montgomery) was a good little boy who wore glasses, and loved his teachers, and never wanted to stay home from school or Sunday school even when he was sick. He was regarded by the other boys as hardly human. Gumy carried a huge bouquet of roses, for the teacher. At sight of him the other boys broke out into shouts of derision:

"Look at the sissy."

"Look at the softy."

"Going to give a bokay to the teacher so she won't lick him."

Gumy rather welcomed these attentions. It was the way things happened in the Sunday school books, and it made him feel like a hero. He knew that retribution would some day overtake these boys, in the form of sickness, and then he would come and stand at their bedsides and speak gently to them, forgiving them for all the cruel wrongs they had done him; and they would feel awfully mean and small, and promise that if they ever got well again they would try to be good and kind and noble, like he was. So far retribution had hung fire, and he himself had corralled most of the sickness in the neighborhood, but his faith in the books remained strong and unshaken.

Little girls in stiffly starched dresses began to appear; young ladies with parasols strolled over to the station, and stood around in groups, discussing the important subject of dress; matronly persons with fans came and sat on benches in the shade of the station house; the adult male population could not be expected until the train was in the yard. Then they would come rushing over in their shirt-sleeves to stand around in breathless and expectant attitudes, as if awaiting the arrival of friends.

When the train pulled in, there was a taking of hands from pockets, a straightening of backs, a smoothing of dresses, a craning of necks that must have amused the newcomer, if she had seen it.

She descended the steps alone. At sight of her the crowd involuntarily gasped. Red hair! undeniably red; it was the outstanding feature of an otherwise uninteresting exterior. The face was that of a school girl, with pale blue eyes, and a chin that seemed undecided whether to advance or retreat.

Mr. Williams made himself known, and took charge of her luggage; the other members of the school board came forward to be introduced, but with no noticeable enthusiasm; and the general crowd dispersed feeling that in some underhand way Providence had taken advantage of them.

Bud and Chesty retired to a private place to smoke tea leaves and review the situation.

"There ain't nothing religious about her, I reckon," Bud said.

"No, but look at her hair. Ma says people with red hair always have fierce tempers. She must be a holy terror."

Bud nodded gloomily. His mercury had dropped several degrees since train time.

"Did you see Gumy give her the bokay?" he asked.

"Yes, and she took a holt of his hand and talked to him for quite a while. I bet he don't get a licking or anything all year. I wisht I'd thought of a bokay."

"So do I. That little rhinoceros always things of them things."

Bud was sent to bed early that night, as usual; and as usual he hung out of the bedroom window smoking a short clay pipe and looking at the stars. Everything seemed quiet and peaceful out of doors; the frogs were singing down in the creek; the soft night-wind fanned his face and carried away the smoke of the burning tea leaves; it would be a delightful world, he thought, if school had never been invented. After six weeks of glorious freedom, of daily visits to the old swimming hole, of baseball games against the Rockland nine, of wonderful adventures with Happy Rollins on the farm, where there was a lake with an island in it; after six weeks of real living, it was enough to break a boy's heart to go back to a poky old school-room to wrestle with fearful inconsistencies in the spelling of the English language and worry over the troubles of those perennial nuisances A, B, and C with their "certain piece of

work." Bud sighed as he knocked the ashes from the pipe and drew in his head. He wondered if it was the policy of the new teacher to administer punishment on the hands or on other parts of the person.

School opened on Tuesday morning. It was not at all the kind of morning when a person free to choose would have elected to stay indoors, and Bud on his way to school was tempted to turn aside to other pursuits. Only a mixture of curiosity and fear of consequences prevented his leaving the straight and narrow path.

However, he dawdled along, went for a ride with the drayman, and managed to be late for school. His entrance attracted little attention. Miss Graham was telling a story, and every eye was fastened on her with absorbing attention. Bud caught only the closing words of the story, but his curiosity was aroused. He heard the boys talking about it at recess, and drew near to listen.

"Wasn't that a peach of a story?"

"I bet it was. And maybe she don't know how to tell a story."

"And wasn't that great where the fellow just give his wrist a little twitch, like that, and the other fellow's rapier flew about fifty feet. I wisht I had a rapier."

"So do I."

Bud wondered what a rapier was, but he was too proud to ask. That night when he went home from school he asked his mother about it. She said: "I'm sure I don't know, child, what a rapier is. Who did you hear talking about it?"

"Happy Rollins."

"Then like enough it's a swear word. I wouldn't play with Happy if I was you."

"No, it ain't a swear word, because Miss Graham told about it in a story."

"And didn't she tell you what it was?"

This was thin ice.

"Why—she—no, not exactly."

"What did she say about it?"

Bud was losing interest in the rapier.

"Oh, she said lots of things. I guess I better get a pail of water, hadn't I?"

It was a long time since Bud had volunteered to get a pail of water, and Mrs. Green was puzzled. She was more puzzled next morning when he rose at an early hour, without being called and seemed anxious to get away to school in good time. She wondered if he had got religion again. Just the year before, a sweet-faced lady evangelist had come to town, and Bud, attracted by her sweet personality, and wishing to please her, had lived a painfully righteous life for two weeks, and then relapsed. Mrs. Green remembered what a relief it was when, at the end of the two weeks, Bud was caught running a tick-tack on the church windows on prayer-meeting night. She watched him now for symptoms of religion, but it seemed to her that he was too cheerful. This thought gave a new direction to her fears. She had heard that persons in the last stages of consumption often showed an unnatural cheerfulness. Bud did not look at all like a consumptive, but then you could never tell; sometimes the strongest looking people were really the weakest inside.

In the midst of these disquieting thoughts Mrs. Williams appeared at the back door; ostensibly to borrow a cupful of baking powder, but really to refresh her soul with a season of gossip.

"I can't think what ails Chesty," she said, "This morning he got up without a word from me, and went off to school as if he liked going to school."

Somehow Mrs. Green felt relieved.

"My Bud did the very same thing."

Mrs. Williams smiled knowingly.

"It looks to me," she said, "as if the new teacher has got the children witched. Do you know, I never was so mistaken in a person in my life. When I seen that red hair that day at the station, I says to myself, well God help them poor children; but mind you, she's got a way with children that you'd be surprised at. Our two twins thinks the world and all of her. She's always got to kiss them good-night or they can't go to sleep proper. The other night, just for fun, she says, no, I can't kiss any little boys good-night unless they let me spank them first; and mind you, them two youngsters turns around without a word and backs up to her for a spanking. You should have seen her grab them and hug them. She certainly does know how to handle children."

"And I will say this for her—I've boarded a good many lady teachers,

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down east I always used to board them, although there wasn't any money in it, and when T. asked me to board this one, I says, no, I ain't going to have no more lady teachers slopping around my house; but you know how it was, nobody else would take her, so I just had to—and I will say that, for a lady teacher, she is remarkably neat and tidy around the house."

There were late arrivals at school that morning, but Bud and Chesty were not among them. They had their reward. Miss Graham told a story far surpassing the one of the previous morning, and Bud learned what a rapier was. At recess there were ninety-six duels fought with improvised rapiers. Bud took part in twenty-three.

In school that afternoon he grew restless and unhappy. The fetters were beginning to chafe. Immediately in front of him was Gummy Smith, bending over his lessons in a way that left an appreciable opening between the collar of his jacket and the back of his neck. Bud glanced at the teacher; her back was turned. It seemed too good an opportunity to miss. By means of an old fountain pen filler he directed a stream of cold water down the opening in Gummy's jacket, and immediately acquired a burning interest in the map of Asia spread out on his desk upside down. Gummy reported the matter to the teacher, but received little comfort from that source. Miss Graham did not encourage tattling. This surprised Gummy. In Miss Parker's time he had won many favors by keeping that lady informed of the secret doings and saying of his companions; and besides, it was a thing much favored in the Sunday school books. Miss Graham seemed more displeased with Gummy himself than with Bud. She sent the latter into a corner to think over his misconduct, and then, becoming absorbed in a lesson, entirely forgot the little culprit. About recess time she chanced to look in that direction.

"Hello," she said, "What are you doing there?"

It was a meek little voice that answered: "Please, Miss Graham, I'm still thinking."

Bud felt that he owed Gummy something, and waited for an opportunity of getting even. It was not long in forthcoming. Shortly after recess, Gummy, having finished his lessons ahead of the other members of the class, was allowed to choose a book to read, from the school library. He chose a book about a good little boy, just such a good little boy as he was trying to be, who studied hard, and went to Sunday school, and was kind to animals and old ladies with bundles; and who never told lies, or went swimming on Sunday, or did anything to make life really enjoyable. With this prize under his arm he returned to his seat and dropped heavily into it, only to rise again immediately with a startled "Ouch!" and both hands reaching around behind. He brought to light a pin, ingeniously bent to lie on the seat with the point up, and held it up for the teacher's inspection. The tittering scholars watched Miss Graham expectantly.

"The person who played this trick will please remain after school."

She said this tranquilly and confidently, and Bud wondered if she knew who that person was. There were several others who might have done it. Happy Rollins was just across the aisle, and Gummy's own seat mate often played tricks on him. Still the fact of Gummy's having tattled on Bud would seem to point to him as the probable culprit. The uncertainty of it was disquieting. If he was only sure how much Miss Graham knew. Perhaps she had seen him do it. If not, why did she seem so confident? Either she knew who the guilty person was, or else—or else she trusted that person. This put a new face on matters. To betray a trust like that would be a mean thing to do. Bud wrestled mightily with the spirit. "By jinks!" he said to himself, at last, "I'll do it; I'll stay and take a licking. Richard the Lion Hearted would of done it."

The decision made, he grew cheerful again; but this cheerfulness departed with the going home of the other scholars at four o'clock. When he was alone with Miss Graham and she called him forward he tried to summon up a smile, but it froze on his lips.

She didn't whip him, she didn't even scold him. She talked to him in a way he had never been talked to before. The tears gathered in his eyes and trickled down his cheeks, and a lump the size of an

ordinary football came and settled in his throat. When he was properly melted down she took from a drawer in her desk a big rosy apple, and placed it in his hand. This restored him to equanimity. It was an apple that Gummy had given her earlier in the day.

Bud gave a detailed account of the interview to his intimate circle of companions, only taking the liberty of magnifying the apple by several diameters, and entirely omitting to mention the shedding of tears. Gummy, hearing of the apple episode, decided to take no more apples to the teacher. If she had read the Sunday school books she would have known that a teacher does not give away things that are given her by good little boys, but treasures them up in sweetly perfumed receptacles and, coming across them years afterward in the bottom of her trunk, drops a tear on them in memory of the good little boy who died so young.

There was in the village a boy of about Bud's age, who seldom came to school. His father was a lawyer and spent most of his time in the city; and his mother was a weak-willed person with social aspirations, who had very little control over her son. This boy's name was Joe Ransom. When he did come to school he generally made trouble. One day he came over to where the boys were playing baseball, and insinuated himself into the game. It was not long before he made a slighting allusion to "the red-headed school teacher."

Bud, hearing the remark, dropped his bat and advanced threateningly on the intruder.

"I'll have you understand her hair ain't red."

"Oh, it ain't, eh? Well what color is it?"

"It's auburn."

"It ain't, it's red."

"It's auburn."

"It's red."

A grimy little fist struck the speaker fair on the lips and stung him into furious action. The two boys clenched, struggled desperately a moment, and toppled heavily to the ground. The other players formed a ring about the two combatants and watched the struggle with interest. No one offered to take part on either side—it was against the boyish code—but sympathy was manifestly with Bud. The other boy had proven himself a bully more than once, and he was, if anything, a shade heavier than Bud. It was therefore with considerable satisfaction that they saw Bud come out on top, straddle his opponent, and begin to pound him unmercifully.

"What color is it now?" he yelled.

"Red."

The pounding redoubled.

"What color?"

"Red."

Bud pinned the enemy's arms down with his knees, twisted his head into an immovable position, and began to tickle his nose with a blade of grass. This was exquisite torture.

The other boy struggled desperately, but in vain, to free himself. A suffocating feeling of helplessness came over him. Still the maddening torture continued, and the relentless voice kept demanding:

"What color?"

"What color did you say?"

He couldn't stand it.

"What color?"

"Auburn."

Mother's Face

By Stoughton Cooley

Dear face, deep furrowed by the hand of time,

And long familiar with each passing care—

Dearer by far to me than those more fair,

That still abide in youth's seductive prime,

Or wax not old in some congenial clime—

Not all the charms of beauty famed and rare

With thy sweet, gentle features can compare,

Forever hallowed by a love sublime.

Thou first ideal of my infant eyes,

To be adored as I have older grown—

Revered and loved the more the better known—

May thy enraptured visage ever rise

To cheer me in the way where duty lies,

And be a solace when the years have flown.



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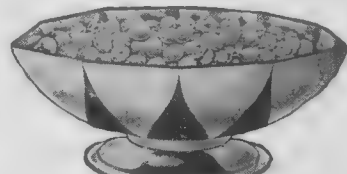
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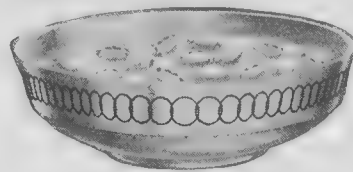
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They came in a prairie-schooner, drawn by oxen, and, although Mrs. Davis had not the same high spirit of adventure as her husband, yet she knew him too well to raise any protest.

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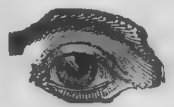
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At the time our story opens Mary is a ruddy-cheeked lass of twenty-five, and Lorne, their second child, born in an ox-cart, is twenty-four and his father's right-hand man. He takes after his father in his high-spirited, adventurous disposition and in his faculty for seeing the humorous side to every situation.

Mr. Davis had this Fall a serious difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of men for the Fall Round-up, the greatest annual event in the history of Bar Cross Ranch. To be compelled to accept men from the city, "tenderfeet," for this highly skilled work, nearly broke his heart.

Lorne's mirth was caused by the appearance of one of these hired men, a man ostensibly from the city, with patent leather shoes, the worse for wear, stylishly cut clothes, and a shirt whose front had once been glossy.

This man had been taken off the train at Stop-off Depot. It was getting late in the season and the round-up must start with the increase of the moon, with skilled men or unskilled, and Dad Davis for once was compelled to take what he could get.

The name of the newcomer, Lorne soon found out, was Jack Morton, and he was from Toronto. His countenance showed real pleasure at having, for the first time, an opportunity of seeing Western life and habits.

After supper the evening was spent in mending saddles, cinches, lariat ropes, and such like paraphernalia of a cowboy's trade, in preparation for the great ingathering of the horned family of the Bar-Cross Ranch.

In the morning, after a breakfast of flapjacks and maple-syrup, Jack was asked to bring in from the range a couple of ponies for his own use during the "drive." Jack started off on foot but the voice of Dad Davis recalled him:

"Say, Bud, whar you goin'?"

"For the ponies."

"Better take a cayuse, there's half a dozen in the barn doin' nothin'."

Jack went to the barn and saw, among others, Lorne's mare, already saddled, and, having obtained permission to use it "if he could," led it outside and prepared to mount. The mare, a high-strung, sensitive beast, full of life, and prancing with impatience, seemed to resent the stranger's hand upon the bit and his awkward way of mounting; so, before Jack's right foot was astride the saddle, the mare leaped ahead and Jack was clawing the dust.

He soon recovered, however, and, conscious of Mary's laughing eyes upon him, he declined Lorne's proffered help and succeeded in getting astride the now thoroughly scared pony, but, before he could settle himself in the saddle, the animal began to buck and rear in the most alarming fashion, so that Jack found himself hanging on with both arms around its neck, and expecting each moment to be flung to the ground. The mare, wearying of this kind of exercise, started off at a tremendous speed for the creek and, there changing its mind, turned and raced back to the barn and there brought up with such startling suddenness that Jack was deposited in shameful confusion on top of a manure pile.

More frightened than hurt, he picked himself up and, after listening good-naturedly to the bantering remarks of the crowd, once more, on an older and quieter horse, brought in the bunch, and, with the help of the cowboys, caught two for his own use.

The next day found them started on the round-up. Stiff and sore, Jack felt like remaining behind but, if he did that, he would miss the fun, which he had no intention of doing. To an Easterner there is something decidedly romantic in a Western cattle drive and for Jack the sense of adventure far outweighed any person discomfort he might feel.

The first night they stopped at the Lazy V ranch, and the six cowboys occupied the bunk-house together with the original inhabitants, who also purposed to "hit the trail" at sun-up.

Thus they travelled for six days, being joined here and there by other groups of cowboys on a like errand as themselves, to the summer feeding grounds. And then one day they began to split up into groups, each group, taking different directions, exploring coulees and clumps of brush for any stray cow that might have turned aside to give birth to a calf.

Jack had paired with Lorne and he soon took part in the search in true cowboy style, bringing many a jealous mother and many an unruly steer into the open country.

Then, one day, they reached a plateau overlooking a wide valley and here, grazing contentedly, was the largest herd of cattle Jack had ever set eyes on. This was the summer feeding-grounds, this valley between the Porcupine Hills and the Rockies which stretched half the length of the Province of Alberta, and Jack on that day and the days following had full opportunity to take in the beauties of the scene.

Here they met with the other cowboys and, after a few days waiting, they started on the homeward drive. The cattle moved slowly and care had to be taken that no opportunity was given to stampede. At night they would camp and the cattle were allowed to graze while two or three cowboys would keep watch, Jack taking his turn with the rest.

Two days out from Bar Cross Ranch was a river, or, more properly, a mountain torrent, which had been named The Bucking Tom River. Jack distinctly remembered the crossing on the way out and wondered how they were going to pilot the herd across. In fact, the cowboys themselves were none too sure of this river, and sundry doubts were expressed as to whether "they'd be able to make it," with the river swollen by more than ordinary rains. At one place the horses had to swim for a short distance and at this point special care would have to be taken to keep the herd from being carried away by the current.

And now, about three weeks from the time they had left it, they came again to the old Bucking Tom and there they were met by Dad Davis with a few more ranchers. Dad himself did not like the "looks of her" at this time and, with so many of his punchers "city guys," he was full of cautions and instructions.

Jack was to keep near Lorne, who took the lower and most dangerous side of the ford. The ford did not run at right angles to the river but diagonally across it, so that the lower end was nearly half a mile away.

At last, with much shouting and cracking of whips, the first batch of over two hundred were induced to enter the water and piloted safely across. Close on their heels followed another herd, led by an old bull that had made the crossing many times. Lorne, on his mare, stood by the edge of the deep water, with Jack close behind, cracking their whips whenever a young steer or heifer ventured too close to the danger zone. The older cattle, for the most part, were more easily controlled and seemed to know by instinct where to go.

One young steer got into difficulties in midstream and swept down the river before anyone could stop it, but, as the rest of the herd had no intention of following, it was left to its fate.

And now the last herd were beginning to cross and the ranchers were breathing more freely, but a young bull which had assumed leadership about half-way across seemed inclined to head downstream in spite of the efforts of Lorne and the others to prevent him. It is a dangerous policy to change leaders in midstream, as many of the herd found out to their cost that afternoon. The "leader" managed to get outside the ford into deep water where the river ran like a torrent; this started the others and there was a danger that the whole herd would follow suit and become victims of the foaming wrath of Bucking Tom.

Lorne shouted a word of warning to Jack to keep his place and on no account to move from shallow water and then headed his mare downstream in pursuit of the excited bull. His father shouted to him in warning but it was no use. The herd was in danger, and he could not let them drown without an effort to save them.

Swimming vigorously the mare reached the crazy leader and then something happened; Lorne tried to head the bull toward shore and in doing so turned so quickly that the mare was over-balanced by the swift current and for a full half-minute horse and rider disappeared below the surface.

Jack, who had watched the whole affair with feverish anxiety, could stand it no longer, and as horse and rider reappeared at different places on the surface, each struggling bravely for life, he headed his horse into the stream and urged it with

cruel spurring towards the spot. Within three minutes he was opposite the struggling horse, which he ignored, and a moment or so later he was within a few yards of Lorne who again disappeared, sucked under by the treacherous undertow.

Jack saw that their only hope now was in his own ability to swim and bear up the other's weight, for his horse had become panic-stricken and responded neither to bit nor whip; so, slipping from the saddle, he swam, with those powerful strokes he had learned at Toronto Beach, for the spot where Lorne was last seen and, as the drowning man once more broke the surface, he was gripped by a powerful hand and turned on his back whilst his head was kept above the surface by Jack's strong pressure from underneath. This was made more easy by the fact that Lorne was now unconscious and unable to resist or struggle.

And now ensued a spectacle such as the anxious watchers had never seen, a struggle between the angry torrent and the powerful swimmer. Nature seemed resentful of this defiance of her laws, and seemed glad of the chance to punish those who defied her. About a quarter of a mile away were the rapids and these seemed waiting with hungry jaws for the coming prey.

Could Jack with his burden make the bank before the rapids were reached? The roar of the falling water seemed to answer, "No," while the watchers prayed and hoped, "Yes." But it was a hopeless task. Had he been free he might have saved himself; his strength was failing and a groan of despair swept upward from the crowd, to be followed immediately afterward by a cry, "The rock! The rock! Make for the rock!"

A small rock, almost unseen amid the swirling waters, was now seen and Jack, whose strength had almost gone, revived and looked about him. Below, about ten yards to the right and land side of where he was, he saw the rock and, with fresh hope, swam toward it. He grasped, as only drowning men know how to grasp, a projection and, with his last remaining strength, flung his unconscious friend upon the rock and drew himself up after.

Ropes were soon brought and flung to the rock, while another was tied to willing helpers who formed a living link from deep water to the shore, and seized the exhausted Jack and the unconscious Lorne as they were dragged to the shore. There loving hands did all that was possible to revive any flickering spark of life in the rancher's son. For hours his life was despaired of, and Jack, too, had become insensible as he reached the bank. They were both carried to the nearest ranch-house and Mrs. Davis and Mary shortly arrived on the scene and constituted themselves nurses, and their loving care was soon rewarded by seeing both patients show returning signs of animation.

The next morning Jack awoke with the sunlight flooding the room and Mary bending over him; the look of mischief had gone from her eyes and in its place was a look of anxious solicitude. Jack never felt so happy as that same morning when he overheard Mary say to her brother, "Never mind, Lorne, if he cannot ride your mare he can ride the old Bucking Tom, which is more than we or anyone else around these parts can do."

Not Going to Take It

"You've overdone the matter of exercise, man," said the doctor, after Hamish had detailed his symptoms. "You must give yourself a day's quiet now and then and avoid exposure. How often do you play golf?"

"Every day but the Sabbath," said Hamish, rising.

"You must be more temperate at it," said the physician. "Twice a week in good weather is enough for you."

"Good day!" said Hamish, moving toward the door.

"You've not paid me for my advice," said the doctor, who knew his man.

"Nae, for I'm nae takkin' it," said Hamish, as he reached the door and made his escape.

We are indebted to Messrs. Glasgow, Brook & Co., Toronto, publishers of the "Chronicles of Canada" for permission to reproduce the painting by C. W. Jefferys on our front page cover. The illustration is that of Sir John A. Macdonald crossing the Rockies in 1886, in the first Canadian Pacific train.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

At the Chautauqua

It is good to be back in Canada again after a vacation on the other side of the line, for after all, there is no place like Canada. Interesting lectures, demonstrations, and entertainments are inspiring the people towards patriotic work. A great serious effort is directed to economy in living expenses. The Americans are an extravagant people, and farmers in the fertile sections of the country need to learn the necessity of saving for the cause of justice and honor as well as the city population.

One authority states that the Americans waste enough to feed Europe. Another says it would take four hundred thousand acres of wheat land to make up the loss sustained if only one slice of stale bread a day were thrown away in every American household. One lecturer, Mrs. Rohrer, urged every woman to cook potatoes with the skins on, as 46 per cent of the nourishment is lost when potatoes are cooked after peeling them (indeed, I think about 75 per cent is lost after some girls peel potatoes). She never serves potatoes cooked the same way during the week. The skins of the potatoes can be taken off quickly after they are cooked, and then can be served in many different ways.

Mrs. Rohrer, who for several years conducted the cooking department in the Ladies' Home Journal, is one of the women who is lecturing through the country in the interests of economy in food. It was a treat to hear her. When she stepped on the platform I thought she was a woman of forty-five, but during her lecture she referred to her son who is fighting in the trenches, and he is forty-seven.

When Mrs. Rohrer studied domestic science in London, she with others were sent to Scotland to find as many couples as they could who were over eighty years old. They were in Scotland only a few days when they found fifty. That was enough to convince them of the value of the food eaten by these people. Porridge and plain food create strength in body and mind. She very much deplored the use of sugar on porridge for children, as is used in this country. She furthermore stated that on this continent it takes two men to carry her trunk and they puff so she feels like helping them, while at her home in the East Indies one man carries it on his shoulder for miles. This difference in physical strength she attributed to the difference in food—emphasizing in this case the value of rice as a food. Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rohrer is one of the greatest authorities on Home Economics and the art of living, and her personality is convincing evidence that she practices what she preaches—"If you can't serve your country at the battle front you can serve her at the dinner table. Preach and live the gospel of the clean plate."

Dr. J. L. Gordon

It was a great privilege to attend this particular chautauqua, for besides Mrs. Rohrer, other speakers of wide experience furnished us with enough intellectual food to keep the mind busy for many months. It will be of interest to our readers to know that Dr. J. L. Gordon was the first speaker of the course. Dr. Gordon, who for several years wrote "The Young Man and His Problem" in The Western Home Monthly, is now pastor of First Congregational Church in Washington, D.C. During his lecture, however, one feels that he is from Canada, for practically all of his personal references were Canadian. His subject was "Success." His own personality is so rugged and powerful that to hear him is to receive new courage and new inspiration for the worth-while things of life. He appeals to all that is manly in men and boys, and in his lecture constantly emphasized the value of an aim in life that builds character.

"Gypsy Smith"

Another speaker who proudly referred to Canada as his present home, was Gypsy Smith. In a remarkable story, "From Gypsy Camp to Pulpit," Gypsy Smith told of his nomadic tribesmen. The atmosphere was charged with the spirit of the camp fires of his people, the love songs of the roaming caravans, and

the folk-lore of a people strange and weird, yet strong and affectionate. He told of his boyhood experiences in Wales, of his cowboy days in Mexico, of his cab-driving years in London; then a hush in the audience indicated profound reverence as he said he was a Barnardo boy rescued and brought to the light of christian civilization by the great Divine Power that his people were beginning to learn about. Yes, Gypsy Smith's lecture left an impression that it is worth while to save one boy's life even though he be found in an environment of poverty and distress.

Judge Ben Lindsey

Judge Ben Lindsey was one of the very best speakers—straight from the heart of boyhood and girlhood he came to appeal to the heart of manhood and womanhood. I had looked forward with eager interest to his lecture, for the work in Juvenile Courts touches a tender spot in my heart. Those young boys and girls who, in most cases, through economic want or poor home conditions, wander into bad company and reap bitter harvests, are starved for proper parental control and affection. Fortunate, indeed, are they if the judge is a man or woman who understands them. Winnipeg has for judge of the Juvenile Court a man of this type. He seems like a father to the boys and girls brought before him, and somehow when I listened to Judge Ben Lindsey, of Denver, as he told of his manner of judging delinquent boys and girls, I felt that here in Winnipeg our own judge of the Juvenile Court—Judge McKerchar, is very like Judge Lindsey in his methods and in his sympathy with delinquent boys and girls—for he, too, reveres the rights of childhood. Judge Lindsey summed up his lecture with this statement: "Love without justice is weak and sentimental, but there is no justice without love."

Katharine Ridgeway

If any girl feels she is too obscure to rise to the heights of a profession, let her study the life of Katherine Ridgeway, who struggled from obscurity, through adversity, to the pinnacle of her profession as a reader. She knows the human heart and knows just what chords to play upon to stir that heart to its divine depths. She makes one think the attainment of such award is worth while. There were other speakers, but I shall mention one more, and that one I have left until the last, because her lecture was of special interest to girls. It was really a heart to heart talk about girls, and I loved her for that talk.

Dr. Nan Sperry

Dr. Nan Sperry, of Missouri, is the champion of the working girl. She has gone into the factory, mill and shop as a worker. She knows the bitterness of the long day over piecework. She knows the dreariness of the lonely room in a boarding house. She knows the temptations of the girl in industry. Out of this experience she comes to the public with a message from the heart of girlhood.

As factory inspector of Kansas City and assistant labor commissioner of Missouri, she has accomplished such results that she is regarded as one of the vital moral forces of the southwest.

A strange coincidence to me happened in her lecture. A terrific wind made it impossible for her to speak in the tent, so the audience moved to the assembly room of the high school building. It was in this same room that I taught my last term of school. I had not been in the room since. Somehow that made me even more interested in Dr. Nan Sperry—call it sentiment if you will, but my mind went back to the high school girls in my classes as I sat that day listening to Mrs. Sperry urge us to interest ourselves in girls.

I know that in that very room, as a teacher, the inspiration of those high school girls filled my heart with love for all girls, and how that love has helped me through these years. Somehow I have a vision of the time when I shall experience the sunset of life. It will be full of beautiful life colors for the happy memories of the girls I love will make it glorious. I sometimes feel like asking the editor for a drawing at the top of our page. I would like a fireplace with two or three cozy chairs near it. Many Continued on Page 40.

July 2nd, 1917.

Dear Subscriber:--

Here we are in the good old summer-time, and to celebrate the fact we are submitting a varied and entirely new list of premiums--all of a seasonable nature. We have not room to give detailed description of each article, but guarantee every premium to be of high-grade manufacture.

- No. 1. Well gutted, strongly made TENNIS RACKET, 2 Subscriptions.
- No. 2. All Steel FISHING ROD, finest make, 3 Subscriptions.
- No. 3. Fine Pigskin FOOTBALL, 3 Subscriptions.
- No. 4. Eight-ball CROQUET SET, 5 Subscriptions.
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- No. 6. Pair ball-bearing ROLLER SKATES, 5 Subscriptions.
- No. 7. Serviceable and attractive HAMMOCK, 5 Subscriptions.
- No. 8. UNION JACK or CANADIAN ENSIGN, made of English wool bunting, 4 ft. 6 ins. long, 3 Subscriptions.
- No. 9. No. 2 folding cartridge PREMO CAMERA with single lens and Kodak ball-bearing shutter, 7 Subscriptions.

We believe that some of these premiums will interest you, and suggest that you start at once obtaining the few subscriptions necessary in order to earn these handsome presents. Trusting we may hear from you within course of the next few days,

Yours very truly,

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

Canada in Flanders

The Official Story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force

By SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P.

with an introduction by

Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., M.P., LL.D., Prime Minister of Canada and a preface by

Rt. Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., LL.D., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

This book should be read by all. In it will be found mention of innumerable brave fellows who a short time ago were mingling with us on the streets of our cities, towns and villages here in Canada.

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SPECIAL NOTE—This offer is good in Canada only

July, 1917. W.H.M.

The Philosopher

Canada's Second Half-Century

With this month Canada enters upon the second half-century of its existence as a Dominion. Our country's primacy among the self-governing nations of the Empire overseas from Great Britain is acknowledged by all the world. It is for us Canadians to maintain that primacy and to prove ourselves worthy of the high service done for the cause of self-governing freedom and for humanity by the brave Canadians who, in the front line of the fighters against the forces of despotic might, have won such glory for our country. The inspiration for the coming years finds its vitality in the unselfish, heroic service and unstinted sacrifice of Canada's sons in this war. The test of national greatness in the years to come will continue to be devoted, unflinching service.

Women and the Nation

The men and the women of all Canada should give serious heed to two recommendations set forth in the report of the Ontario Commission on Unemployment, with regard to the training of girls, and the effect of paid employments on the standing of the "home employments." The first of these recommendations is that "practical education be more fully provided for girls, and that their training include the study of food values, cooking, health, physical training, instruction in the use of money, thrift, home economics, the care of children, some instruction in the making of clothes." The second recommendation is that "since changes resulting from the development of many paid occupations are tending to interfere seriously with the position held by home-making employments, recognition should be given by the educational authorities and the state to home-making and the care of children as women's occupations which require training, skill and a high degree of efficiency." These recommendations touch on matters of primary vital importance to the nation. The war has brought women into many new lines of activity, in which they are rendering service that is invaluable. But the great employments of women, in comparison with which all others are insignificant are home-making and the care of children. The well-being of the nation needs now as never before better cared-for children.

The Heaven of Young Germany

The following rhapsody is translated from the issue for October, 1914, of "Young Germany," a magazine published in Berlin, with a wide circulation throughout Germany at that time:

"War is augustly beautiful. Its noble sublimity elevates the human heart beyond the earthly and the common. In the cloud palace above sit the heroes Frederick the Great and Blucher and all the men of action—the great Emperor, Moltke, Roon and Bismarck—who have known the joy of war.

"When here on earth a battle is won by German arms, and the faithful dead ascend to Heaven, a Potsdam lance-corporal will call the guard to the gate, and Old Fritz, springing from his golden throne, will give the command to present arms. That is the Heaven of Young Germany."

And, no doubt, when the droppers of bombs on schools and hospitals, and the torpedoers of the Lusitania and the many other ships on which innocent, helpless passengers, including many women and children, were murdered, arrive at the gate of that very peculiar "Heaven," Old Fritz jumps from his golden throne and goose-steps to the gate and swings it open himself, to welcome them in. But isn't that the place which Dante described as the Inferno? And how the great Italian poet, in his vision of the after-world, would have pictured the poison gas, the liquid fire and all the other scientific features of the Inferno of Kultur!

Scripture for His Purpose

"The Devil," we read in Shakespeare, "can cite Scripture for his purpose. That line is brought to mind when we read such a passage as this from a German book entitled "War Devotions," by Rev. Dr. Preuss, of Berlin: "God has chosen the German people, and that can never be altered, for is it not written in Romans, xi, 29, 'For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance'! Verily the Bible is our book. It was given by God and assigned by Him to us, and we read it in the original text of our destiny, which proclaims to mankind salvation or disaster, according as we will it." From another German book, "War Sermons", by Pastor Heinrich Francke, of Hamburg, consider this: "Who can venture to deny that Germany is the representative of the highest morality, of the purest humanity, of the truest Christianity? He, therefore, who fights for Germany fights for the highest blessing to mankind and for human progress. The defeat of Germany and the decline of German ideals would mean a falling

back to the worst barbarism. Our greatness rests upon our righteousness; as it is said in Proverbs, xiv, 34, 'Righteousness exalteth a nation'." Another German theologian and preacher, Pastor Vogel, of Koenigsberg, after denouncing the "Pharisaism of the English," explains that "we Germans are called to be the chosen people of God, and this calling proceeds not alone from our deserving but also from the sheer grace of God, and so we can maintain it without any Pharisaism whatever, for our greatness is, in the words of Romans, xiii, 1, 'ordained of God.'"

Typically British Work

There died during the past month the only white man bearing the title of Rajah, namely Sir Charles Brooke. He was in his eighty-eighth year. He succeeded to the rank and title of Rajah of Sarawak, a British protectorate on the coast of Borneo, on the death of his uncle, Sir James Brooke, who went to Sarawak in 1840 and by his powers of courage, leadership, patient constructiveness and devotion to the true welfare and progress of the people there he became their ruler. He conducted campaigns against the "head hunters" and checked their attacks upon the more peaceful tribes, whose gratitude and affection he won. Half a century later his nephew, Sir Charles Brooke, resigned a commission in the British Army and went to Borneo to aid his uncle. Their work of building up order and safety in Sarawak was no easy task. Chinese pirates on sea and ferocious savages on land gave them plenty to do. They formed an army and a navy. At one time the chief city of Sarawak was invaded, and had to be recaptured by hard fighting. Sarawak, which is of the size of England and Wales combined, is now peaceful and prosperous. No tyranny has checked the native development. The achievement of the two Englishmen who have borne the title of Rajah Brooke is of the kind for which the name of Britain will ever be honored in every land where the progress of civilization is counted a blessing.

Characteristically German

In the cable news at the time of the enforced abdication of the slippery, treacherous Constantine, brother-in-law of the Kaiser, from the throne of Greece, there was one paragraph which really ought to be carved on the monument which civilization ought some day to build on the grave of Kultur—a monument of warning to future generations. That notable paragraph in the cable news stated that a leading Berlin journal, the Vossische Zeitung, said: "Every person who has a heart and a conscience, who has any moral sense, who has any perception between right and wrong, must view with virtuous indignation and righteous resentment this high-handed, outrageous oppression of a small, but valient nation." This did not refer to Belgium, or to Serbia, or Roumania, or to any territory which has suffered Hun outrages and devastation. It referred to Greece. It deserves a place in that book in which William Archer, the English scholar has collected many hundreds of "Gems of German Thought," including spoken utterances of German public men, professors and preachers, as well as passages from German books and German Journals.

Foodstuffs Turned into Drink

The official figures showing the amount of grain used in Canada in the manufacture of whisky alone (leaving out of account the manufacture of other alcoholic beverages and of alcohol for other than beverage purposes) for the Dominion fiscal year that ended on March 31st last furnished food for thought. During those twelve months the three distilleries in Canada engaged in making whisky (all the others being engaged in manufacturing spirits used for munition purposes and for other uses having nothing to do with the making of beverages) consumed 88,000,000 pounds of foodstuffs. And, moreover—and this is to be specially noted—the total production of whisky in Canada was greater than that of the preceding twelve months; there were 4,000,000 more pounds of foodstuffs used in making whisky in Canada in the year that ended March 31st last than in the year that ended March 31st, 1916. So much for whisky made in Canada. For the manufacture of all alcoholic liquors about 250,000,000 pounds of grain were used in Canada during the last fiscal year. This is one of the matters which the conditions created by the war have forced upon the attention of every thinking person. So rapidly has public opinion been shaping itself in regard to this that it is not at all unlikely that by the time these words are in print action will have been taken in accordance with that public opinion, which is constantly increasing in volume and strength.

High Heels, Health and the War

A remarkable chain of arguments is set forth by Representative Kirby, a member of the Legislature of the State of Illinois, in support of the bill he has introduced in that body for the prohibition of heels of more than one inch and three-eighths in height on women's shoes. He points to the fact that many men are rejected as unsuitable for the United States Army on account of flat feet. Their mothers, he argues, wore high-heeled footwear; their grandmothers, he argues further, wore high-heeled footwear. Continuing in the high tide of his argument, he proclaims that generation after generation of women wearing high-heeled footwear have caused hereditary flatness of the feet in many families. Therefore, he concludes, with a triumphant air, high heels should be prohibited by law. "Down with high heels," appears to be the gentleman's slogan. But it does not appear that his way of arguing is making much of an impression on the minds of his fellow-legislators. Far be it from The Philosopher to stand forth as the champion of high heels and an advocate of their prohibition by law. That is hardly the way to deal with such a matter. If high heels are injurious to health as their condemners assert, and it may very well be that they are, the public health authorities should see to it that information in that regard is disseminated. Meanwhile let us make note of an ingenious argument in reply to Mr. Kirby put forward (it is to be feared not in entire seriousness) by another member of the Illinois Legislature. For ages and ages, argued this latter gentleman, horses' hoofs have been trimmed, and nails have been driven into them, but has anybody ever heard of a colt being born with his hoofs trimmed, and the nail holes ready for the blacksmith?



Formation of the Dominion of Canada, 1st July, 1867

Statesmen who Inaugurated the Union of the British Provinces in North America

W. A. Henry	E. Palmer	J. A. Shea	J. C. Chapais	Sir John A. Macdonald	T. H. Haviland	P. Mitchell	R. B. Dickie	W. H. Pope	A. A. McDonald	J. M. Johnston
W. H. Steeves	C. Fisher	T. Coles	F. B. T. Carter	Hon. A. G. Archibald	Sir Geo. E. Cartier	Hon. A. T. Galt	J. H. Gray	Hon. Wm. McDougall	J. McCully	
			E. B. Chandler		Sir E. P. Tache	J. Cockburn				
E. Whelan	J. H. Gray	Sir S. L. Tilley	A. Campbell	Hon. Hector Langevin	Hon. George Brown	Hon. O. Mowatt	T. D'Arcy McGee			
						Sir Chas. Tupper				

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150 ft., 8 in. x 5-ply	62.00
150 ft., 8 in. x 6-ply	74.50

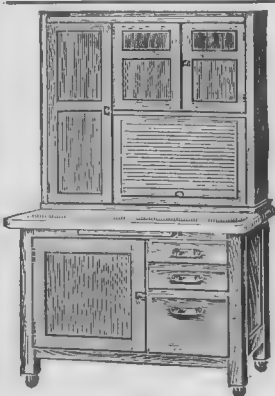
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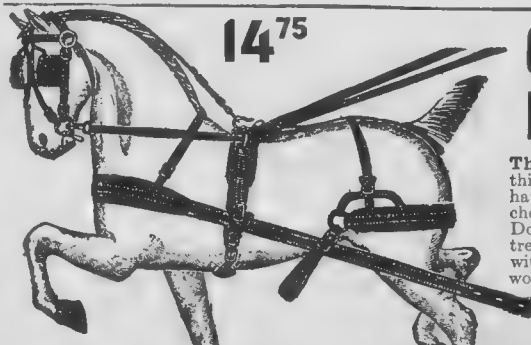
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No. 1765 Auto Seat
Top Buggy, com-
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Shafts ...

Twin Tulip style of full auto seat, large and roomy, with Broncho leather cushion seat and back. Top
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Full iron-clad double reach gear throughout, with full circle fifth wheel, three and four-leaf springs. Straight
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offered by others at 100% more. **21⁰⁰**
Seat will hold two people.
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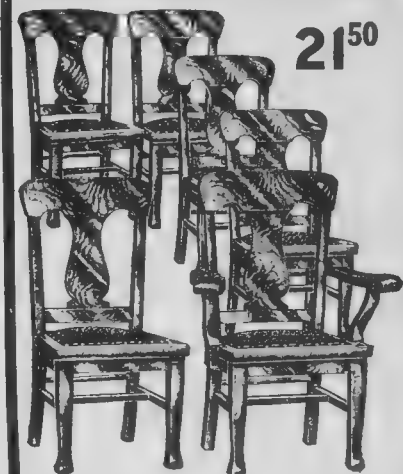
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The best No. 1 Leather only used in
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Double and stitched saddle has 2 1/2 in.
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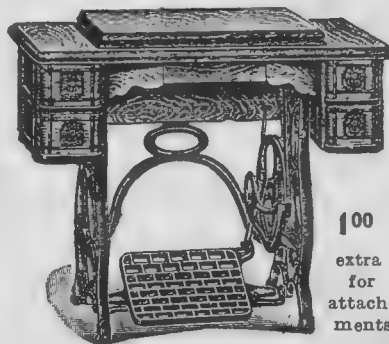
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girls who read this will recognize that picture, for it is my favorite way of entertaining girls. We sit in front of the fireplace and build castles—now these are substantial castles. All castles in the air do not fall, especially when we start them with a foundation of ambition, imagination, sincerity, morality and truth and have far-sighted vision. Besides, all castles must be built in the air—if they are dug under the ground they are dungeons. At any rate, I am going to build air castles till I die. So I like to sit in front of the fireplace and help the girl in the opposite chair build air castles. But I am wandering. I must tell you what Dr. Nan Sperry said:

Two fifteen-year-old girls—twins in a family—were up before the Juvenile Court. Mrs. Sperry became interested in them, and went to their home. They tried to be quiet for a time, but when their sixteenth birthday drew near, the mother told Mrs. Sperry that they were determined to go to a public dance, to celebrate it. But Mrs. Sperry told the mother they would get into bad company again. Those twins, however, were determined to go.

Mrs. Sperry asked: "Can't you have a party for them at home?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the mother. "But we're going to have it there just the same," answered Mrs. Sperry.

So they moved the bed out of the front room and all of the other furniture that was in the way and they had a party there. The father and mother became interested in those girls, and after that night those girls had their company at home and such good times that they told Dr. Sperry some months later that they spent nearly all of their evenings home and did not care to go to the public dances any more. Then the big brother complained to Mrs. Sperry one day that the twins were giving their mother more money than he was. So he got a new position to try to help the family more than the girls.

Dr. Sperry urged parents to plan good times for their girls at home. Then she told of her own experience at sixteen—the mysterious beau. You know, every girl at that age has one. I had one my-

self, and my father whipped me for writing to him. Of course, a girl at twenty would never marry the one she liked at sixteen. Girls at sixteen see only through the romantic lens of their eyes. The more drama there is in it the better. The only thing to do is to touch the pride of the girl. Make her feel that "he" is not good enough for her.

Well, Dr. Sperry had exactly the same experience that I had—just because every girl has. If girls can only keep their heads through their teens they will come out all right but, oh! how they need wise mothering at this age to guide and love them through. Alas, many nag them to destruction. Nearly all girls start out good at heart, but the lure of adventure and romanticism urges them into such low places that they bump their heads. Dr. Sperry said she was looking for a small town for her home, and when she finds that town she will live there. It is a town with no cliques, no sets, no snobs.

Then she told of a woman in a little brown house in her girlhood town. Mrs. Sperry said she herself was a snob of the meanest kind, and so were many of her friends, and they never noticed the woman in the little brown house because she did her own washing. One day a tragedy came into the little brown house. The son was dangerously injured—so Mrs. Sperry went down to see if she could be of any assistance. Finally she was left all alone in the afternoon, and she was so lonely she picked up a book. At first the book was dry, so dry she could not read it, but she made herself read through several pages, for she had to do something to kill time. Soon she became interested—she discovered beautiful gems of thought, and she read on and on. Then she thought: "Is this the kind of reading this poor little woman understands? What an experience!" She learned that this woman in the little brown house had a mind so full of beauty and art that she had no time to bother about the snobs. So at that time Mrs. Sperry resigned her interest in cliques and snobs, and began to enjoy the real philosophy of life—that the only life worth living is the one that recog-

nizes one humanity, one brotherhood, one sisterhood. I wonder if there is any other town where the inhabitants snub the woman in "the little brown house."

Reluctantly I came away from that chautauqua. And I thought I had heard men and women representing many walks in life—representing the very pulse of a nation. What did they all emphasize? The Home Life.

Of the Woman movement I heard one or two casual remarks only—but they all plead for the home—the good, pure home where father and mother unite in parental affection in controlling boys and girls.

"What is wrong with the home? What is the matter with the American mother?"

Where are our home-makers? These were questions asked again and again by the different speakers. The home-maker? She who puts soul into a home. The woman who makes a real home is a maker of happiness. She is working not for herself alone, not for her family alone, but for her country, for all humanity. Every boy, every girl, who has a cheerful, happy home, is a magnetized unit for the advancement of the general happiness and well being. The true home is nourished only by friendship, love and human sympathy—and these spread out to the ends of the earth, even from a tiny shack on the prairie. I visited a tiny little house—but it was full of love—there was a home. We wanted to stay.

I visited a great big house and walked from room to room. Love was not there. It was not a home. I wanted to leave.

Records show that few girls who have an ideal home go wrong. The most beautiful occupation in life, says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "the most interesting and uplifting, is the creating of a home where neatness, order, system, comfort and beauty make themselves apparent to even the casual eye."

I know of nothing else which will do so much for the girl whose ambition is to have a home of her own as the keeping in mind her ideal of what a home should be, and training herself with this ideal always in view.

A Matter of English

Mr. Steele, the principal of the high school, was well known in town as a "stickler" for pure English. He taught correctness of speech in hours and out of hours. Different people acted differently under his advice. Some resented it, some took it meekly. A few did not take it at all. "I don't want to keep on being told what I should say," said Clark, the druggist, one evening to his wife. "I got through school all right long before he ever came here, and I guess I can read a prescription, and write one, too, in good Latin."

Mrs. Clark said nothing, being an excellent wife as well as a tactful woman. She knew that the time would come when she might express herself with effect. So she waited.

She did not have to wait long. One day her husband returned from his work with a green card in his hand, which he thrust before her.

"There," he said, "read that, and tell me what the matter is with the English! Steele stopped in to-day and made some sort of objection to the way it was worded—said people would think I was joking or something. I don't know what his point was; guess he didn't have any, anyway."

He sat down, quite out of breath.

"Read it," he said to his wife again. "I'll leave it to you if there is anything wrong. I don't see it, for one."

Mrs. Clark re-read the placard carefully:

We Guarantee.

All Drugs used to be of the Best Quality.

"Well, what are you smiling about?" demanded her husband. "I can't see anything funny, for the life of me. What is it?"

"What did you intend to say?" asked Mrs. Clark.

"Why, I just wanted to give the idea that we guarantee that our drugs are the highest quality on the market. Haven't I said it?"

"Now listen, John," said Mrs. Clark. "I'm going to read this out loud, just the way it is written. 'We guarantee.' That's one sentence the way you've got it, because you've put a period after it."

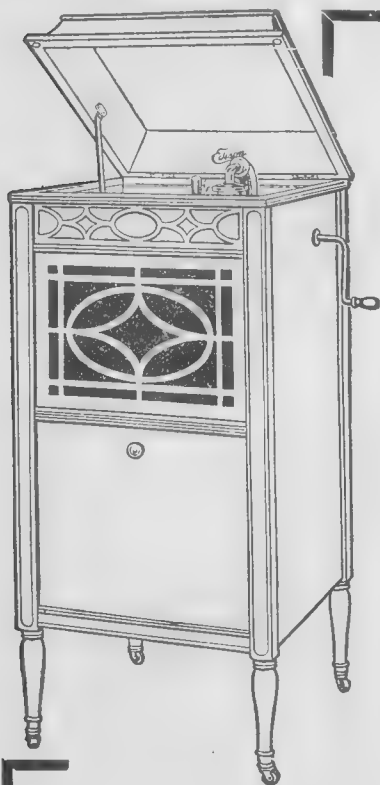
"Then the next sentence says, 'All drugs used to be of the best quality.' 'Used to be,' means 'were once, and aren't now.' Don't you see how it really looks?"

"All people aren't as learned as Mr. Steele and you," said Mr. Clark, slowly.

"No," replied his wife, "not all persons are."

Don't Be Funny

A good story is told of Rev. Samuel Bradburn, the Demosthenes of Methodism, and a contemporary of John Wesley. He was journeying to a distant appointment by stage coach, and while the horses were being changed, walked up and down in front of the inn, profound in his meditations. A young lord, with his valet, were taking the same coach, and noticing the clergyman, asked the landlady who he was. Upon being told, he said, "Oh! a Methodist parson. I must have a little fun with him." Going up to Mr. Bradburn, the young man, who stuttered badly, said, "P—p—pray sir, c—c—can you t—t—tell me h—h—how it w—w—was that B—b—balaam's ass s—s—spoke?" Seeing the situation in an instant, and realizing that nothing is so confusing to a stammerer as to make him repeat his question, Mr. Bradburn put his hand to his ear as though he were deaf, and said in stentorian tones: "I beg your pardon, sir!" The young lord commenced again, "W—w—would you p—p—please, sir, t—t—tell—" and he got fairly purple in the face trying to get out his funny question. The valet, standing near, came up and shouted into the preacher's ear: "If you please, sir, my master would like you to explain how it was that Balaam's ass spoke." "Oh!" said Bradburn, a look of intelligence lighting up his countenance, "I don't know, excepting that Balaam stuttered so badly that he had to get the ass to speak for him." And he turned and walked away.



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Woman and the Home

Cheering Voice From Many Lands

(Translated by Lydia M. Millard)

A soul, blue-bird, that always sees
Some sunshine in the dark,
Can ever find some heavenly breeze
To help its trembling bark.
—From the Swedish.

Bear, with all thy bravest power,
All that heaven hath sent to thee;
Now a grave and now a bower,
Ever mortal lot must be.
—From the Spanish.

Though sorrow hover round thee now,
Joy may be coming soon;
Not always bends Apollo's bow—
His silent lyre may tune.
—From the Latin.

Reclamation of the Home

By Cecil Stark

In this period of convulsion and reformation, we are slowly beginning to learn that reformatory work to be most effective must go back to the sources of prevailing weakness and decay instead of juggling with the products of wrong methods used in the institutions of a people. However, we have yet to be convinced of the fact that the fountain head of all institutions, whether industrial, social, religious or governmental, is the home life of a people. It is there that the leaven of sweetness and purity must be set working. When the home life of a people begins to decay, then the

the homes of the poor and the rich which we find largely in our cities.

In the poorer families, the reclaiming must be almost altogether a matter of education, because these families, the bulk of them being foreigners of a low class, do not have the ideals of pure home life. They come from countries where the home relations are lax. Then on the other hand, their condition of poverty qualifies their home relations. In many cases father and mother are both working and children are thrown on their own responsibility without any guiding; hand to regulate the responsibility; consequently, it means shifting for themselves. In this case, the industrial question is one that will have to be reckoned with before we can hope to reclaim the poor homes. The one solution here is to train the children of these homes, and so educate them that they will make better parents, better homes, and in turn bring their children up to be better parents. It is with the children that the reformer must begin to work. Our social settlements are doing this by putting right things first in the minds of these people, and by giving them ideals of right living.

We have said that the poverty-stricken homes and those of the low class of foreigners must be reclaimed by education. The homes of the rich, which perhaps confront us with a greater problem, must be reclaimed by conviction—the conviction of their failing to contribute their share of responsibility to the social mass; the conviction that they are



Children love to have something really their very own. Here they can be seen cutting potatoes for seed. They are not only learning something useful but making the work easier for father.

society of a people begins to decay, and when the society begins to decay, then the nation begins to decay. Therefore, in order to save our nation and to make it strong and virile from without, we must purge it from within, burning the flame of purity upon the altars of our homes. We must reclaim the homes of our nation in order to save our nation.

The home, which is a God-made institution, upon which all man-made institutions are built, might be called the factory for the production of the social and national unit. It is there that the work of obedience, reverence and social purity must be put in the loom, and it is there that the shuttles of industry, thrift, and responsibility must first weave in and out.

If we were displeased with some everyday commodity of life, such as a piece of cloth, we should know that the retailer was not altogether responsible for the flaws in the cloth, nor the jobber, nor the wholesale dealer, but the factory where the cloth was made. So, in a similar way the institutions of a nation, state, or local community are not altogether responsible for the social unit, but the home where the units are produced.

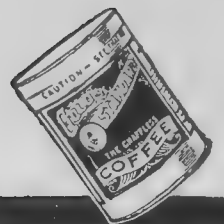
It is during the formation period of life that the virtues and vices get their hold on the individual. Therefore, the home should be an attractive, wholesome place, so fulfilling its mission as an institution, that all other institutions springing from it would be permeated with truth, wisdom and love. It is because these conditions do not generally exist, that we must talk about reclaiming the homes of our land.

The great fields to be reclaimed are

failing in the productivity of the social unit; the conviction that their homes are not schools where children are taught responsibility, obedience and reverence; the conviction that their lives, steeped in luxury and extravagance, are making stagnant the clear, refreshing waters of wholesome, clean living.

I have in mind a rich family in a suburb of Chicago in which material conditions are ideal for a beautiful home life, but the spirit and ideals are not there. The mother and father are selfishly ambitious for their children, expressing their love for them by satisfying all their desires and making life as easy as possible for them. The mother realizes that her children are lacking in true manly and womanly qualities, and yet she is too indolent to exert herself to enforce those things which would give strength of character. She openly admitted that it was too much trouble to see that her daughter carry little home responsibilities. The daughter is blase at fifteen. A caretaker is employed to do the work the boys should be doing while they are loafing in drug stores, or running at large in an automobile. Boys and girls who grow up having every little whim and notion catered to, will, when grown, insist on their mature desires and passions being satisfied.

Living near this family, in the same suburb, is another family that has built a true home. These parents are loving their children wisely by making them obedient, responsible, social units. Each child has daily tasks to perform, and the mother is never too absorbed in outside things to see that these tasks are done. The boy is kept busy outside of school hours, tending the furnace, the garden or lawn. The daughter is the mother's



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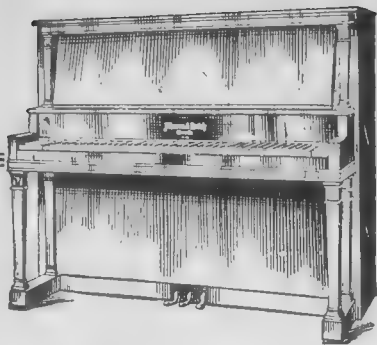
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first lieutenant in the housekeeping. Their amusements are carefully chosen and temperately indulged in. The parents are companions to the children in their work and in their play. Each member of the family is contributing his share to the maintenance of that institution and, furthermore, the parents are making home-keeping their business, and not a side issue. Now you may tell which family is producing the strong social unit.

You ask, "Is it possible that all the homes need reclaiming?" No, we find one valley in the land now fast drying up, and in that valley are the homes of the middle class. Here the fathers and mothers are reigning in homes built on the foundation of love. Here they are kept too busy providing the necessities of life and instilling the principles of right into their children, to let the vitiating elements of social evil creep in. The children have their share in maintaining the family institution—the boys are growing to be strong men, the girls are learning to be home-keepers. All are growing up to be useful, contributing factors in the social mass. However, it is a most deplorable fact that even in the valley of the middle class, we find the cacti of luxury, vitiating amusements, and sloth gradually crowding out the golden grain of womanhood and manhood.

In this age of indulgent, lazy (forgive the word) parents, it is refreshing to go back in our imaginations, and visit the home of Suzanne Wesley. With a family

ever present, is that of the women in the commercial world. Women's true sphere is not the commercial world but the home. We all know this, and yet the facts face us—she is there, and for reasons that involve us in lengthy discussions. The industrial world has edged itself into so many different phases of our life, that, directly and indirectly, it has affected the home and other institutions. Better industrial conditions will improve home conditions, and the reclamation of the home must improve industrial conditions.

We have discussed the reason for reclaiming the home, the duties of the home, the fields to be reclaimed, and their respective problems. We have suggested the problems of suffrage and industry, and yet above all these vital questions remains the integrity of the home. This above all else must be maintained. It is the lack of this essential element which is daily causing the disintegration of our homes. The divorce proceedings in our courts are so appalling we can scarcely believe the statistics. Domestic storms, broken homes, and divorce suits follow in the wake of ignorance, irresponsible indulgent, and luxurious living. Rome fell when her people reached this condition. Shall we repeat her story? Or shall we stop the flow of loose living? The homes of the future must be freed from these things, and this can be done only by reclaiming the home-makers of the future. Upon your children and your children's children rest the



The egg industry is a paying one. When the children are permitted to show in the profits, they make willing little helpers. Boys' and Girls' Club, Gladstone, Man.

of twenty-two children—yes, we hear you say, "Disgraceful," but not nearly so disgraceful as a family where there might be children and are none—she took care of all their physical needs taught them their lessons, and had time to give each child an hour each week of personal counsel and communion.

Place over against this the rich mother of to-day who has one or two children whom she relegates to the nursery and private tutors, while she is indulging in a good time. The children have everything they desire, except the true mother's love to guide and direct them wisely, preparing them for life, and making them positive units in society and the nation.

Some one is asking, "What is the effect of the woman's suffrage movement on the homes of America?" The anti-suffragist immediately answer that woman's suffrage is most detrimental to that most sacred of all institutions, the home. But this could hardly be said to be true when most of the suffrage leaders are women of fifty years and more, who have reared their families to the age where they can care for themselves. They are women who realize the worth of pure home life to that extent that they have it upon their hearts to bring about conditions which will help to educate those families without ideals, and help convict those people who have lost sight of home ideals in living lives of luxury and selfishness, convict them of their duties and responsibilities. The sincere suffragists are seeking to reclaim the homes of the land.

A difficulty which presents a much graver problem than suffrage could

homes of the future. Will you reclaim your home before it is too late for your children to reclaim theirs?

Our nation is dying, while we are busy in the valley with the ambulance. Let us be busy at the top of the cliff, building fences whose pickets are pure, sweet homes, where noble fathers and mothers are giving earnest, responsive God-fearing children to the world, which shall make our nation a nation among nations, its homes reclaimed for humanity and God.

In the late financial stringency a clerk in one of the New York banks, was trying to explain to a stolid old Dutchman why the bank could not pay cash to depositors as formerly, and was insisting that he be satisfied with Clearing House checks. But the old man could not grasp the situation, and finally the president of the bank was called upon to enlighten the dissatisfied customer. After a detailed explanation of the financial situation, the president concluded: "Now, my good man, you understand, don't you?"

"Yes," dubiously replied the Dutchman, "I tinks I understand. It's just like this: ven my baby vakes up in der night and cries for milk, I give her a milk ticket."

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Greater Production in Agriculture

By J. B. REYNOLDS, M.A., PRESIDENT, MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Written specially for The Western Home Monthly

The necessity for provisioning the armies at the front; the increasing cost of living at home, and the need of meeting our huge war expenditures and of providing for future repayment of war loans; all these factors have emphasized the first importance of agriculture in Canada.

In the complexities of modern business, of borrowing and lending, of commerce and exchange, of occupations productive and non-productive, primary facts may be obscured. But the primary fact is, that our people, whatever their individual pursuits may be, must be fed and clothed and sheltered from the proceeds of our productive industries, and that our foreign borrowings, interest and principal alike, must sooner or later be paid out of the same proceeds.

Agriculture is called "our basic industry." By which term is meant—if the term is used intelligently—that, of our primary industries, lumbering, mining, fishing, farming, farming is by far the most important and vital; and that other industries, railroading, manufacturing, banking, are secondary, and are important only as they facilitate the operations and the business of farming; that is, as they encourage farming.

But, for many years previous to the war, agriculture had been discouraged in Canada. It is not necessary here to say how it had been discouraged, or to seek to lay the blame on any person or persons or on any government. It is enough to enumerate the facts that support the statement.

According to the statistics of the Canada Year Book for 1915, agriculture declined in Canada between the years 1911 to 1914.

The acreage of the principal crops in Canada decreased in that period by 1,100,000 acres, and at the same time the holdings in live stock decreased by 277,000 head.

The same tale is repeated in all the Eastern provinces. The little province of Prince Edward Island diminished its acreage by 14,000 and its live stock by 32,000. Quebec shows a decrease in all of the principal crops, including 300,000 acres of hay and clover; while its live stock fell off by 490,000 head. In Ontario the acreage decreased by 737,000, and its live stock by 760,000. Manitoba shows a new decrease in acreage sown of 462,000, and a live stock increase of 15,000. Saskatchewan increased its acreage by 585,000, and its live stock by 327,000. Alberta fell off in wheat production by 269,000 acres, and increased its acreage of oats by 280,000. In live stock there was an increase of 422,000 head.

There seems no way to account for these facts other than by concluding that general conditions placed farming as a pursuit relatively at a disadvantage. There seems no way to bring about greater production in agriculture other than to consider what the discouragements may be, and to proceed to remove them.

Of all classes of producers, farmers are least able to fix prices for what they sell. Encouragement of agriculture, therefore, cannot come by assurance of high prices. It can come only by lowering the cost of production.

The cost of production may be lessened by—1, cheap land; 2, cheap capital; 3, efficient, i.e., cheap labor; 4, cheap implements; 5, good farm economy.

1. Cheap land. The one material advantage which Western Canada offers above Eastern Canada and the Northern States, from which sources Western Canada has obtained and will continue to obtain its best farmers, is cheap land. Its soil is no more fertile, after the first virgin fertility has been exhausted by wheat growing, than the soil of Eastern Canada and of the Northern States. Its climate, owing to the shortness of the growing season, is less favorable to variety of crops and to permanent farming. Its geographical position, its remoteness from the markets of the world, is a disadvantage. Cheap land alone has been the honest and enduring attraction for settlers, and if Western Canada is to develop its agriculture and do its proper share of production, its land must be cheap.

A friend of mine wanted to buy a farm within fifteen miles of Winnipeg. He

offered an owner \$8,000 for a quarter section. The owner refused. He asked \$10,000. At the same time he was receiving \$250 a year rent for the farm. Rent is the most accurate measure we can find for the commercial value, that is, the value for purposes of production, of farm land. \$250 capitalized at 6% amounts to \$4167. The farm is worth that, the owner was offered \$8,000, he asked \$10,000.

Last summer I visited a farm twelve miles from Winnipeg. It was a section of land, and had evidently, to judge from the equipment in buildings and machinery, been run as a bonanza farm. It is now abandoned, and weeds are growing rank all over the place. The price quoted at the time was \$100 per acre. I learned afterwards it could be bought for \$30. A good judge of farm values told me it would cost \$15.00 an acre to rid the farm of weeds, and that the farm would be dear at \$20.00 an acre.

A short time ago a gentleman from New York, with \$30,000 to invest, called to see me about a Western farm. He had been offered a section of land in Southern Alberta at \$35.00 an acre. I had just been talking with a good farmer from the same district who informed me that he had adopted the practice of seeding only on fallow, that is, crop half the land and fallow half each year. If the cost of fallowing is \$5.00 an acre, of seed \$1.50, of seeding, harvesting, threshing and marketing, \$10.00, and the yield 20 bushels which sells at \$1.00 a bushel, the farmer has a net balance of \$3.50 per acre for two years, which is to pay him all he gets above laborer's wages, and also pay interest for two years on investment. The interest on \$35.00 for two years at 6 per cent. is \$4.20. If the purchaser pays more than \$25.00 an acre for this land, he will speculate on wheat selling at more than \$1.00 a bushel, or on a higher yield than 20 bushels an acre.

2. Cheap money. Farmers in Western Canada are now paying 8 per cent. or more for mortgages and short loans. The Rural Credit Bills recently enacted by the Manitoba Legislature, Hon. Mr. Brown's for long-term loans, and Mr. Prout's for short-term loans, will, it is expected, enable farmers to secure much cheaper capital. On the terms of Mr. Brown's bill, a farmer may, by paying \$2179.50 in equal annual instalments of \$72.65 each for 30 years pay off a debt of \$1000 with interest at 6 per cent. With money at 8 per cent. the farmer will pay \$2400 interest in that time, and he still will have the original debt of \$1000 against him.

There is a pitfall in to which cheap money may thrust the purchaser of land, and that is, he may be induced, or compelled, to pay more for the land he wishes to buy. The present owners of land may take advantage of the Rural Credits Bill by assuming that the purchaser, having a lower rate of interest to pay, can afford to pay more principal. For example, to repay a principal of \$1000 a year with interest at 8 per cent., by thirty equal annual instalments, would require an annual payment of \$88.83. If it be assumed, on the principle of "charging all the traffic will bear," that the farmer can afford to continue paying \$88.83 a year to wipe out principal and interest by thirty equal annual payments, money being worth 6 per cent., then the owner will charge the purchaser \$1222.70 for the land, instead of \$1000.

If this is to be the result, the bona fide farmer who wishes to purchase land will not get the benefit from cheap money.

3. Cheap implements. Canada needs all her advantages of cheap land and fertile land to compensate for the disabilities imposed upon her farming by the manufacturers of farm machinery. Back in the eighties we began to hear of the "infant industries of Canada," and their need for support while they grew up. For thirty years these industries have been wrapped in expensive swaddling clothes and pampered with pap. It is time they were grown up and required to stand on their own feet. The farmer in Western Canada, because of the tariff, pays 20 per cent. more for his machinery and supplies than farmers south of the line.



Lend Your Profits to Your Country

PRESENT prices for agricultural products ensure good profits to the farmer.

To pay war expenses the Government needs these profits, and will pay you over 5% interest on them. Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance, says: "A War Savings Certificate in every Canadian home will help to win the war."

For every \$21.50 you loan to Canada now, you will receive \$25 at the end of three years. War Savings Certificates are issued in denominations of \$25, \$50 and \$100, selling at \$21.50, \$43 and \$86, respectively, and may be purchased at any Bank or Money Order Post Office.

"Make Your Land Support its Defenders!"

The National Service Board of Canada,
OTTAWA.

30



or lame in the barn, "eating their heads off"? One means profit—the other means loss. When a horse goes lame—develops a Spavin, Curb, Splint, Horsebone—don't risk losing him through neglect—don't run just as great a risk by experimenting with unknown "cures". Get the old reliable standby—

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Mr. David Verex, Sonya, Ont., writes—"I have used your Spavin Cure for fifteen years, and know it to be a good cure". Be ready for emergencies, keep a bottle of Kendall's in the barn. Then, if a horse goes lame, you have the remedy on hand to cure the trouble quickly, \$1. a bottle—6 for \$5. at druggists. Ask your dealer for free copy of book—"Treatise On The Horse"—or write us direct.

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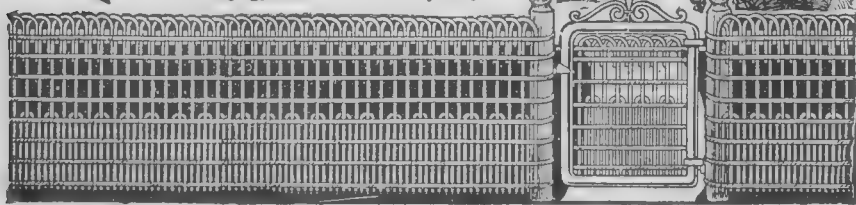
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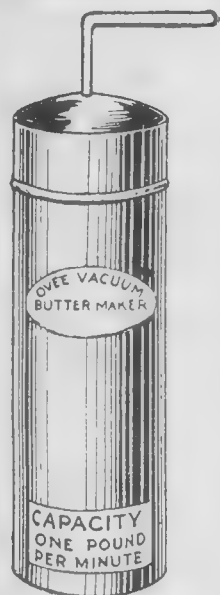
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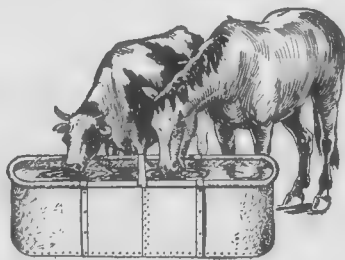
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4. Cheap labor. The pampering of Canadian manufactures has placed the Canadian farmer at another disadvantage. The farmer buying in a restricted market and selling in an unprotected market, has had to compete in the labor market with the protected manufacturer. There is not the slightest doubt that both the quantity and the quality of labor procurable by the farmer has within the last thirty years declined continuously, and to such an extent as to cripple his ability to produce cheaply.

5. Good farm economy. Farm economy, or farm management, may undoubtedly be improved, and especially in Western Canada. The practice of mining the soil, that is, of continuous cropping without change of crop and without fertilizing, has resulted in diminished fertility and the invasion of weeds. Now, in order to secure a good crop, the Western farmer finds that he must conserve the fertility and destroy the weeds. But summerfallowing, the method adopted for the most part, is expensive. Burning the straw is extravagant. The enforced idleness during the winter, the accompaniment of grain growing, is uneconomical. Farmers cannot expect always to earn a good living by working seven months in the year. A successful farmer told me that if the next generation were to farm as the last generation had done, ruin would soon stare them in the face. Diversified farming, that is, raising a succession of different crops requiring different methods of cultivation and harvesting at different seasons of the year, with the keeping of live stock to consume the fodder crops, to furnish manure, and to employ labor through the year, is, according to the best experience of the West, good farm economy. A well-bred beef steer will produce more economical gains than a scrub. A three-thousand pound cow, whose feed costs \$40.00 a year, produces milk at a cost of \$1.33 a hundred, or butter at 28 cents a pound. A six thousand pound cow, whose feed costs \$50.00 a year, produces milk at 83 cents a hundred, and butter at 16 cents a pound. A ten thousand pound cow, whose feed costs \$70.00 a year, produces milk at 70 cents a hundred, and butter at 12½ cents a pound. The feed for this stock should be raised on land that would otherwise lie fallow. The knowledge of feeding and breeding will enable farmers to produce more economically. But before live stock breeding will be followed with confidence by Canadian farmers, the live stock markets must be standardized and controlled as the grain market now is. At present Bologna bulls, canner cows, stockers, and prime butcher stock are classifications which are the cherished secrets of the buyers. The pork packers have been recommending farmers to raise the bacon type of hog, while in practice they will give quite as much for the fat thick hog. Also, stock farming implies permanent improvements in buildings and fencing. Before farmers can build and fence and buy live stock, they must have capital, and if they have capital, they must be assured of the prospects for permanent farming. Farmers with spare capital have too often, like city people, invested in real estate speculation. If farming—legitimate farming, not mining the soil, and not speculation in land values—is believed to be profitable, there will be no difficulty in finding capital to establish the industry, farmers to work the land, and women to make homes in the country.

There is needed an immigration policy that will bring the right class of settlers into Western Canada. While I have contended that the cheapness of our land must remain as the enduring attraction to settlers, cheapness does not mean charity. It is not necessary that Western land be given away. The most desirable settlers for Western Canada are experienced farmers from Eastern Canada and from the United States. Such farmers can afford to pay for Western lands at from \$10.00 to \$30.00 an acre, according to quality and location, and make a good living. The revenue needs of the government are now so great that it seems unwise to give away Crown lands which the right class of settlers would be able and willing to pay for. Both from the point of view of national revenue and of permanent settlement of the lands, to put a price on the Crown land is preferable to making a gift of them. It would seem a perfectly sound and just policy to reduce our enormous national debt, and thereby the taxes required to meet interest

charges, by realizing in cash from the national asset of land. A policy might be adopted which would be favorable to the man without capital as well as encouraging the man with capital. Land may be bought and paid for on the amortization plan. Money being worth 4 per cent., land worth \$25.00 an acre may be paid for by forty equal annual payments of \$1.26 an acre, or \$10.00 an acre by 51 cents a year. If the government is not an efficient colonization agent, let the colonization companies manage the business, under the terms of an amortization plan, and with proper restriction of prices to be charged against the settler.

Giving the land away has not induced permanency of occupation. It is estimated that not more than 15 per cent. of those who have homesteaded the land in Western Canada now own it, they or their descendants. It may reasonably be hoped that sale of lands by the amortization plan will lead to greater permanency of occupation, and, therefore, to a more permanent system of farming. By deferring private ownership which the amortization plan would practically do, speculation, and the homesteading of land for purposes of speculation, would be discouraged.

Farmers with a full equipment of live stock and implements, ready-made farmers of the sort the West needs, will be looking to Canada in large numbers and will be coming to Canada if they are not discouraged. But I am told that our tariff allows the American farmer to bring into Canada free of duty only a small outfit of live stock and implements. American farmers with well-established herds of stock have been advised by customs collectors to sell their stock in the States and to buy afresh in Manitoba. Only an "official" could offer such advice. Such farmers, and such herds, are the need of the West. Our tariff should not block their entrance.

To increase production in Canada, something may be done by increasing individual effort, though I know that Canadian farmers are not lazy, and that many of them stay too close to their work. Much may be done by more intelligent effort, and the colleges, experiment stations and farm journals are doing good work in helping the farmer to avoid mis-steps, and to make the most of his labor by intelligent direction. If all of the farmers farmed as well as some of the best, production would be enormously increased. More intelligent effort by the men now on the land would increase production greatly. But the number of men now on the land is not sufficient, and many of those now there are not rightly placed. The national obligation at the present time is to frame policies of immigration, taxation, and tariff that will not only invite good farmers to take up land in Canada, but will encourage them and their children to stay there.

"Johnson," said a schoolmaster, "can you tell me how iron was first discovered?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, tell the class what your information is on the point."

"I heard father say yesterday that they smelt it!"

He Knew

A railroad eating-house in southern Georgia, which enjoys the reputation of being one of the worst places of its kind in the State, has an ancient dorky who announces dinner to the incoming passengers by ringing a huge bell.

One day the old negro was accompanied by a sad-eyed long-eared hound, who, at the first ringing of the bell, lifted up his voice in a most dismal howl.

The old dorky stopped and gazed at him for a moment, and with a "Hush yer mouth!" started ringing again.

Again the old hound, with nose in the air, sent forth a long-drawn howl.

This was too much for the bell-ringer, and, turning on the hound, he remarked:

"Now, what in de worl' is you makin' such a fuss erbout? You don't have ter eat here lessen yer wants ter."

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

About the Farm

National Service

At no time in the history of Canada, and perhaps at no time in the history of the civilized world, has there arisen such a momentous need of instant and insistent action toward the mobilization of the forces of agriculture.

The need of the hour is to see that every possible assistance is given to the great army of men and women who are toiling with plow and harrow, for from their efforts may be forged the weapons of victory.

For many years attention has been directed by individuals, societies and associations, in different ways and in varying manners to the necessity of better organizing the farmers of this western country, to the end that agriculture should receive the recognition its dignified and economic importance to national prosperity warrants, and that the labors of the dwellers on the land should become more lucrative, and social conditions thereby be made more happy and cheerful.

The farmers themselves have been untiring in their demands for more favorable consideration and better recognition in the affairs of direct importance to them, and have, with consistent repetition, pointed out that their interests were not receiving even the same terms as those accorded to other industries of only secondary significance, viewed from the standpoint of economic and national moment.

The greatest of these demands, and which is the basic need of all industrial development of whatever nature was for more liberal and equitable terms of financial credit.

With the best security in the world to offer, these owners of the most fertile soil in the world, capable of producing untold wealth and operating the one industry of fundamental importance to every citizen of this agricultural country, had a right to ask and expect the broadest and most liberal answer to this righteous request.

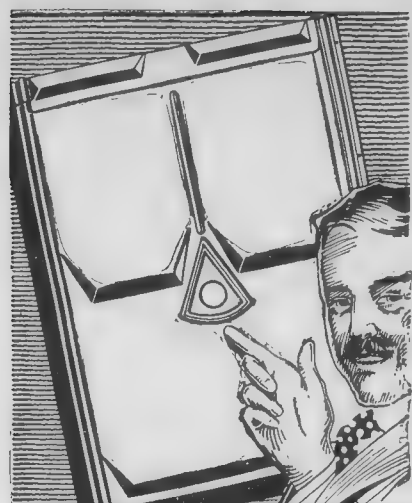
The crying need of agriculture is money obtainable on terms and conditions that make its use profitable and gives an incentive to farmers to increase their operations and improve their surroundings.

With a full understanding and appreciation of this question, the government at the last session of the legislature of the province, and as an outcome of much previous investigation by a committee appointed for that purpose, drafted and submitted a bill entitled "The Manitoba Farm Loans Act," which was received with the unanimous support of the House and the assent of the Lieutenant Governor, becoming law on the ninth day of March last.

This Act provides that persons residing or intending to reside on land within the province, may obtain, through the Manitoba Farm Loans Association, on first mortgage security, loans up to fifty per cent (50%) of the appraised value of the property offered, extending over a period of thirty years, at a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent (6%) per annum, repayment being made on an amortization basis by equal annual payments composed of principal and interest. It also provides that every borrower becomes a shareholder in the Association by investment in its capital stock of an amount equal to five per cent (5%) of the sum borrowed, and none others but borrowers and the Province of Manitoba can hold such shares.

With the inauguration of this radical piece of legislation, the fundamental principle which underlies all material development was reached and the foundation laid, upon which, and only upon which, can be built the certain progress and prosperity of agriculture. The farmer can now obtain capital at a cost that leaves him the profit of his labors, and with the profit of his labors he can increase his capital, and with the increase of his capital he can improve his conditions and surroundings.

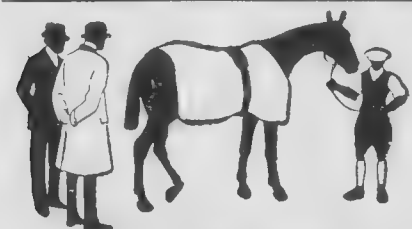
And that the reward shall be to those who merit it, the provision made whereby only borrowers can become and remain shareholders, ensures that energetic and progressive farmers who know and respect the value of credit, will receive the profits of this essentially co-operative enterprise.



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Incorporated by "The Manitoba Farm Loans Act,"
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Manitoba's Co-Operative Land Bank

BORROWERS ONLY SHAREHOLDERS

DEPOSITORS' SECURITY ABSOLUTE

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The Association will advance to Farmers on First Mortgage security, "Capital" to improve and extend their operations at an interest rate (6%) that leaves them a profit for their labors.

Deposits

The Association will accept Savings Deposits and pay an interest rate of 4%, with the Security Guaranteed by the Province of Manitoba.

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The Association offers to those looking for a stable investment with unassailable security **Five Per Cent Five Year First Mortgage Coupon Bonds** in denominations to suit purchasers and **Unconditionally Guaranteed** by the Province of Manitoba.

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OFFICES: Scott Block, 274 Main Street, Winnipeg

Address all communications to

The Commissioner

Manitoba Farm Loans Association

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ESTABLISHED 1904

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—Ed. Rosenberg, St. Ansgat, Ia.

Mrs. James McKenzie, Edina, Mo., says: "Just ten applications of Caustic Balsam relieved me of goitre. My husband also cured eczema with it, and we use it for corns, bunions, colds, sore throat and pain in the chest."

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THE LAWRENCE WILLIAMS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

While the Manitoba Farm Loans Act was primarily intended to foster and encourage agriculture by providing cheap money for the farmer, it was also conceived that the principle of co-operation could be carried much further.

The great bulk of the money required will no doubt be obtained outside the province in the principal financial centres of eastern Canada and the United States. But there is on deposit in banks and other institutions, a very large sum, made up of the savings of wage earners, trust funds and temporary deposits, earning a nominal rate or no interest at all, which could be brought into profitable use by the Association, not only for the benefit of the farmer borrowers, but also for the owners of the money.

With this end in view, and in order that all classes of the community might share in the advantages of this progressive scheme, it has been decided to pay a rate of four (4) per cent interest on deposits and to issue by way of security,

of the face value, and by a ten per cent capital stock liability of shareholders in the Association, besides the guarantee of the Government.

No doubt the big financial corporations of the province will always be open to purchase them, and for the small investor seeking an absolutely safe investment of a readily marketable nature with a high interest rate, these bonds should be very attractive.

The Manitoba Farm Loans Act, Section 64, provides that:

"All bonds, stocks or other securities issued by the Board under the provisions of this Act shall be a lawful investment for all municipal and school district sinking funds and for all fiduciary and trust funds, and may be accepted as security for all public deposits."

Every citizen of every class can become a unit of co-operative value in the construction of this organization, which is seeking to improve the conditions of the people.



MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
FARM HOUSE "A"

Certificates of Deposit, secured by first mortgage bonds of the Association, guaranteed unconditionally, both as to principal and interest by the Province of Manitoba. These Deposit Certificates are issued in denominations of \$25.00, \$50.00, \$75.00, \$100.00, and multiples of hundreds up to \$1,000.00, interest to be paid semi-annually. They may be cashed at any time with interest added to date, and will be purchased by any bank.

The security behind these certificates is absolute, and the rate of interest adds 33 1/3 per cent more to depositors' earnings than what is generally paid.

For those looking for a stable investment with unassailable security: Five per cent, Five Year, First Mortgage Coupon Bonds of the Association, unconditionally guaranteed by the Province of Manitoba, may be purchased in denominations to suit purchasers at the offices of the Association.

These Bonds are directly secured by first mortgages on improved farm land to the value of two hundred per cent

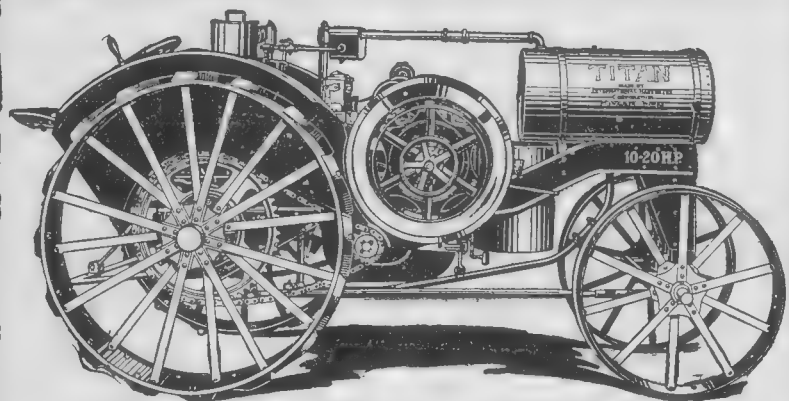
Better Farm Homes

By Prof. J. Smith, Dept. of Agricultural Engineering, M.A.C.

Late last summer the Manitoba Agricultural College, in co-operation with the Manitoba Department of Agriculture, inaugurated a Better Farm Homes Competition, open to the farm women of the Province. It was hoped by this method to learn what type of home the housewife on the farm actually needed for our Western conditions; for who can tell what is necessary in the farm home better than the women whose life work is in these houses?

Though it was during the busy season, over one hundred and thirty women applied for cross-sectional drawing paper and directions for entering the competition. Sixty-three plans were submitted and, of these, six were selected by the judges as being the best; six equal prizes of \$25.00 each in cutlery or silverware being given.

Complete working drawings and speci-



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WHY not do your own threshing this fall?

You can do it and save money. When you do the job yourself, using your own separator and your own tractor, you are independent of all outside help, you can be among the first to get your grain into the elevator, you can thresh without any waste, and you can use your tractor for plowing.

The outfit to get is a Titan kerosene tractor with 20-H. P. at the belt and 10-H. P. at the drawbar, and a 20 to 24-inch separator. Then you can turn out anywhere up to a thousand bushels of threshed grain every day, and as your fields are cleared, plow up to 8 acres a day. That gives you a good chance to get the fall work all off your hands before the ground freezes too hard to plow, gives you some assurance of a better crop next year, and saves money at every turn.

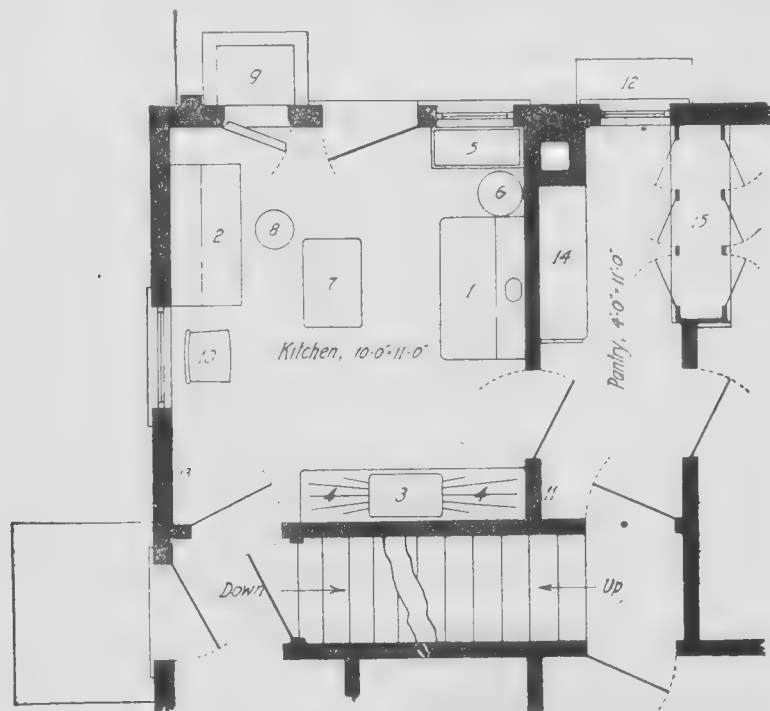
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PLAN SHOWING LAYOUT OF KITCHEN

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- | | | |
|------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Range. | 6. Hot water tank. | 11. Collapsible dinner wagon. |
| 2. Cabinet. | 7. Movable small table. | 12. Drop shelf. |
| 3. Sink. | 8. Adjustable stool. | 13. Brooms |
| 4. Drain boards. | 9. Refrigerator. | 14. Shelves |
| 5. Fuel. | 10. Chair. | 15. Cupboard. |

fications of these prizes plans are being prepared by a capable draftsman under the direction of the Department of Agricultural Engineering, which Department is also getting out a complete bill of material for each plan.

The Manitoba Agricultural College House Plan "A" is the first of the prize

The back porch would be better eight feet wide; in fact, the house would possibly be better a little longer, but the evident aim of Mrs. Robbins' plan was to get as much as possible in as little space as possible, and, since the demand in the majority of cases from farmers is for a small house, it was not thought wise to

make this plan larger.

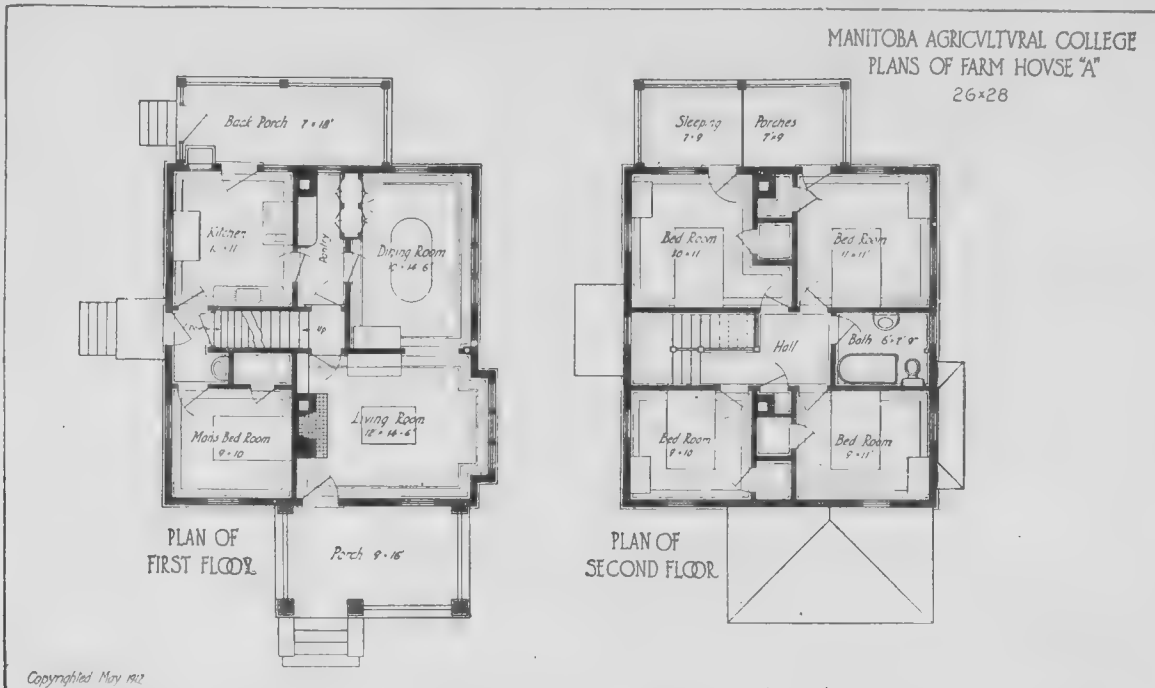
The basement allows for coal, wood, fruit and vegetable storage, and for a dairy and laundry. There is also space for lines for drying clothes in winter. The cistern is placed below the basement floor away from the front. By doing away with the large galvanized iron basement

tank, so commonly used in the Northwest for rain water storage, more basement space is provided. A detailed plan of the basement is shown in the working drawings.

Anyone who attempts to plan an ideal house will soon come to this conclusion:—that it is impossible to get all the desirable features in a limited amount of space. One thing crowds out another. This is especially true of the small house. The smaller it is, the harder it is to plan so as to get what is wanted. So with this house Plan "A". It is not perfect; but the writer has seen few plans adapted to farm conditions that have made such good use of the limited space and incorporate as many good ideas as are to be found in this house.

Working drawings, showing the front and two side elevations, sectional elevation, basement plan, exterior and interior details, (6 sheets 14x24), together with specifications and a bill of material can be had by writing the Department of Agricultural Engineering, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg. This material is sold at a nominal price with no intention of securing a profit, but to cover the cost of the reproduction of individual copies. The cost to applicants residing in Manitoba is \$3.00 and for those residing elsewhere \$5.00. Applicants, when sending for this material, should allow plenty of time for the getting out of copies of the specifications and bills of material.

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.



plans. It was submitted by Mrs. R. Robbins, of Glenella, Manitoba, and is the smallest of the houses, being only 26x28 feet, yet the house contains four rooms on the first floor and four bedrooms and a bathroom on the second floor. It was necessary to make a few minor changes from the original to allow for stair space, etc.

Figure 1 shows the exterior. It has a neat, compact appearance and represents a simple and pleasing type of construction, free from the ornamentation common to transient styles of architecture. Being nearly square, it has a hip roof. The front hall, so common to the city house, is missing. The stairs rise from the centre of the first floor (Figure 2) being equally convenient to the kitchen, dining room and living room. One can go up stairs from the kitchen without passing through the dining room or the living room. The cellar stair is underneath that leading to the second floor, which is the most economical arrangement as regards the saving of space. By means of the side entrance, one can take ashes up from the cellar without tracking dirt through any part of the house or causing cold draughts by opening doors in winter, an important item in northern latitudes. The side door also makes possible another very desirable feature, namely, a man's bedroom entirely separate from the rest of the house. The little entry between the side door and the man's bedroom allows for a wash bowl and pegs for hanging working clothes. Where a man and his wife are employed on the farm, the arrangement here shown is very good. It is also of decided advantage when hired men are employed (as is so commonly the case in the Northwest where labor is scarce).

By the arrangement shown here the second floor of the house is as private as in any city home. The long back porch is screened in and is large enough to be used as a dining room in the summer. Why not eat outdoors where it is cool, on the farm as well as at a summer cottage at some watering place?

There is no waste hall space on the second floor. The feature on this floor is that separate sleeping porches are provided for two bedrooms. The sleeping porch is one of the latest but one of the most important of the modern improvements of the home, and one whose value will be appreciated only with the coming years.

The detailed kitchen layout shown in Figure 3 will be of interest to the housewife. The built-in ice box saves kitchen space, and, being on the porch, is filled outside, thus avoiding the extra dirt and confusion in the kitchen, as well as doing away with ice in cold weather. The sink is convenient to the pantry. By means of the drop shelf (12) food and dishes in the pantry can be conveniently passed out of the window for use on the porch table in the summer.

No Eggs, Milk or Butter

The following recipe shows how an appetizing, wholesome cake can be made without expensive ingredients.

In many other recipes the number of eggs may be reduced one-half or more by using an additional quantity of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

EGGLESS, MILKLESS, BUTTERLESS CAKE

1 cup brown sugar	1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 1/4 cups water	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup seeded raisins	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 ounces citron	2 cups flour
1/2 cup shortening	5 teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder

The old method (fruit cake) called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS—Put the first eight ingredients into saucepan and boil three minutes. When cool, add the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake in moderate oven in loaf pan (round tin with hole in center is best) for 35 or 40 minutes. Ice with white icing.

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free. Address 8 St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal.

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Household Suggestions

Rhubarb and Dandelions

Nature has her own tonics for the spring time, and if mankind would try them, there would be fewer sufferers from the change of seasons. One of the best foods in spring is the dandelion. Its bitter is most healthful, and stimulates the sluggish liver. In this country it is customary to serve the dandelion boiled, but in France it is always prepared raw, as a salad, and it is worthy of a place on our tables in the same form. It should be dressed only with a simple French dressing, by which is meant one of oil, vinegar, salt, and a little mustard or sugar if liked. The rule is three times as much oil as vinegar. The salad should always be dressed at the table. The young leaves of the plant are the only ones suitable for salad. If the plants are covered with straw, the growth beneath it will be white and tender.

Dandelions boiled as greens are proper accompaniments to a spring dinner. Our forefathers boiled them with salt pork or bacon or a ham bone, but that is rather heavy for those who do not work out-of-doors. They are much more delicate if boiled in salted water and then buttered. If the greens are drained closely, and then chopped with a sharp knife before being buttered, they are rather nicer.

It may not be generally known that dandelions may be laid down in the spring for winter eating. They should be prepared ready for cooking, and then a layer be placed at the bottom of an earthen crock. Above it place a thick layer of rock salt. Continue until enough have been salted down. Do not add a drop of water. The top layer should be of salt. To use, simply wash off the salt and soak for an hour, then boil.

An old-fashioned spring remedy is dandelion coffee. For this take the roots and dry them in a warm oven which is not hot enough to burn the roots. When done, grind as you would coffee, and make and serve the same. Let come to a boil from cold water. Serve with sugar and cream. Children will drink this and be benefitted thereby. It is one of the best of spring tonics.

Another invigorating vegetable for May is rhubarb. This somewhat despised article may be the basis of many delicious dishes. Marmalade and jelly from rhubarb should not be made until August, as the second growth is better than the early for these. A simple method of canning rhubarb which preserves all the flavor of the article, is to cut the rhubarb in small cubes, fill a jar with them, and then place it under running water, and fill the jar. There should be no air bubbles. Seal, and when needed the rhubarb will be found as fresh as new. It can then be used for sauce, pies, or any toothsome desserts. Never add sugar to the sauce when boiling, as it takes twice as much sugar. Sweeten after removing sauce from stove.

Rhubarb jelly is delicious. To make it cut up plant stalks without peeling them, as much of the pleasant acidity is found in the peel; then steam them until very soft. Lay them in a hair sieve, over a large earthen bowl, to drain over night, or put them in a jelly bag, for the same length of time. Toward the last they may be pressed slightly, to get all the juice without any of the pulp. Measure the juice, and to every pint allow a pound of sugar, using always the fine granulated. No other grade of sugar is so good for all preserving purposes as this. Boil the juice, until no scum rises, skimming it carefully. While the juice is boiling, have the sugar in the oven heating. When the juice is perfectly clear, add the hot sugar to it, and boil steadily until it forms a jelly when a little is dropped into cold water. It will probably take about twenty minutes, although it would be well to try it at the end of a quarter of an hour. It is necessary, to ensure success, not only with rhubarb, but with every kind of jelly, that it should boil steadily, without stopping. If it is allowed to stop, it will not jelly so well, and sometimes it refuses to "set" at all.

A conserve which makes a relishing adjunct to a luncheon table is rhubarb jam. The proportions to be observed are a pound of fine granulated sugar and the rind of half a lemon to every pound of rhubarb. Wipe the stalks perfectly dry, then peel them and cut them into small pieces; mince the lemon rind very small, add it and the sugar to the rhubarb, put

all into the preserving kettle, and cook until the rhubarb is soft. Skim carefully, and stir constantly to prevent scorching. When it is thoroughly done pour into earthen marmalade jars or into jelly glasses and when cool cover with paper dipped in the beaten white of egg, then tie another paper closely over, and set in a cool, dry, and dark place. It will keep well.

Another jam, made of rhubarb and oranges, is very nice. For each quart of peeled and finely cut rhubarb take half a dozen oranges and a pound and a half of fine granulated sugar. Peel the oranges; remove as much of the white pith as possible, divide into sections, and take out the seeds; slice the pulp into a preserving kettle, add the rind of half the oranges cut into fine strips, the sugar, and the prepared rhubarb. Stir well together, and cook over a moderate heat, until the jam is done. Take off all scum as it rises, and keep stirring, that the jam may not catch to the sides or bottom of the kettle, and burn. If in cutting the rhubarb, you find that it is at all tough, stew it alone for a quarter of an hour before adding it to the orange and sugar; but if it is tender, it will require no preliminary cooking. Put it up by the direction for the plain rhubarb jam.

And now, just a recipe or two for rhubarb desserts. Recipes for pies and sauces are to be found in every cook book, and therefore are omitted here. Newer is rhubarb cup. Take about twenty stalks of rhubarb, peel them, and cut into inch pieces; cook them in a double boiler, without water, and when it is well cooked, make it very sweet with fine granulated sugar. Have ready half a pint of rice that has been boiled in a quart of water till soft and dry. Mix the rhubarb and rice well together, beating the mixture thoroughly. Mould in cups that have been slightly buttered, and set upon the ice, or in a cold place. Just before serving turn them out on a large dish, and pour over them a soft custard. This will be found delicious, and is so simple that it will harm no one.

A rhubarb charlotte is a pleasant and easy dessert. Peel the rhubarb stalks, and cut them into small pieces. Butter a baking dish, and line it with thin slice of bread and butter. Put a deep layer of rhubarb, well covered with sugar, then another layer of bread and butter, another of rhubarb and sugar, then another of bread and butter; sprinkle this last layer very slightly with sugar, cover with a plate, and set in a moderate oven to cook. It will take about an hour and a half; at the end of an hour take off the plate, and let the top brown. Serve it warm, but not hot, and make a custard sauce for it.

Rhubarb wine is a favorite with English housewives, and the rule for making which is given here is an heirloom in an old Chester family, and has been used for generations. To every five pounds of rhubarb pulp allow a gallon of pure, cold spring water, and to every gallon of liquid allow three pounds of loaf sugar, half an ounce of isinglass and the rind of a lemon. Wipe the rhubarb, and with a wooden mallet bruise it in a large wooden tub. When it is reduced to a pulp weight it, and to every five pounds add a gallon of spring water; let this remain for three days, stirring three or four times a day. On the fourth day press the pulp through a hair sieve; put the liquor into a tub and add the loaf sugar, three pounds to a gallon, the isinglass, and stir until the sugar is entirely dissolved; add the lemon rind. Let the mixture stand, and in from four to six days the fermentation will begin to subside and a crust or head will be formed, which should be skimmed off, or the liquor drawn from it when the crust begins to crack and separate. Put the wine into a cask, and if after that it ferments rack it off into another cask, and in a fortnight stop it up. If the wine should have lost any of its original sweetness, add a little more loaf sugar, and when you close the cask make sure that it is full. Bottle it off in February or March, and in the summer it should be fit to drink, although it improves with age.

Parsimony

"Grandmother, does yer spees magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered.

"Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad just like it if ye wad tak' them off when ye're packin' my loonch."

Fashions and Patterns

The new cotton materials offer every inducement for the development of simple but attractive summer frocks. Every one knows the virtue of good ginghams; how well they wear, and how they defy washing. In texture and color and design they are all for which one could wish.

Plaids and checks are modish in all materials, and in ginghams are especially attractive.

Some of the prevailing styles in gingham frocks are simple and practical, ready to stand hard wear, and in the various over-blouse models are fine with a cool guimpe or underwaist.

One sees ginghams combined with taffeta and other silks. A very pretty model on these lines has a skirt of black taffeta, with a Russian blouse of plaid

gingham, touched here and there with the black taffeta.

Gingham in plaid colors is combined with white pique and organdy.

For crispy coolness there is not any thing better than fresh white linen. Green and white striped linen will make a splendid sports or outing suit.

Of all heavy wash fabrics, pique has the best reputation for wear and washing. It does not wrinkle readily and looks white and fresh after laundering. One could have a skirt of pique plainly finished and with soft fulness joined to a bodice of dotted or checked dimity in blue and white, yellow and white or pink and white.

Besides the piques, ginghams and organ-

dies there are pretty cotton voiles, simple and chic because of their simplicity.

Some of the newest frocks have simple folded waistbands of sheer white material extending from the underarm seams over the back, where they are tied in a bow like a sash.

Wide ribbons for girdles, sashes and other dress decorations are receiving much attention; for lacings, hat bands, and embroidery effects, narrow ribbons are much used.

Hats for mid-summer wear are attractive in white straw, or white straw and organdy, with trimming of all white, or white relieved with black. With a brim of sheer white material, the crown of the hat may be of black velvet; the brim being edged with an inch brim of satin or straw.

There is much maline and fine lace used on summer hats.

It is quite a fad to have a hat and a flower basket of the same material. The garden hat occupied quite a place in the summer schedule; it may be of maline and satin, or of soft straw faced with delicate contrasting material.

For a mid season hat, have one of leg-horn straw wreathed with roses or wild flowers. Such hats may have soft brims that are shaped in poke style.

The bathing suit of the "summer girl" will be more startling in its lines, though more subdued in color. While as ever the suit is the least of the outfit, there is the hat, parasol, hosiery, slippers and the new voluminous cape.

Black satin is most favored for bathing suits. It may be combined with some color, or the color confined to a touch of it in the bathing cap or hosiery.

Wool jersey is a very satisfactory fabric for a bathing suit. As to style, the slip-on models seem most popular, there are little or no sleeves, and no collar, and most all suits are in one piece style, with a combination garment of tights or bloomers worn underneath.

Among other new things of this season are the smart sports vests, in stripes or figured silks, or of heavy wash fabrics. They are fine for wear with linen or serge suits.

For a smart street skirt try serge or gabardine in West Point gray or Army blue. In length it should be about four inches from the ground, and not more than two and one-half yards in width.

A Pretty Summer Gown. Waist—2109 Skirt—2110. Comprising ladies' waist pattern 2109, and ladies' skirt pattern 2110. The skirt is smart with its gathered tunic. The waist closing is at the side under the plait. Novelty silk, foulard, shantung, crepe or satin, linen or gingham could be used for the dress. It is also nice for bordered goods. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 7½ yards of 44-inch material for the entire dress for a medium size. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.



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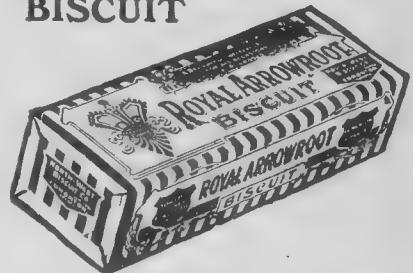
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A Pretty Dress for The School Girl. 2121—Brown linen, embroidered in colors, was used for this model. The model is made with a long waist, somewhat on moyen age lines. The plaited skirt is gored. The sleeve may be made in the new bell shape, or finished at wrist length, with a smart tab. The pattern is good for wash fabrics as well as for silk and cloth. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Style for Silk or Wash Fabrics. 2122—Ladies' one-piece dress. This popular design is easy to develop and suitable for any of the pretty summer fabrics. Bordered goods could be used, or embroidered flouncing. The tucks could be omitted. The sleeve is quaint in wrist length with the ruffled edge and new and smart in its bell shape. The dress measures about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the foot. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34 36, 38, 40, 42

for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Mother's Girl's Favorite Play Dress. 2099—How simple, easy and comfortable; how quickly made in gingham, percale, drill, linen or chambray. There is the underarm seam, the back seam or closing (as you may prefer it), and the neck and shoulder finish—a simple hem, the belt stitched to position, and the dress is done. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 27-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid "Cover All" Style. 2115—This apron may serve very well as a house dress, and with the "cool" neck and sleeve, is especially attractive for warm weather. The pattern is nice for chambray, gingham, linen, drill, percale, alpaca, jean or saten. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and



and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 8 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Model for Home or Porch Wear. 2120—This is a popular and practical style, adapted to gingham, percale, chambray, lawn, linen, gabardine and other seasonable fabrics. The right front of the waist is shaped over the left. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. 2102—This style is easy to develop, and nice for any of the materials now in vogue. The front closing is practical, and makes the garment easy to adjust. The sleeve may be in wrist length, with a band cuff, or finished in short length, with the cuff in "turnback" style. The pattern is in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material

extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Gown. 2111—This dress will be nice for dotted mull, novelty silk, crepe, challie, voile, batiste and messaline. It is also suitable for gingham, chambray, lawn, bordered goods and flouncings. The skirt measures about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the lower edge. The fronts meet over a vest that could be made of contrasting material. The sleeve is shirred at the wrist where it forms a soft ruffle. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Set of Serviceable Caps. 2116—These models are nice for silk, satin, poplin, cravenette and other rubberized cloth. They are ideal for motoring and traveling. The pattern includes the three styles portrayed. It is cut in 2 sizes: medium and large. No 1 will require 1 yard, No. 2 will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard, No. 3 will require $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 27-inch material for the medium size. A pattern of this



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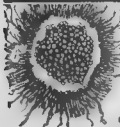
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A Pretty Summer Dress. 2107—This style is lovely for the new wash fabrics, also nice for shantung, taffeta and foulard. The waist may be finished with front closing, or can be closed on the shoulder and at side front. The skirts has plaited panel portions. It measure about 3 1/4 yards at the foot with plaits drawn out. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for The Little Miss. 2129—Girls' dress with bolero in either of two outlines, and with two styles of Sleeve. (Waist in round or square neck Outline). This is a very pleasing model and one that will lend itself readily to various materials or combinations of materials. The bolero may be omitted or may be cut short under the arms, as in the back view. Batiste, embroideries, voile, challie, lawn and crepe are nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards for the bolero and 4 1/4 yards for the dress, of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A practical work suit for women. 2124—This style is excellent for outdoor work in the garden, is popular also as an indoor work dress, since it affords comfort and ease in movement. The blouse may be made with or without the collar, and the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The gingham, drill, jean, linen, poplin, repp, or alpaca, are good for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small (32-34 bust measure), medium (36-38), large (40-42), extra large (44-46). Size medium will require 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming Lounging Robe. 2104—Figured crepe, dotted challie, percale, silk, satin, cashmere, albatross, batiste, dimity and dotted Swiss could be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34 inches bust measure; Medium, 36-38 inches bust measure; large, 40-42 inches bust measure; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 6 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Play or Beach Suit for Small Boys. 2108—Gingham, drill, serge, linen, chambray, poplin, repp and galatea are nice for this style. The closing is at the side. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 3-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

The Chamber of Hope

By Grace McElroy Iurs

There is a room upstairs, a little room. With sunlit silence filled the long day through; Where climbing roses breathe their faint perfume And nod and smile at me—as if they knew! When I sit sewing there beside their bloom.

A cradle waits there, all soft, snowy white, And heaps of clothes—such little, little things That seem to shine with some deep, inner light

As if the thoughts I stitched had dipped their wings Into the glory of my joy's far height.

All good that has been mine as maid and wife

Is gathered there as in a sacred place; My fruits of sacrifice, of inward strife.

Are laid before the Future's veiled face As altar-trove to bless the dawning life.

And when I dream in silence there—or pray—

A brave parade of all the great ones gone

And all that are to come wends happy way

Before my heart. In shining outlines drawn

They point the prescience of my coming day.

The Spires of Oxford

By Winifred M. Letts

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by.
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford.
The golden years and gay.
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

How He Reformed

Father Mathew, the Irish advocate of temperance, whose name, said Dr. William Ellery Channing, deserved "to be placed in the calendar not far below that of the apostles," often had to listen to personal experiences which did not sound so tragic as the penitent meant them to be. One evening, says the Rev. Edward Gilliat, in "Heroes of Modern Crusades," an old toper had been explaining to a sympathetic audience how he had been given to long spees:

"Well," said he, "of course I kind o' thought I couldn't go on without bring-me and the poor wife and childer to sup sorrow.

"I first drank me own clothes into pawn; then I drank me wife's cloak off her back; then I drank her flannel petticoat and her gound; then I drank the cups and saucers out of the cupboard; then I drank the pot and the kettle off the fire; then I drank the bedclothes from the bed, and the bed from under meself and me wife.

"Well, what brought me to me senses at last was the cold flure and the poor childher crying, 'Daddy, we're so hungry!'

"I remember the last night of me bla'guarding there wasn't a bit to eat or a sup to taste for the poor little things; and the big boy, he said, 'Poor mudder didn't eat a bit all day; she gave all she had to Katty and Billy.'

"Daddy, I can't go to sleep, I'm so cowl'd," says the littlest boy.

"God forgive your unnatural father!" said I, "and hould yer whisht," said I, "and I'll make ye comfortable;" and with that, saving your presence, ladies, I takes me breeches—'tis no laughing matter, I tell ye—and I goes over to the craychers, and I sticks one of the childher into one of the legs, and another of the childher into the other leg, and I buttons the waistband round their necks; and I tould 'em for their life not to sneeze.

"But be cockerow in the morning, Billy, who was a mighty airy bird, cries out: 'Daddy, daddy!'

"What's the matter?" says I.

"I want to get up, daddy?" says he.

"Well, get up, and bad scran to ye!" says I.

"I can't," says the young shaver.

"Why can't ye, ye cantankerous cur?" says I.

"Me and Tommy's in the breeches," says he, sadly.

"Get out of it," says I.

"Daddy, don't ye remimber? We're buttoned up," says the little chap, 's smart as ye please.

"So up I got and unbuttoned the craychers, and I says to meself, 'twas a burning shame that the childher of a Christian man should be buttoned up yonder instead o' lying in a dacint bed.

"So I slips the breeches on me shanks," concluded the penitent, "and off I goes to your riverence and takes the pledge; and 'twas the crown piece that your riverence, God bless ye! slipped into the heel o' me fist that set me up again in the world!"

WAS WEAK and RUN DOWN SUFFERED WITH "NERVES."

Many women become run down and worn out by their household cares and duties never ending, and sooner or later find themselves with shattered nerves and weak hearts.

When the heart becomes weak and the nerves unstrung it is impossible for a woman to look after her household or social duties.

On the first sign of any weakness of either the heart or nerves, take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and you will find that in a very short time you will become strong and well again.

Mrs. J. A. Williams, Tillsonburg, Ont., writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly with my nerves. I was so weak and run down, I could not stand the least excitement of any kind. I believe your Heart and Nerve Pills to be a valuable remedy for all sufferers from nervous trouble."

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Send 10c. in silver or stamps for our Up-to-Date Spring and Summer 1917 Catalogue, containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dress-making, also some Points for the Needle (illustrating 31 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Work for Busy Fingers

Lace Edges and Medallion

These edges can be made of different sizes of thread, according to the material they are to trim.

No. 1—Make a length of ch sts.

First Row—1 d c into the fourth st, 1 d c into each st.

Second Row—5 ch sts, *skip 1st, 1 d c, 1 ch st, skip 1st, repeat *.

Third Row—* 7 ch sts, skip 3 sps, 1 s c, repeat *.

Fourth Row—11 s c over each loop.

Fifth Row—3 ch sts, * d c into sixth s c, 2 ch sts, repeat until you have 4 d c, 1 ch st, 1 t c, between the loops, 1 ch st, repeat *.

Sixth Row—2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c, over each sp, 1 s c over each ch.

No. 2—Make 15 ch sts, 1 s c into third ch st, 1 s c, into each of next 2 sts, * 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 3 s c, repeat * 5 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—* 3 s c, over ch, 3 ch sts, repeat *, 1 s c, 2 ch sts, turn.

Third Row—* 3 s c, over ch, 3 ch sts, repeat * 3 s c, 7 ch sts, turn.

Fourth Row—* 3 t c over ch, 3 ch sts, repeat * 3 t c, 7 ch sts, catch to ch of third row, turn, 3 s c, 1 p, repeat making 3 p, 3 s c.

Fifth Row—5 ch sts, repeat first row, continue.

No. 3—Make 9 ch sts, 1 d c into fourth st, 1 ch st, skip 2 sts, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, 1 d c, 5 ch sts, turn.

first and second rows, turn, 2 s c, 1 p, repeat for 7 p, 2 s c, 3 ch sts, repeat first row.

No. 7—Make 8 ch sts, 3 d c into the sixth ch st, 2 ch sts, 3 d c, into next ch.

Second Row—5 ch sts, turn, 3 d c, 2 ch sts, 3 d c, all over ch, form a fan, 2 ch sts, 1 d c over ch, repeat second row for the length required. Turn, make * 12 s c over ch, 4 s c over sides of 2 fans, ** 2 s c, 1 p, repeat ** for 3 p, 2 s c, repeat *.

No. 8—Make 20 ch sts, 1 s c into sixth ch st, 1 s c into each of the next 2 sts, * 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 3 s c, repeat * 4 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—3 s c, over ch, 2 ch sts, over s c, repeat.

Scallop, * 7 ch sts, skip 3 rows, 1 s c, repeat *.

Last Row—12 s c over each loop.

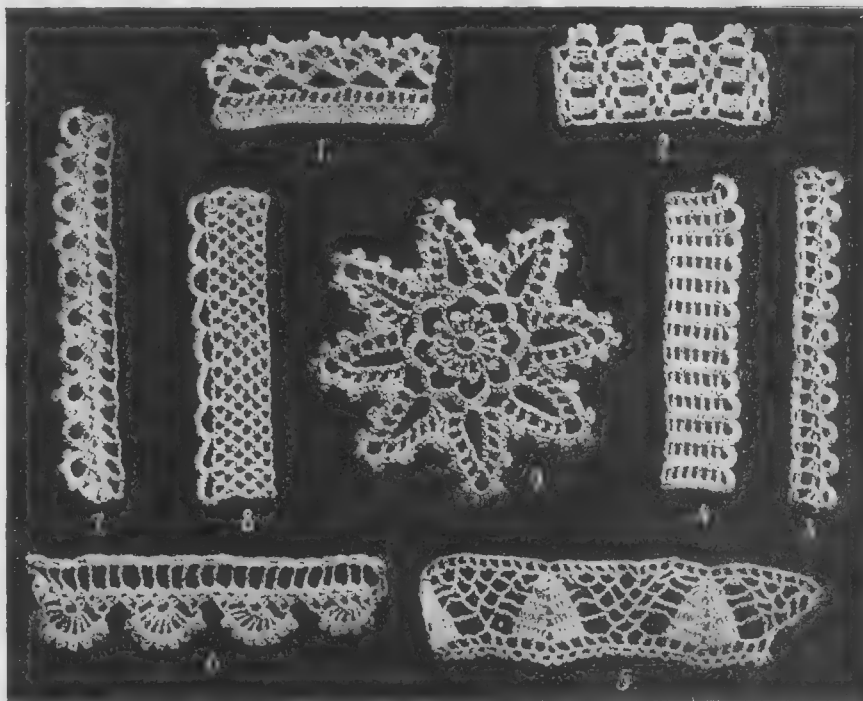
No. 9—Medallion—Make 8 ch sts, join into a circle.

First Row—5 ch sts, 1 t c, 1 ch st, 1 p, * 1 t c, 1 ch st, 1 t c, 1 p, 1 ch st, repeat * for 16 t c, join to ch.

Second Row—10 ch sts, * 1 d c into ch between p, 7 ch sts, repeat * forming 8 loops.

Third Row—5 s c, 23 ch sts, 5 s c over each loop.

Fourth Row—* 1 d c into first ch st, skip 1 st, 2 ch sts, repeat for 6 d c, 3 ch sts, 1 d c into same ch as last d c, ** 2 ch sts, 1 d c, repeat ** then repeat *.



Second Row—1 d c, 2 ch sts, 1 d c, 1 ch st, 1 d c, all over ch of first row, 1 ch st, 2 d c over last ch, 3 ch sts turn.

Third Row—1 d c over second d c, 2 ch sts, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, 1 d c over last ch, 5 ch sts, turn, repeat alternately, second and third rows.

Scallop, 9 s c over loop, 3 s c between, repeat.

No. 4—Make 15 ch sts, 1 d c into fourth st, * 1 ch st, skip 1 st, 1 d c, repeat * making 6 d c, 5 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—10 s c, over loop, 1 s c into each st, repeat, alternately for length required.

No. 5—Make ch the length required, first row, sps.

Second Row—* 5 ch sts, skip 1 d c, 1 s c into d c of preceding row, repeat for 5 loops, 5 ch sts, skip 1 d c, 3 d c, 2 ch sts, 3 d c all over d c, repeat *.

Third Row—* 5 ch sts, 1 s c into center of loop, repeat for 4 loops, 5 ch sts, 1 d c over each d c, 1 d c over ch, 2 ch sts, 4 d c, repeat *.

Repeat third row, increasing by 2 d c on each fan and decreasing by one loop between the fans, continue until the sixth row is completed.

Seventh Row—Sps, having 2 d c, 2 ch sts, over center ch of fans.

Eighth Row—3 ch sts, 1 s c over each sp.

No. 6—Make 10 ch sts, 1 d c, into fourth st, 5 ch sts, skip 5 sts, 2 d c, 2 ch sts, 2 d c all over last st, forming a fan, 5 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—Fan over fan, 5 ch sts, 2 d c, 3 ch sts, turn, repeat until you finish the fifth row, 2 ch sts, 1 t c, over 5 ch sts, between third and fourth rows, * 1 ch st, 1 t c, repeat * for 8 t c over same ch, 2 ch sts, 1 s c into 5 ch sts, between

Fourth Row—* 3 s c, 1 p, repeat * making 3 p at center of loop.

Our Little Cottage Home

By Samuel Abbott

We have no ivied parapets to crown
A height sheer where a placid river turns

To glimmer through an avenue of ferns.

For thee, dear wife, no treasures of gown

And fur are stored in chests of red and brown.

For me no silver candelabrum burns
In mellow tints on carven oak and urns.

We have a little cottage near the town.

They who are friends of song and histories

Of men who strove on mountain and on shore

Can build high castles dwarfing those of yore.

We have a little cottage home. It lies
Within the province of the street and store;

And yet it is a gateway to the skies.

Pills That Have Benefited Thousands.—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion. Once tried they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed.

WHOOPING
COUGHThe Infant's Most
Dangerous Disease.

Whooping Cough, although specially a disease of childhood, is by no means confined to that period but may occur at any time of life. It is one of the most dangerous diseases of infancy, and yearly causes more deaths than scarlet fever, typhoid or diphtheria, and is more common in female than in male children.

Whooping Cough starts with sneezing, watering of the eyes, irritation of the throat, feverishness and cough. The coughing attacks occur frequently but are generally more severe at night.

On the first sign of a "whoop," Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be administered, and weeks of suffering prevented, as it helps to clear the bronchial tubes of the collected mucous and phlegm.

Mrs. Nellie Barley, Amherst, N.S., writes: "I have much pleasure in saying that there is no cough syrup like Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. My little girl took whooping cough from a little girl who has since died with it. I tried lots of things but found 'Dr. Wood's' to give the greatest relief. It helped her to raise the phlegm, and she is now better."

My young brother is also taking the cough, and I am getting 'Dr. Wood's' to work again."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper: 3 pine trees the trade-mark; price 25c. and 50c. Refuse substitutes.

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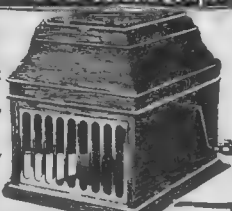
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They Were a Benefit To the Whole Family

What Mrs. H. K. Hewer Says of Dodd's Kidney Pills

They Greatly Benefited Herself and Her Little Girl and Her Husband Says They Are the Best Medicine He Ever Took.

Rosington, Alberta, July 5th.

(Special)—Further evidence that Dodd's have no equal as a family medicine is furnished by Mrs. H. K. Hewer, wife of a well-known settler living near here. Mrs. Hewer, her husband and her little girl, were all suffering from sore back and kidney troubles. Dodd's Kidney Pills proved to be the remedy they all needed.

"My husband says Dodd's Kidney Pills have done him more good than any other medicine he has ever used," Mrs. Hewer states. "I, myself, was suffering greatly with my kidneys and I feel ever so much better since using Dodd's Kidney Pills. My little girl, eleven years old, was also suffering from sore back, and I gave them to her with splendid results."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure kidney trouble. They are no cure-all, but they do cure sick kidneys, no matter where they are found or of how long standing the case is. Ask your neighbors about them.

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.



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THE C. P. R. GIVES YOU TWENTY YEARS TO PAY

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P.O. Box 104 GIROUX, MAN.

Correspondence

Shall He Be Called a Slacker?

Dear Editor,—I really cannot remain quiet any longer. When the girls talk of "slackers" it makes me hot. What do they know about it? I admit that once I was inclined to call the young men in civilian clothes "slackers." But I have learned the history of several of the young men here and to my mind they are just as brave as those who go to war. One in particular has my sincere regard. He had to work his way through college, and is now teaching to pay off his debts, as well as a heavy mortgage on his home. He is the youngest of five brothers, who have all enlisted, and the idol of his old father, whose heart would break if he went. He wished to enlist at the beginning of the war, but, knowing that the burden of the debt would fall on the shoulders of his crippled sister and his old mother if he died, he has stayed at home. And shall he be called a slacker. Ten

I see by "Perpetual Motion's" letter that he would like correspondents under twenty. I am sure I should like very much to have some correspondents of about my own age (eighteen), and will answer all letters. I quite agree with "A Mere Boy" in regard to all un-khaki clad men being called slackers, as it is as imperative that we need men to sow grain as it is that we need men to fight. I will now conclude, wishing the Western Home Monthly every possible success. I'll use the nom-de-plume, "Scottie."

Pleased to Receive Letters

Dear Editor,—Seeing that some of the readers sympathize with the bachelors, and are willing to write them, I would be very pleased if someone wrote to me. I came to Canada two months before the war started, and having lived about eight miles behind the German front on



Summer Days

thousand times NO. Canada must have some men left, even though the women are coming to the front so nobly. And I for one will stand up for any man who is called a "slacker" until I know that he really is one. Who knows what reasons he may have for not joining?

Hoping that the Western Home Monthly will long continue to give others as much pleasure as it has given me, I will sign myself, "Irish Norah."

A Stranger

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to your most interesting paper, and I trust that it will escape the W.P.B. I have been interested in the Western Home Monthly ever since the first time I had the pleasure of reading it. I do love reading the correspondence pages, and often longed to write, but could never summon courage enough. Well, there doesn't seem to be many "Scotties" among your correspondents, so I hope you will find room enough for one. I am a stranger in this new country, as I have scarcely completed one year's sojourn in Canada. I like prairie life exceedingly well, and never long for the city, although I was brought up in it.

Two Fair Maids

Dear Readers,—For the past few years we have derived much pleasure from your correspondence page and have often wished that we might join your merry circle. We have at last "mustered up" enough courage to write your page.

We are two lonely girls in a Western city. We are between the ages of sixteen and thirty.

Muscular Rheumatism Subdued.—When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.

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"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought The Joy Of
Health After Two Years' Suffering



MADAM LAPLANTE

35 St. Rose St., Montreal. April 4th.

"For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from *constant Headaches, and had Palpitation of the Heart* so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from *Pain in the Back and Kidney Disease*.

I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried "Fruit-a-tives" as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was *greatly improved* and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Heart Trouble, no Constipation, no Pain or Kidney Trouble and *I feel like a new being*—and it was "Fruit-a-tives" that gave me back my health".

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by the use of a good reliable cream, and this you will find in my "IDEAL" VELVET CREAM which is neither sticky, greasy nor irritating. It WILL NOT GROW HAIR on the face, prevents black-heads and chapping, rendering the skin, clear, white and smooth. I make it myself and positively guarantee that nothing but pure oils and waxes are used in its composition. Try it and you will use no other.

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Lowell, Mass.—"For the last three years I have been troubled with the Change of Life and the bad feelings common at that time. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain a good deal of the time so I was unfit to do my work. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and it has helped me in every way. I am not nearly so nervous, no headache or pain. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy any sick woman can take."—Mrs. MARGARET QUINN, Rear 259 Worthen St., Lowell, Mass.

She Tells Her Friends to Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies.

North Haven, Conn.—"When I was 45 I had the Change of Life which is a trouble all women have. At first it didn't bother me but after a while I got bearing down pains. I called in doctors who told me to try different things but they did not cure my pains. One day my husband came home and said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash?' Well, I got them and took about 10 bottles of Vegetable Compound and could feel myself regaining my health. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and it has done me a great deal of good. Any one coming to my house who suffers from female troubles or Change of Life, I tell them to take the Pinkham remedies. There are about 20 of us here who think the world of them."—Mrs. FLORENCE ISELLA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

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One of us, "Western Lass," has fair hair, blue, blue eyes, with black eyebrows, and lashes, is five feet six inches tall, and weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds. And oh! my nose! I wish you could see it.

And the other, "Virginian Lass," is fair of skin and has blue eyes; is five feet five inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. And oh! my crowning glory! It is auburn.

"Virginian Lass" wishes correspondents residing near Nanton, Alberta, or from anywhere in the province. "Western Lass" wishes to correspond with anyone from North, South, East or West.

Awaiting your early replies, we are,

Yours sincerely,

"Western Lass"

"Virginian Lass".

Peace River Correspondents Wanted

Paynton, Sask., May 11th, 1917.

Dear Editor,—I would like to correspond with some persons living in the Grande Prairie or Peace River district for a short period, as I am intending to home-stead out there next spring, so would like to know in advance, or at least have some idea of where to go, as I would like work in the lumber woods or survey outfit this winter coming.

I am a young fellow of 21 years, and have been working out since I was ten, eight years of which I have been working as a farm hand.

As this is my first letter to your paper I will not make it a lengthy one. Thanking the Editor and correspondents, in anticipation. My address is with the Editor.

"Ex-Bell-Hop."

Typically Western

Dear Editor,—I have been a very interested reader of the correspondence page in your paper, although this is the first time I have written. I am visiting in the West and enjoy reading the different opinions expressed by those whose letters are published. I also enjoy the stories very much. They are real western stories generally, in fact, I think the Western Home Monthly is a typical western paper.

I would like to correspond with "North Star," and am enclosing a letter to be forwarded. I would also like to correspond with any others who will write first. My address is with the editor.

Wishing your paper every success,

"Grey Girl."

Lover of Books and Poetry

Dear Editor,—Although I am not a subscriber to your paper I get it given to me through the kindness of a friend, and I always enjoy the correspondence page. So I hope you will permit me to join.

I was just reading "Happy Rube's" letter, and quite agree with her in what she says about "Mere Bachelor."

"Single Handed," I wish I could have a face to face talk with you; I would like to prove to you that all girls are not a bundle of "vanity, conceit and foolishness."

I would like to know what sort of girls you are acquainted with. Also you speak of "manners, paint, powder and style." Now I believe you do not know much about girls or you are just trying to get yourself into an argument.

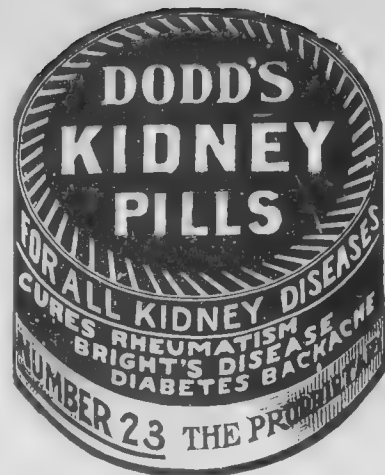
I am a farmer's daughter, but have spent some of my time in the city, and I believe I like the city better than the country. I am a great lover of books, and have read a lot. I have several hobbies, one being collecting poems, and I have quite a number of them.

As this is my first letter I will close now, but first wish to ask some khaki lads or any others to write to me. I'll answer all letters. So, boys, hurry up and write.

"Kissamee."

Likes a Good Wild Horse

Dear Editor,—We have taken your valuable paper for many years, and enjoy reading the correspondence page very much. I am a farmer's daughter, and have lived in Saskatchewan for fourteen years and Manitoba five. We had a very fair winter in this part. I am very fond of outdoor sports, especially baseball or riding a good wild horse. How many of the readers like riding? Am also very fond of dancing. "Khaki," I think if you went back to the city it wouldn't be long before you would come back to



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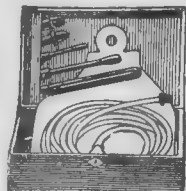
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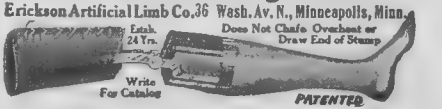
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the country. "St. George," I think "Gipsy" could do her share of work on the land. I have put up hay and worked on the land, and I like it fine. I like "Sky Scraper," like the way "Starlight" spoke about the girls, calling all the boys "slackers," for there is a difference between the "slackers" and the boys who are needed at home. Those boys who are hanging around the cities and towns doing nothing are the ones I call slackers. You don't need to be afraid of being called a slacker, "Sky Scraper." What would we do if it wasn't for the farmers?

As this is my first letter to your paper I will close. If any of those lonesome bachelors and girls care to write I will try to answer all letters. Wishing you all success.

"Wild Rose."

Taking Their Brothers' Places

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a few lines, as I have been interested in the letters in the Western Home Monthly. I think some of the letters fine, and for doing our part in the war, I think those who stay on the farm are doing their bit pretty good. By the way "Sky Scraper" spoke the girls must be scarce around there, but they are plentiful out here, and are in overalls taking their brothers' places. I like "Orange Blossom's" letter. Wishing the paper and friends success.

"Seldom Swift."

The Connoisseur

"My dear! I'm absolutely daft about old furniture! Why on earth didn't you tell me before that there was an antique shop across the river?" demanded Janet Vose, excitedly.

Her friend, Myra Hastings, paused in her tea-making.

"I didn't know you cared so much for antiques," she said, frankly. "Besides, I'm not sure that Morrison has anything at all good. He's very ignorant of values, and the whole countryside has been pretty well ransacked, you know. But we'll walk over after we've finished tea, if you like." Then, a little abruptly, "Will you have cream or lemon?"

"Lemon, please. What luck if the man's an ignoramus, as you say! I simply love to get the better of antique dealers; they're always such awful sharks."

"But in this case do you think it's quite fair?" asked her friend, briefly.

"Yes, I do," laughed Janet. "My motto is 'All's fair in love, war and old furniture hunting.' Now do hurry with your tea. I begin to scent bargains already, and," persuasively, "the walk will be lovely."

She was right. The late October air was like mellowed wine, for autumn had roamed leisurely through the country that year, and the distant hillsides seemed to sweep endlessly, a burnished glory of gold and red. In completest contrast stood the dingy little antique shop, its windows a-clutter with old blue plates and dull brass and pewter candlesticks. Miss Vose sighed for a minute with rapture on the threshold, then darted in to conquest. With practised glance she quickly ran over the possibilities of the shop, dragged out two Windsor chairs, beat down the price set on a pewter platter, and was almost ready to leave when her eye fell on a quaint red and blue bowl at the end of the counter. Immediately she pounced on it.

"How much is this?" she demanded.

"Well, I wa'n't intendin' to sell that," the man began, hesitatingly.

"I'll give you three dollars for it—not one cent more!" she cried, excitedly, mistaking emphasis for persuasion.

"Well, I don't know as—"

"It's not worth even that," she interrupted again. "But I want it to match some other pieces, and—yes, I'll take it with me. No, Myra, it isn't a bit too heavy. You may send the chairs and platter."

Half-way down the road Miss Vose gasped out, "I was so afraid he would change his mind! It's a treasure, my dear, a perfect treasure!"

In the shop one of the inevitable bystanders drawled, "Ye didn't seem very keen to git rid of your old culch to-day, Asa."

"Well, the fact is," Mr. Morrison replied, settling himself in the Windsor

rocker and beaming on all the world, "the fact is, my wife got that bowl with a pound o' tea, but the young lady, she seemed so possessed to have it, that I thought I'd let it go."

The connoisseur, too far away to hear the laugh that followed, clasped the treasure tighter in her arms, and toiled on all unaware.

A well-known oculist of New York City tells a story of one of his patients who proved rather more than a match for him. The patient was a quaint old fellow from one of the rural counties of the state, fifty years of age or more, who strolled leisurely into the doctor's office, and after taking an optical inventory of the place, including the doctor himself, remarked that he was afraid

his eyes were "gitting a leetle out o' kilter," and he guessed the doctor had better "take a peek at them."

He was seated and, as a preliminary, was invited to look through a prism at a photograph.

"Why, now," said he, after squinting awhile, "this is curious. I see two photographs. What makes me see like that?"

The doctor, who is something of a humorist and inclined to be jocose with certain of his patients, replied that this phenomenon was certainly very interesting, and that while possibly it indicated some slight abnormality, it yet had its compensating advantages.

"With double vision you have a great advantage over me, for example," he continued, smiling, "for you will be able

to see twice as many beautiful things in the world as I can. You will have twice as many friends. Your family will be doubled. You will have twice as much real estate and two pocketbooks instead of one, and when you hitch up your horse to drive out, you will have a span."

The old fellow did not say much in reply, but seemed to be pondering it; and meantime the doctor completed his examination, and having made the appropriate prescription, it came time to receive his fee, which in this case was ten dollars.

Very slowly the old man, still pondering, drew forth a roll of bills, and carefully selecting a five, looked hard at it for some moments, then proffering it, said quietly, "Here's your ten dollars, doctor."



Health in Old Age

Old age and low vitality go hand-in-hand. The blood gets thin and watery; the nerves, failing to get proper nourishment, become exhausted. Since nerve force is the power which runs the machinery of the body, when this is lacking the bodily organs lag, and the result is pain, weakness and suffering.

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Insist on getting what you ask for.

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What the World is Saying

The Day of Reckoning

The Germans will like their war still less when the full bill for it comes in.—New York Sun.

The Boiling of the Chinese Pot

China seems to be unable to agree to a separate peace with herself.—Montreal Gazette.

The Hate-Chanting Hun

Haiti has severed relations with Berlin. Time for the Huns to strike up the Hymn of Haiti.—London Truth.

A Veritable Chasm Yawns Between

The break between the Germans and the rest of mankind is extraordinarily deep and complete.—Atlantic Monthly.

The German Idea

As we understand it, if the Allies resent any outrage Germany will be forced to indulge in "reprisals."—Glasgow Herald.

The Well-Schooled Germans

"Is the Kaiser crazy?" asks the London Free Press. He is. But the German people concede his Divine Right to be crazy or not, in accordance with his "Me und Gott" will, and bow before him.—Toronto Star.

A Jest From Ottawa

If this Knight-hood and Baronet business keeps up in Canada, the rest of us will just naturally become varlets.—Ottawa Citizen.

And the Germans Are Proud of It

German culture is superior to the Phoenician. Even the priests of Baal did not think of squirting liquid fire on their enemies.—British Weekly.

A Doctrine of Kultue

Germany murdered twenty-five Norwegians last month in sinking merchant vessels. The wages of neutrality seems to be death.—Philadelphia North American.

The Professor Said Something

"Potatoes are a real food," says a University professor. And here we had supposed all the time they were raised for their blossoms.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Dandelion Suggestion

As long as the brewers and distillers must have something to waste and make booze from, we suggest the entire dandelion crop be turned over to them.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Quite So

It seems a pity to rename all those German ships. It would be poetic justice to have a submarine try to sink one with the German name looking it right in the face.—New York Tribune.

A Would-Be Alexander the Great

Never since the days of Alexander the Great has there been such an audacious and colossal project for world conquest as that in which the German Kaiser is now engaged, with the help of his well-disciplined legions.—Capetown (S.A.) Cape Argus.

The Turks and the Holy City

It is reported from Berlin that the Turks have determined to raze Jerusalem to the ground and make the place a desert, rather than let the British take it. In A.D. 70 one, Titus, Emperor of Rome, thought he had destroyed that city forever.—Victoria Colonist.

The "Strategical Reasons"

Another "withdrawal for strategical reasons" of Hun troops. That is to say, several hundreds of tons of new British explosive and an avalanche of khaki-clad Tommies made the said reasons very urgent.—Chicago Herald.

Stuff to Make Men Fight

J. H. Heisser, the raw food champion of Minneapolis, says that raw spinach is the stuff to make men fight. Any housewife who doubts this can gratify

Was to be Expected

The German papers report that the Liberty Loan and the conscription law have both been given up as failures. These are the same papers that reported that England would not come into the war, and that Paris would fall in six weeks.—Kansas City Star.

Worse Than the Heathen

A German girl, disguised as a Red Cross worker, put poison in the wounds of a Canadian boy and he died. And to think of all those past years when we sent our heathen money to China, India and the South Seas.—Calgary Herald.

A Lesson Germany Must Learn

Reparation, Restoration and Security—these are France's watchwords until victory and after victory. All that she has lost must be restored. And all the other nations who have suffered at the hands of Germany must likewise be repaid.—Vancouver World.

They Deserve Iron Crosses

German war correspondents are to get Iron Crosses, and nobody will grudge his to the lad who has had the job of chronicling the Crown Prince's "victories" for home consumption.—Regina Leader.

Expectations Not Realized

Germany is now busy establishing a Zeppelin route from Hamburg to Constantinople. There seems to have been some sort of a slip-up in the regular sailings from Berlin to London.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

But He Will Learn in Time

Judging by his latest speech in the Reichstag, the German Chancellor has gained nothing in political morality since early in August, 1914, when he reviled the British Ambassador for his foolish loyalty to "a scrap of paper."—Providence Journal.

"Through Belgium"

One of Germany's most eminent murderers declares that the time will come when Germany will be 'compensated through Belgium' for the war. He's right enough. Germany's compensation is going to come right through Belgium and across the Rhine.—Hamilton Herald.

German "Thoroughness"

The order to forest Belgium is only an instance of German thoroughness and harmony. It will take at least a generation to restore the works of nature and of man—such as can ever be restored.—Toronto World.

The Food Question

The situation is grave. Closest economy and the assistance of the whole Empire will be necessary to prevent the food shortage that Germany is trying to force upon the country. Every ounce of food that can be released for service overseas should be contributed by Canada. A nation on its honor means the Empire, and not the British Isles alone.—Halifax Herald.



Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour, British Foreign Minister and Head of the British War Mission, can be seen in the automobile in front, doffing his hat and gazing with admiration at the flag decorations on Fifth Avenue as they passed up to the residence of Vincent Astor where they will reside while in the city. The members of the Commission were received at the City Hall by Mayor Mitchell and then whirled to the Astor mansion along a line of cheering surging crowds.

her curiosity by serving a dish of it this evening.—Duluth Herald.

No Defence of Hard Liquor

Concerning booze itself there is little argument. What there is the distillers can make, and it goes in one ear and out the other without leaving an imprint on the intelligence. There is no defense of hard liquor.—Chicago Tribune.

One of the Hun Methods

The Germans have been training dogs to bite British prisoners. The only thing we can't understand is why they delegated to dogs a task which they would have so thoroughly enjoyed themselves.—Swift Current Herald.

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